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WORSE THAN ARNOLD

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UP to August 1777, the career of Arthur Lee as the first diplomatic representative of the American nation had been successful.

His association with Beaumarchais in London in 1775-1776 had produced large war supplies from France and Spain. His winter trip to Burgos, in 1777, had brought money and munitions at a time when Washington's army tragically needed them. If his adventurous sojourn in Berlin had accomplished nothing so ponderable, it had elicited from Frederick the Great a promise to recognize American independence whenever France should take that momentous step. Perhaps Arthur imagined that these accomplishments would enhance his popularity with his colleagues in Paris; if so, he was doomed to disappointment. Few diplomats have ever met so chilly a reception as the junior member of the mission received on his return to France.

Just preceding Arthur's departure for Berlin, Franklin had been installed, by M. Le Ray de Chaumont, in a beautiful mansion at Passy, for eight years to serve as the American Embassy in

France. The structure was large, luxurious, well appointed for ambassadorial work, roomy enough to provide living and working quarters for an extensive force. Franklin had invited Arthur Lee to make his home in this castle on his return from Berlin.

Lee at once reported to Passy, expecting to bestow himself in this congenial lodging. But in Arthur's absence another tenant had slipped into his place. The rooms that had been renovated for the proud Virginian were now adorned by the short and portly figure of the Connecticut Yankee, Silas Deane, whose familiar manners, general air of accommodation to his surroundings, and distant, even supercilious attitude toward the intruding, questioning Lee, presented the picture of a gentleman very much at home. Dr. Franklin proffered no explanation, but his grandson, William Temple Franklin, now serving as secretary, informed Lee that Deane had moved in at his grandfather's request.

Shoved aside, the bewildered and unquestionably very angry gentleman from the Potomac settled in a fine man-

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sion at Chaillot, another suburb about three miles from Passy. Thus to the ever-watchful eye of Frenchmen, and the still more watchful eye of the British ambassador and his army of spies, the American diplomatic triumvirate presented a spectacle of disunion.

This process of elbowing Arthur out of any share in the Paris embassy had been under way even before the trip to Berlin. Even while sojourning in Spain, Arthur had been conscious of a lack of interest on the part of his colleagues. His long detailed letters remained unanswered. On his return from Germany no account of what had happened in his absence was given him. Franklin and Deane held frequent consultations on important matters — consultations to which Arthur was not invited and on the results of which he was not informed. Critical decisions were taken without seeking the opinion of the junior Commissioner. To such records of proceedings as were made Lee had no access. His standing in the Commission was precisely the same as that of Franklin and Deane, — all three were acting under identical appointment from Congress, — yet official communications frequently bore only two signatures, and even requisitions on French bankers sometimes lacked the name of Lee. Of incoming mail, addressed to the American Commission, the Virginian seldom caught a glimpse. All his attempts to establish working relations with his associates were rebuffed. Two out of three, Franklin once replied to these protests, made a majority!

Arthur had returned from Berlin eager for work and full of ideas, but all his suggestions were ignored. That the American Embassy was in a state of disorder a preliminary inspection showed; no books were being kept, no accounts preserved, although millions of livres were being spent; all kinds of nondescript characters had free access

to the building, and apparently shared the confidence of Franklin and Deane, but Arthur Lee's suggestions for something resembling a businesslike routine met a hostile reception. Despite this discouragement, the Virginian frequently forced his presence on his colleagues, addressing them at length and proposing reforms. His reports of these interviews, recorded in his journal, invariably have the same conclusion: 'I received no answer.' Franklin especially was irritating for his silent treatment. 'No attention was paid to what I said, which was almost invariably the case.' Even Arthur's not too active sense of humor was occasionally aroused; after making a long statement to the senior Commissioner on a subject of great importance, he thus records the result: 'Dr. Franklin in return entertained me with some very agreeable philosophical conversation.'

That there were faults in plenty on Arthur's side his best friends recognized. Of all these friends none was more honest and loyal than John Adams, and perhaps no better introduction to Arthur's career in Paris can be obtained than the references in the Adams Diary. 'Our old incidental agent is an honest man,' wrote Adams, 'faithful and zealous in our cause. But there is an acrimony in his temper, there is a jealousy, there is an obstinacy, and a want of candor at times, and an affectation of secrecy, the fruit of jealousy, which renders him disagreeable often to his friends, makes him enemies and gives them infinite advantages over him. That he has had great provocations I have never doubted.' 'Virtue is not always amiable, integrity is sometimes ruined by prejudices and by passions. There are two men in the world [Lee and Izard] who are men of honor and integrity, I believe, but whose prejudices and violent temper would raise quarrels in the Elysian fields, if not in heaven.' 'Mr. Mc-

Creery insinuates to me that the Lees are selfish and that this was a family misfortune. What shall I say? What shall I think?’

These are the judgments of an admiring friend. They are the words of a man who worked in closest companionship for eight years not only with Arthur, but with the whole Lee family. The selfishness about which Adams questions himself was really family pride — an inheritance of that ‘baronial’ conception in Virginia which implanted in the consciousness of certain families a belief in their right, even their duty, to rule; and doubtless this sense of family obligation largely explains Arthur Lee. One who fails to grasp this feeling can only faintly understand Arthur’s emotions when, returning to Passy from Berlin, he found a Connecticut Yankee calmly installed in apartments originally set aside for himself. Silas Deane, son of a blacksmith, country school-teacher, tradesman, undistinguished in person and uncouth in manner, preferred to him, a Potomac Lee, descendant of a line of Virginia Councilors, schooled at Eton and Edinburgh, famous pamphleteer, friend of Chatham, Burke, and Shelburne, the sought-for guest of country houses and rising member of the English bar!

Posterity can forgive Arthur’s egotism when exercised against such a person as Silas Deane, but that a great man like Benjamin Franklin should have become its object has damaged his fame. One need not regard Poor Richard as an exemplar of all virtues, public and private — for certainly he was a practical soul, not enamored of the ideal; the fact still remains that from 1777 to 1783 he was one of the greatest assets to the American cause. Bonhomme Richard’s inventions, his lightning rods, his bifocal spectacles, his stove, his kite, his learned discourses before the Academy

of Sciences, his pithy and common-sense writings, many of which had already appeared in French translations, his infinite curiosity about everything, human and divine — all these matters made the Philadelphian, in French eyes, an ideal champion of a young forest Republic attempting to free itself from European shackles. If the chief business of an ambassador is to make his country loved by the one to which he is accredited, probably no other envoy in history ever achieved Franklin’s success. Whether he deserved all this acclaim is not the point; the fact is that he received it, and became a force in promoting the American cause almost as powerful as Washington’s army.

All this was lost on Arthur Lee. He disliked Franklin, regarded his performances as overpraised, believed by some twisted method of reasoning that he was a positive deterrent to American success. Franklin’s removal from Paris became the dearest purpose of Arthur’s life. He wrote letters home insisting that he himself be installed in Franklin’s place.

No man ever wrote more unfortunate letters than these. These proposals and subsequent troubles with Franklin have injured Arthur’s reputation almost beyond repair. It was outbursts of this kind, as John Adams sadly noted, which gave advantage to Arthur’s foes and have embittered against him so many American historians and biographers. They have also obscured a truth which only in recent years has become apparent — that in most of the criticisms Lee hurled against his Passy colleagues the facts were on his side. Had his charges been harkened to, probably the American Revolution would not have lasted seven exhausting years, for the things that made matters so difficult were, above all, disloyalty and treason.

Lee’s wrath against Franklin and Deane was not all jealousy and ances-

tral pride, but was also based upon patriotic motives. Arthur insisted that the mansion at Passy was a nest of spies and traitors, who, under the very nose of Franklin, were betraying the American cause and every day bringing it closer to disaster. The reason that he was ignored, Arthur insisted — the reason all means were taken to keep him out of the secrets of the Embassy — was plain enough: things were going on that would not bear the light of day, and his elimination was desired because his presence would make impossible schemes that endangered his country. Strange suspicions for the young man — Arthur Lee was then thirty-six — to nourish against his diplomatic colleagues; and the strangest part of all is that in large degree they were true.

II

Arthur Lee's vexation was great when it first became apparent to him that Chaumont, Dr. Bancroft, the Whartons, Thomas Walpole, and other persons whom he regarded as obnoxious characters, stood on much better footing at Passy than did he, the officially accredited representative of Congress. Startling was the disclosure that Edward Bancroft was serving as private secretary to Silas Deane, was living in the Chaumont mansion, had constant access to all its secrets, and was confidential man to Franklin. Bancroft was a shrewd and clever gentleman, — Arthur had learned this in London, — but his agility in thus gaining access to American counsels was something of a surprise. Yet the feat had been accomplished simply enough; Bancroft had not wormed himself into the ambassadorial circle, but had been invited in. Benjamin Franklin had written Deane's instructions, on his original appointment as representative in France, and these instructions had contained the following paragraph: —

You will endeavor to procure a meeting with Mr. Bancroft, by writing a letter to him, under cover to Mr. Griffiths, at Turnham Green, near London, and desiring him to come over to you in France and Holland, on the score of old acquaintance. From him you may obtain a good deal of information of what is now going forward in England and settling a mode of continuing a correspondence. It may be well to remit a small bill to remit his expenses in coming to you.

At this time, August 1776, neither Franklin nor Lee was an American Commissioner; Deane was the sole American representative in France. His first act, in landing at Bordeaux, was to follow Franklin's instructions regarding Bancroft, who came over to Paris, spent several weeks with Deane, learned all about American affairs and aspirations, accompanied Deane on all his trips to Vergennes, and acted in general as his good angel. Two records exist of those first weeks of the American effort at Versailles, both historic documents of priceless value. Deane wrote a long and highly entertaining account of his experiences, the encouragement extended by the French court, the aid already promised and on its way — all of which was about the most confidential and dangerous information then concealed in Europe. Deane sent this in the most secret manner possible to the Committee of Congress, where naturally it raised high hopes. Edward Bancroft wrote his story of the same events, just as detailed, just as accurate, just as entertaining as Deane's. But Bancroft sent his lucubration to Lord Suffolk, head of the British Secret Intelligence during the American Revolution.

Of course neither Franklin nor Deane knew anything of Bancroft's literary exercises. In subsequent months Bancroft grew increasingly indispensable to Deane, who informed him of all the conversations with Vergennes, took his advice on all delicate matters, and

finally persuaded him to settle in Passy as his personal secretary. And there the astonished Lee found him — astonished because Arthur and William Lee already possessed what they regarded as irrefragable proof of Bancroft's double character. Arthur informed Franklin, in his forthright way, that Bancroft was a spy in the pay of the British Government. He not only made the accusation but submitted evidence. Bancroft, William Lee had discovered, was closeted with the Privy Council on his trips to London. What else could such confabulations mean?

The only effect of Arthur's charges on Franklin was to embitter him. Amiable as he was to most men, toward Arthur, from this time forth, he adopted a manner little less than savage. Edward Bancroft, his long-time friend, his assistant in literary and scientific pursuits, to be accused by this Virginia upstart as the paid betrayer of his inmost secrets!

The indignation against Lee felt by the philosopher has been pretty generally echoed by his biographers, at least all those who antedate 1889; for Bancroft is a curious figure in the history, not only of espionage, but of literature. Naturally Franklin's biographers have found Arthur Lee's accusations against Bancroft something of a stumbling-block, especially those biographers who wrote in the time when glorification of one's hero, with corresponding abuse of his detractors, was a fixed rule of the biographic art. To admit that Bancroft was a spy, writes Francis Wharton, 'would involve grave imputations on at least the sagacity and the vigilance of Franklin' — hence the labored efforts of all Franklin chroniclers, including himself, to prove that the Lee imputations were slander. Dr. Wharton devotes a chapter of twenty pages to Dr. Bancroft; every available bit of evidence is scraped together to show that the suspicions entertained by the Lees

of this gentleman were unfounded and to prove that he was a loyal American patriot.

Dr. Wharton's chapter on Bancroft is one of the most unfortunate bits of special pleading in all the curiosities of literature. The year selected for publication — 1889 — makes it almost a tragedy. For at this same date the famous American scholar resident in London, B. F. Stevens, began the publication of his Facsimiles of the Auckland manuscripts and other documents then reposing in the Library of Kings College, Cambridge University. Lord Auckland, as the Honorable William Eden, was assistant to Lord Suffolk in charge of the British Secret Service during the American Revolutionary War; his papers, thus finally released by the British Government to Mr. Stevens, are the reports he received from British secret agents in the course of duty. They now comprise twenty-five huge volumes, known to students of American history as the Stevens Facsimiles, and are available in most important American libraries. No one can understand the secret workings of the Revolution without a generous examination of these mighty tomes.

The first impression is one of admiration at the completeness and accuracy of the British Intelligence Service — a quality that evidently persists, for the spy system of Great Britain in the World War was similarly exhaustive. From 1776 to 1781 it is not too much to say that the English Foreign Office was better informed of American activities than was Congress itself. Franklin's Embassy at Passy, it now appears, was little more than a branch office of the British Secret Service. Not a thing happened there that did not instantaneously find its way to Downing Street and Windsor, for the man who took chief delight in reading the reports of British spies was George III himself.

The person mainly responsible for

collecting this royal literary matter was that same Dr. Bancroft who so completely bamboozled Franklin and who was to find so many American apologists in the course of a century. Merely to dip into these twenty-five volumes shows that Americans have committed a great injustice in making Benedict Arnold the archtraitor of the Revolution. That eminence rightfully belongs to Dr. Bancroft. Arnold was guilty of one act of treason, which failed, and so did no harm, while Bancroft for more than eight years was daily betraying his country, and doing so successfully. The prolongation of the contest was owing, more than to any other single cause, to the information which this man was constantly supplying — for money — to the Ministry in London.

III

He was a gentle and scholarly soul, this Edward Bancroft — a man of some standing, too, especially in scientific circles. Even the British *Dictionary of National Biography* devotes a quarter page to 'Edward Bancroft, M. D., F. R. S. (1744-1821), naturalist and chemist, a man of versatile talents, a friend of Franklin and Priestley,' treating seriously his discoveries in dyeing and calico printing. He was a native of Westfield, Massachusetts, a pupil of Silas Deane in his schoolmaster days, and afterward educated as a physician in England.

Apparently Bancroft possessed social graces that made him welcome in respectable circles. One of his closest friends was Paul Wentworth, member of a distinguished New Hampshire family, also resident in London, a man of greater mental attainments than Bancroft and of higher connections. Wentworth was a cultivated gentleman; he was distantly related to the Marquis of Rockingham, and owned a sugar plantation in Surinam.

Unfortunately Wentworth's mentality was devoted to base uses, for he early became a spy de luxe in the British service, expecting as rewards financial compensation, a baronetcy, and a seat in Parliament. His reports on American affairs — all now accessible in the Stevens papers — have a certain grace and are full of literary allusions and historic parallels. They are also replete with bitterness and chagrin. Nothing set Wentworth's nerves tingling so violently as that word 'spy,' which he knew was frequently applied to him; and, while many midnight hours were spent penning reams of betrayal, he also filled pages with recriminations against his English employers, who showed inadequate gratitude for his services and treated him with disdain. Probably the only bright spots in Wentworth's life were his visits to France, for on these occasions he became the guest of Franklin and Deane at Passy. The fact that Arthur Lee, on Deane's arrival in France, had written him to keep away from Wentworth as a dangerous character was entirely forgotten.

According to Bancroft, the irresistible Wentworth had been the cause of his downfall. He tells the story in a written account of his misdeeds, a brochure which forms one of the most extraordinary bits of biographical literature in existence. In 1784 the British Government, the war with the former colonies having ended, evidently became weary of their old retainer; Bancroft's pension of £1000 a year was suddenly stopped, leaving him destitute. As a plea for its renewal, Bancroft wrote Lord Carmarthen, then Foreign Secretary, giving a résumé of his services to the British crown, which consisted chiefly of a long list of treasons committed against his native land. Thus over Bancroft's own signature we have a conscientious catalogue of betrayals. How, after spending two or

three weeks with Deane in Paris, in June 1776, he returned to London; how there, meeting Paul Wentworth, he told the whole story of French and American negotiations; how Wentworth took him to Lords Weymouth and Suffolk, Secretaries of State, before whom Bancroft unbosomed himself — all these details the learned physician sets forth. Naturally the noble lords decided to link Bancroft permanently to the British cause. The first interview and the written memorandum secured a pension of £200 for life, but that proved only the beginning of an employment that lasted until 1783.

As an inducement for me to go over and reside in France and continue my services there, until the Revolt should terminate or an open rupture with that nation ensue, his Lordship further promised, that when either of those events should happen, my permanent pension of £200 should be increased to £500 *at least*. Confiding in this promise I went to Paris, and, during the first year, resided in the same house with Dr. Franklin, Mr. Deane, etc. and regularly informed this government of every transaction of the American commissioners; of every step and vessel taken to supply the American colonies, with artillery, arms, etc.; of every part of their intercourse with the French and European courts; of the Powers and instructions given by Congress to the Commissioners, and of their correspondence with the Secret committees, etc., and when the government of France determined openly to support the Revolted Colonies, I gave notice of this determination, and of the progress made in forming the two treaties of Alliance and Commerce, and when these were signed, on the Evening of the 6th of February, I at my own Expense and of a special messenger, and with unexampled despatch, conveyed this Intelligence to this City and to the King's Ministers, within forty-two hours, from the Instant of their signature, a piece of information for which many individuals here would, for purposes of speculation, have given me more than all that I have received from Government. . . . To fulfil the promise made by my Lord Suffolk my permanent

pension was increased to £500 per annum, and regularly entered, in Book Letter A, payable to Mr. P. Wentworth, for the use of Edw. Edwards, the name by which, for greater secrecy, it had been long before agreed to distinguish me.

IV

Amazing as this confession may seem, the contract entered into by Bancroft with the British Government is more astounding still. The document is probably unique; is there any other instance in history of such an espionage bargain — a bargain in which the party of the first part, in writing, agrees to sell his secrets, definitely stipulating what they are to consist of, and the party of the second part pledges itself to precise schedules of compensation? The handwriting in this contract — a contract now to be read in the Stevens Facsimiles — is that of Paul Wentworth, and the agreement was one to correspond with that gentleman. The subjects on which information was promised appear under two heads — that intended for Wentworth and that for Lord Stormont, British Ambassador at Paris.

Since Wentworth resided, for the most part, in London, and had immediate access to the British Government, he was chiefly interested in diplomatic concerns — such as America's negotiations for alliances with France, Spain, and other powers; the details of commerce carried on between the West India Islands and the northern colonies; and banking matters. Of particular importance were American attempts to obtain foreign credits, 'the channels and agents used to apply them; the secret moves about the courts of France and Spain and the Congress agents and tracing the lines from one to another.' Bancroft agreed — in writing — to furnish Britain with copies of all of Franklin's and Deane's letters to and from the Continental

Congress, and of all transactions and correspondence with foreign powers.

For Lord Stormont, information was to be supplied that would aid in his daily task of protesting violations of neutrality; thus Bancroft contracted to furnish details about every ship sailing from France to America — its officers and crew, its cargo, especially war munitions, its port of departure, destination, and date of sailing, its projected course, so that British warships might be most advantageously placed for interception.

The manner in which all this intelligence was to be conveyed one would hesitate to transcribe, did it not formally appear in this contract. Anyone who might accidentally discover Bancroft's letters would think that he had stumbled upon an illicit love affair; they were to be written, 'in gallantry,' upon white sheets of paper, with liberal spaces between the lines. The apparent writing was to comprise confidences such as one would address to his sweetheart, but in the empty spaces the real literary matter was to be inserted, containing news on the subjects listed above; but all this was to be written in 'white ink,' — that is, invisible ink, — 'the wash to make which appear is to be given to Lord Stormont.' Transmission of these letters was to be under the favoring auspices of darkness.

Mr. Jeans will call every Tuesday evening after half past nine at the tree pointed at the south terrace of the Tuileries and take from the Hole at the root a bottle containing a letter and place under the Box-tree agreed upon a bottle containing any communication from Lord Stormont to Dr. Edwards. All letters to be numbered with white ink. The bottle to be sealed and tyed by the neck with a common twyne about a half a yard in length. The other end of which to be fastened to a peg of wood, split at the top to receive a very small piece of a card. The Bottle to be thrust under the tree and the peg into the ground on the west side.

How sedulously Bancroft made use of these postal facilities is evident in the collections of his literary lucubrations now available in the Stevens Facsimiles. But he was not the only one Wentworth had enticed into his syndicate of betrayal. He enlisted, indeed, a fair-sized brigade, all recruited from Americans resident in London — George Lupton; John Williams, uncle of the Jonathan Williams in charge of American shipping affairs at Nantes; Joseph Hynson, that pleasure-seeking sailor who succeeded in stealing six months' correspondence of the American Commissioners and passing it on to Downing Street; the Reverend John Vardil, once Canon of Trinity Church, New York, who, by boarding in a London sailors' resort which was little else than a house of prostitution, made Hynson's acquaintance and engaged him for this work; and William Carmichael, of Maryland, for 1776-1777 secretary of Deane and Franklin at Passy, who, if not a traitor, — his exact status has never been fixed, — was the intimate associate of men whom he must have known to be traitors.

Of all these British mercenaries — far more dangerous to the American cause than those imported from Hesse and Brunswick — the man of overshadowing importance was Bancroft. Wentworth, in London, served as a kind of clearinghouse, receiving Bancroft's missives, forwarded by Stormont from the 'Box-Hole' of the Tuileries, transmitting such as seemed desirable to Lord Suffolk and William Eden, condensing others, to save his lordship the trouble of wading through repetitious memorials, and using them as the basis of 'Informations' of his own.

Wentworth supplemented these documents by occasional visits to Paris, and at other times met Bancroft, for verbal communication, at Dieppe and Dover. As a result his Revolutionary writings made a complete picture of

American diplomacy from 1776 to 1781. Especially insidious are Wentworth's little papers called 'Port Intelligence.' Probably no documents did the American cause such harm, for they conveyed details of the sailings of ships carrying supplies so sorely needed by Washington's troops. Ship after ship cleared French ports for America, only to be scooped in by the British cordon and taken to England. From May 1777 to 1778 — almost a year — Congress received no messages or correspondence of any kind from its ambassadors in France, for all ships carrying them were captured.

V

Another aspect that startles one even to-day is the constant use which Bancroft made of Franklin's correspondence. Arthur Lee, in his unprinted *Journal*, relates: 'Count Vergennes had complained that everything we did was known to the English Ambassador, who was always plaguing him with the detail. No one will be surprised at this who knows that we have no time or place appropriate to our consultations, but that servants, strangers, and everyone was at liberty to enter and did constantly enter the room while we were talking about public business, and that the papers relating to it lay open in rooms of common and continual resort.' If the public had such free access, a confidential secretary like Bancroft would find no difficulty in purloining and copying letters. He not only sent duplicates to Wentworth, but sometimes sent originals. There are many references to them in Wentworth's essays. 'Bancroft left them for my perusal,' he writes, referring to a packet of letters from Passy. 'I also retained originals of those of which he brought me duplicates.'

Francis Wharton, the scholar who, as late as 1889, published his defense of Bancroft, says that his relation to

Franklin was that of Boswell to Johnson. This perhaps explains the many Boswellian intimacies which enliven Wentworth's pages, for his facts were supplied by Bancroft. The man had a gift for portraiture and illuminating adjectives. We catch glimpses of Deane, 'strutting like a cock on his dung-hill,' cursing France and all Frenchmen, expanding in 'his Republican pride,' quoting John Winthrop as his favorite political philosopher, and outlining terms of possible peace at supper in the Café St. Honoré. An unforgettable sketch from the life is that of Franklin shedding tears at the inevitability of American separation from Britain — tears that involved no disloyalty, for it was a regret common to most intellectual Americans, even those strongly devoted to independence. Bancroft rages now and then over the free use made of his reports; he would steal a paper, pass it on to Lord Stormont, who next day would protest to Vergennes, using terms and details that were almost exact quotations from the original. If this goes on, wails Bancroft, exposure is certain!

Wentworth even gives vignettes of himself. He calls on Arthur Lee 'to pay his respects,' and, while waiting for the Virginian to appear, rifles Arthur's cardcase, lying on the table. His sizing up of the Commissioners is worth recording: 'Franklin is taciturn, deliberate and cautious; Deane vain, desultory and subtle; A. Lee suspicious and insolent; W. Lee peevish and ignorant; Mr. Izard costive and dogmatical — all of them insidious and Bancroft vibrating between hope and fear, interest and attachment.'

VI

Bancroft, in addition to his spying, had another occupation which at times seemed to absorb him even more. As is the case with most intriguers,

his passion for speculation was intense. George III, strict moralist on matters of this sort, reprehended this phase of his hireling, for His Majesty abhorred stock gambling, and unimpeachable evidence that Bancroft was fond of such flings even led him to distrust the accuracy of his reports. 'The man is a double-spy,' the king would exclaim, meaning that, while betraying American secrets to the British, he was also revealing British plans to the Americans. Bancroft's frequent trips to England might possibly have awakened Franklin's suspicions, but the explanation was plausible enough: the man always returned with a budget of information, — about the movement of British troops and the British navy, the plans of the ministry and the like, — news which seemed important, but which was really false or inconsequential. Bancroft even drew a salary from Congress for services of this kind, and once wrote a protesting letter when his compensation was slow in arriving. The British ministry, to lend color to the Commissioners' confidence that Bancroft was their agent, even had him arrested as an American spy.

Bancroft made these visits to London for two purposes: to confer with his employers in Downing Street, and to attend to his personal speculations in the funds, undertakings in which Wentworth was frequently a partner. In his letter to Lord Carmarthen, already quoted, Bancroft refers to his expedition in bringing news of the signing of the French treaty, adding, almost ruefully, 'a piece of information for which many individuals here would, for purposes of speculation, have given me more than all that I have received from Government.' In writing this the man was reminiscent. For Bancroft made tidy sums not only on this news but on many other items that necessarily came his way as confidential man at Passy.

In these speculations Bancroft's associates seem to have been the Whartons and Sir Thomas Walpole. Bancroft furnished the information, while the Whartons and Walpole supplied the cash.

'If,' Joseph Wharton wrote Bancroft on November 8, 1777, 'you could communicate any important news to me speedily on its arrival it might prove beneficial to me.' He transmits Bancroft his 'direction' — that is, the place where he could be addressed, for in those days, when letters were constantly opened by the government, 'covers' for the reception of correspondence were the rule.

In a letter of November 10, 1777, addressed to his 'good friend,' Joseph Wharton became specific: 'Your opinion may be a stimulus to much further speculation. Why may not subsequent contacts be mutual between him, you and me? [The letter does not quite indicate who *him* was — probably Walpole.] I will engage thus far with you, on your communicating to me the best intelligence respecting war, or any other essential matter from a relation to America, upon which you would have the insurance made, that my friend and I will advance the premium, and admit you to an equal share with us, holding you engaged for one third out of the premium.'

Paul Wentworth was not ignorant of these transactions. On December 11, 1777, he writes to William Eden: 'He [Bancroft], I think, is gone to London, by Dieppe and Brighthelmstone, and may be found at Mr. W-p-les Town or Country or Mr. S. W-t-n's' — hardly impenetrable disguises for Walpole and Wharton. This peregrination concerned the greatest of Bancroft's speculative coups. The news of Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga did not reach Paris until December 4, 1777, but rumors had reached Passy in November that the invasion

from Canada was sure to prove a great disaster to British arms. So Bancroft wrote to Walpole, on November 30, telling him of Burgoyne's retreat, and there are evidences that the crowd 'cleaned up' well on this advance information. One of the most conclusive is the change in Bancroft's behavior. Paul Wentworth's reference to his aid, in an undated letter (about the end of 1777), portrays a new aggressive, independent spirit: —

Bancroft is not as he should be. He offered to repay all he has received. The cursed journey to London has spoiled all. Petrie went with them and Van Zandt is left behind in confidence. He is flush with money. Has large shares in the cargoes going out and, I suppose, has been bribed by Walpole.

VII

Others besides the Lees knew that something was wrong at American headquarters. Franklin's equanimity was frequently disturbed, especially when Vergennes protested that his embassy was sheltering a traitor. Vergennes insisted that William Carmichael was the man; as a consequence of this, Carmichael was shipped home, without bringing to an end the flow of information to England. Bancroft — ready for this emergency, as for all — quickly solved the problem: the traitor, he insisted, was Beaumarchais! But the Lees, though by no means inclined to give a clean bill of health to Carmichael, and at this time entertaining no friendly opinion of Figaro, — who in their judgment was more interested in personal money-getting than in promoting American independence, — unerringly pointed an accusing finger at Edward Bancroft.

Arthur's letters contain many references, in his usual slashing fashion, to the Bancroft-Wharton alliance. 'Two notorious speculators,' he writes to

Dr. Gordon, on September 22, 1779, 'as desperate in their fortunes as in their principles, I mean Mr. Wharton and Dr. Bancroft, are the only confidants and advisers at Passy. I leave to you to judge whether they who have jobbed away the secrets of the state would make much hesitation in jobbing the state itself.'

Franklin, however, could not be persuaded to abandon Bancroft. All the denunciation of the Lees only seemed to link him more closely to the man. That he sincerely trusted him is unquestioned; that all the secrets of the American Embassy at Passy were transmitted to the British Government is not attributed to any worse qualities on Franklin's part than carelessness, devotion to an old friend, and lack of perspicacity.

Benjamin Franklin went to his grave without losing faith in the associate who so successfully sold out his country. Bancroft remained his companion all through the war, and after, for Franklin even took him in a confidential service to the peace conference that ended the Revolution, Bancroft, of course, being still on the British payroll. In 1783 the adroit creature came to Philadelphia, on a spy mission for the Foreign Office, bearing warm letters of introduction from Franklin: 'I have long known him,' he writes, 'and esteem him highly.' In 1785, after Bancroft had returned to England and Franklin had returned to America, the hospitable philosopher wrote him in most friendly terms: 'My best wishes and those of my family attend you. We shall be happy to see you here when it suits you to visit us; being with sincere and great esteem, my dear friend, yours most affectionately, B. Franklin.'

And so ends what was perhaps the most calamitous instance of misplaced confidence in American history.

I WAS FIRED FROM A HICK COLLEGE

BY WENDELL BROOKS PHILLIPS

I

I FEEL a bit lopsided this morning. The college which was founded about the same time I was, whose innocent childhood coincided with my own, within whose walls I spent many happy days as a student, and in which I have taught for nearly twenty years, has been detached from me. Or, to be more literal, I have been detached from it. I was not detached willingly; I held on as long as I could; and the events which led to my being pried loose were not without a certain excitement.

But I must go back a little. My first day of school, when I was six years old, was also the first day of existence for the college. Brother Spence, our founder, had waved a wand and brought into being simultaneously a college, an academy, and a grade school. The habitat of all three was a great rambling building of Georgia yellow pine, whose steeple and bell filled me with awe. Students, of every age and size, were whooping about the yard in barefooted savagery. Brother Spence and my father hobnobbed in friendly fashion. Brother Spence was a Southerner of the old school, my father was a Yankee. Brother Spence had a great portly figure, a florid face, a leonine mane, and a booming voice. My father was built like a pair of tongs, he was pale and bearded, and his voice was high and clear. But they were both preachers, they both wore

long black coats, and they both moved with high dignity. When Brother Spence patted my head and declared that he would as soon be I as any boy in school, my heart swelled with pride and wonder.

Everybody in town was wrapped up in the fate of the new college. My father was one of the original trustees, and brought its problems home for family discussion. There was much jubilation when a judge from Michigan who had wandered down our way donated an old plantation house, smothered in white pines and honeysuckle, as a girls' dormitory. The fervor of missionary enterprise was in the air. In fact, it was a sort of alternating current, whose benefits we got from both directions. At Sunday school we relinquished our pennies to the heathen Chinese, with visions of little boys saved from famine and little girls saved from a slavery worse than death. That was the joy of giving. And the Massachusetts kids made up missionary barrels in which they sent their patched pants to *me*. That was the joy of receiving. I have never known a more perfect state of reciprocity among those who set about to do good works.

And so I went on through the grade school and on through the academy and on through the college. Of course my ideas were deeply moulded by these surroundings. Class rivalries,

picnics, 'champion debates,' all held an intensely personal interest. It was a happy world, and an innocent. About one thing I was sometimes troubled — I felt an instinctive distaste for the evangelical religion which was taken for granted everywhere around me. When my father (who was an Arcadian farmer as well as a preacher) walked in his fields at evening he seemed like a god who surveyed the fruitfulness and beauty which his hands had brought forth; when, in black-coated solemnity, he mounted his pulpit to preach and pray he seemed suddenly to have departed into some world of complete unreality.

II

My going to Harvard to continue my studies was like setting out for the planet Mars. I was a thousand miles from home, and I did n't know a person in all New England. I comforted myself with the thought that I was returning to the land of my forefathers; but somehow the people who swarmed up and down the streets of Boston did n't look exactly as I thought my forefathers ought to look. I spent about three weeks of as miserable homesickness as a human being can experience.

Then I awoke to the new world about me. Harvard made room for receptive hicks in those days. I found myself in College House, a dormitory delightfully inexpensive. And, as Matthew Arnold once said of Oxford, there were 'voices in the air.' The great Eliot was no longer president, but his liberalizing influence was still felt. William James was but lately dead, and his was still a name to conjure with. The benign Royce was drawing to his close, but he threw a twilight glow over the austere ugliness of Sever Hall. I admired the Jove-like Kittredge from afar, and drank in

his Shakespeare, his Chaucer, and his Beowulf.

But it was in the presence of Barrett Wendell and Dean Briggs that I really basked. Barrett Wendell was something quite new in my experience. How the Baptists and Methodists back home would have hated him! How his classroom utterances would have startled the halls of any hick college! Here was a man brave, kind, and good, but so delicately and cynically worldly! He turned half the old values upside down — but always he examined, he illuminated, he cleansed. What chance had tawdriness, or sham, or cant before the brightness of such humor, such irony, such common sense?

When Dean Briggs was first pointed out to me I spontaneously exclaimed: 'Why, he looks just like a Georgia farmer!'

And so he did until he began to talk. Then appeared his quiet wisdom, his power of interpreting poetry, his genius for friendliness. He was the only one of my Harvard teachers with whom I felt warmly and personally acquainted. That he should make so many feel that way was his great gift.

I first came to know him well through his penetrating criticism of a very amateurish short story which I wrote for his famous class in English Composition. The story was based on familiar fact. It told of a mountain girl who came down to college, learned to love books, was asked in marriage by one of her classmates, was offered a position by the president of the college, but who left it all to go back to her wilds, marry her mountain lover, bring up a cabinful of slatternly children, and grow old before her time. This inexplicable reversion of the girl was the central problem of the story, and I had n't handled it very well. The dean pointed out that I had written the beginning of a sociological

treatise, but hardly an effective piece of fiction.

The years at Harvard went by so swiftly that I failed to realize how profoundly they had changed my point of view. Then suddenly, as the last weeks drew to a close, I was confronted with a decision. A modest but promising instructorship in a Boston college was vacant, and I was encouraged to apply for it. At the same time I was asked to come back home and head the department of English there.

The matter was so hard to decide that I consulted Dean Briggs. He did n't answer my question directly, but chatted about things in general. Then as I was about to go he flashed me one of those rare smiles and half-stammered: —

'I hope you won't follow the example of that heroine in your tale — and revert!'

But nonetheless I 'reverted.' I think it was because I could n't see the stars in Boston. As summer came on and the city shimmered like a heated oven, night after night the smoke and haze shut out the sky. I fled back to the Georgia mountains, not reflecting that, as physical horizons broaden, it is quite possible for mental horizons to narrow down like a trap.

III

I returned to teach in my old college with the most eager delight. Many of the faculty were former teachers of mine for whom I felt a real affection. The students were artless, kind, and friendly. Far from being a burden, the classroom work was a stimulating pleasure. To teach youngsters to love books, to tell people what Barrett Wendell said about Jonathan Swift, and actually get paid for doing it — such a destiny was almost too good to be true!

To be sure there were difficulties,

but they could be solved. The most conspicuous of these difficulties was one of which everybody seemed strangely oblivious: the students were changing so much more rapidly than the college was. They had been caught, even in our remote section, by all the cross-currents of the World War. They were more restless than they had been, harder to manage. They were falling into every fad and folly of the day. But even so, they were eagerly alive, they came demanding an education which would fit them for their world — the world of the present and the future.

And nothing was done to satisfy this hunger. If the students were living in the present, the faculty were frozen somewhere in the nineteenth century, and the trustees were petrified in the days of John Calvin.

A most curious situation had developed with regard to the trustees. The names of some twenty of them were listed in the college catalogue; but only about a third of these lived in the region of the college. The rest were mere 'paper trustees,' men living in Boston, New York, Ohio, Florida, whose names with their long strings of degrees were evidently cherished for their decorative value. Some of these had never visited the college; others came on a brief visit of inspection every four or five years. It was the little band of local men who ruled the college with adamant rod.

I suppose they had to rule it, since our president was in the North most of the time raising funds. But it was particularly unfortunate that they should be men of such provincial experience. That they should determine the sort of education we should offer our students was laughable — and tragic. They stood behind the dean's shoulder as he wrote his handbook of rules, they usurped the function of the faculty in determining that vague but

powerful thing 'college policy.' And woe to any wretched wight, student or teacher, who ignored or defied this uncoded law!

I was especially dismayed at the attitude of these men toward the teacher's status. There was no such thing as security of tenure. Teachers were elected from year to year, and no one could tell when or for what reason he might be dropped. Our faculty, aside from a few obvious incompetents, came to consist of two groups: a nucleus of old-timers, good substantial teachers of little initiative, who went on year after year in the same old round; and a floating population, partly good, partly bad, which was changed from year to year. A regular system of college politics, as Machiavelian as it was pious, kept this latter group constantly on the move. And always it seemed to be the *best* men who were eliminated.

It will not be tedious, I think, to mention two cases. When I first returned to the college I found one man on the faculty, until that time unknown to me, who had both distinction and charm. He was a great rawboned German, fresh from the wheat lands of Kansas. He taught philosophy, the subject most frequently profaned in small colleges — and he did not profane it. There was something both naïve and powerful in his cavernous dark eyes.

Aside from his delightful companionship on long walks, I was most grateful to him for his services at our monthly faculty meetings. The chief function of these meetings was to allow each faculty member to blow up his own favorite toy balloon, and watch it float lazily in the air for a long afternoon. Our philosopher was a godsend on these occasions. He would neatly puncture each balloon almost before it left its moorings, and bring the meeting to a close in half its allotted time. But

such men are not apt to be popular; and he was shortly sent back to the West, where he became dean of a bigger and better college. Since then philosophy has remained steadily in our catalogue, but it has seldom visited the classroom.

The other case was more dramatic. We needed a new dean of women, as the old one was worn out. I was at once impressed with the intelligent competence of the woman who took the position. Coming from Iowa, she seemed blunt in speech and abrupt in manner to our leisurely Southerners. But the way she took hold of things was heartening. At first she was appalled at the sheer physical slovenliness of the dormitory which was placed in her charge. Only after a long siege could she wring from the treasurer the brooms, mops, and dustpans which she needed. Another campaign was necessary to secure a laundry room — which the new dean equipped herself, at the expense of a month's salary.

Then she set about to make the social life of the institution less stilted — more frank, refreshing, and civilized. She made a startling innovation. The young men were allowed to drop in on certain evenings and quietly play bridge with the young ladies. Before this, card playing, even among the boys or girls separately, had been frowned upon, 'because of its effect on the donors.' But the donors, though doubtless singularly sensitive, entered no protest at this radical step. The heavens remained intact.

Encouraged by this success, the members of the senior class consulted the dean of women as to the wisdom of petitioning the trustees for an occasional college dance. The dancing situation was, to say the least, an anomaly. Officially, the college frowned on dancing of every shape or kind — except possibly the Virginia reel and

'Here we go round the mulberry bush.' But students who lived in town gave dances at their homes, which the college boys could attend, but not the girls who lived in dormitories. The same discrimination applied to the public dances which were held in the Odd Fellows' hall. Even the dean of the college and his daughters were known to attend dances in a neighboring town. Hence it is not surprising that the dormitory girls were a bit touchy on the subject.

The new dean of women not only favored the proposed petition, but suggested that the seniors approach the paper trustees and attempt to rouse them from their long seclusion on the front page of the catalogue.

So a letter was sent to each member of the board. The response was surprising. Practically every man replied, and without exception those living outside the region of the college favored the new proposal. The Northern trustees expressed universal surprise that properly supervised dancing was not a regular part of the college life.

With confident pride the senior committee took these letters to the local men, supposing, of course, that they would honor a majority vote of their own board. But little did they understand the working of the trustee mind. Not only was the petition denied, but the seniors were severely reprimanded for their 'insubordination,' and the dean of women was promptly informed of her dismissal. This was notice to the world that no strong-minded women need apply.

As I observed this strange process of upside-down elimination I realized with some consternation and some amusement that the only thing which saved me from a similar fate was the fact that I was 'born in.' To uproot me would involve a bit more of an upheaval than would be found comfortable.

IV

Then suddenly, one Christmas vacation, came the crucial moment. I was inspired to write and send to the *Atlantic* a paper called 'I Teach in a Hick College.'¹ It had come to me faster than I could set it down, because it was not in the ordinary sense a composition. It was a crystallization of twenty years' experience — born partly of a love of the place and its charm (which I have not forgotten to the present moment), partly of resentment at the blindness which I saw everywhere increasing about me. This bit of writing expressed more tenderness and affection than it did anything else. Only one small portion touched on the shortcomings of hick colleges.

Of course I knew that this section would arouse the ire of a few; but I had no slightest anticipation of the storm, the tempest in a village cauldron, which it would evoke. There was a waiting line at the library which clamored for one lone copy of the *Atlantic*. News stands for fifty miles round were combed for more — but the resultant crop was small. Bookstore clerks in Atlanta, a hundred miles away, exclaimed: 'What's all this excitement about a hick college? No, we ain't got it. We don't git no call for *Atlantic Monthlys*.'

As I walked to my classes, a strange hush would fall over each group of people I approached, and students would gaze at me with a startled look: 'Can a man do this and live?' One of the faculty wives, representing the Southern aristocracy which formed one element of our melting pot, denounced me from the chapel platform: '*Hick College!* Can we ever live down the opprobrium of that name? With shame I speak it, but we have among us a Judas who has sold his Alma Mater for thirty pieces of silver.'

¹ Published in March 1932. — EDITOR

It has always been my regret that I cut chapel that day, and missed the full effect of this speech. But it was passed on to me, text and comment, from twenty different directions.

So far it had seemed like a beautifully acted comedy. But next morning I got a curt letter from the dean informing me that because of my disloyalty to the college I was dismissed from my position in the approaching summer session, for which he had engaged me. His authority went no further than that for the moment, but he implacably bent every energy toward my permanent eradication.

The disturbance was not quelled until the president rushed home from Boston. He managed to patch up a truce. The dean and I got so we even ate ice cream in the same room together. And, interestingly enough, the malign effects of the article did not develop. Our students painted 'Hick College' on the backs of their raincoats and tickled the fancy of baseball fans all over the state. Many newcomers said that they had chosen our school because they had read about it in the magazine. Even my bitterest opponents did not challenge the truth of the article, and they finally came around to quoting extensively from it in printed matter they sent out in pursuit of funds.

V

One thing this incident of the *Atlantic* paper taught me: I could not please everybody. If I were to retain a vestige of self-respect I must follow my own standards. This I quietly proceeded to do. My life was as simple and very nearly as austere as that of our most devout trustee. But there were certain important differences. With my mother's death the last reason for my going to church had disappeared. I did not wish to encourage supernatural attitudes to-

ward religion in my two half-grown boys, and I could not afford to set them a bad example. We spent our Sundays hoeing in the garden, or following the mountain rivers to their utmost sources. Strange things we found about trees and birds, watersheds and continental divides.

My class in Recent Literature became a sort of open forum. Just why did Samuel Butler, in his *Way of All Flesh*, hate the church and the home? What did Shaw have against doctors? Was Tolstoi as mean to his wife as the local D. A. R. ladies said he was? And was *Elmer Gantry* fit reading for *anybody*, much less a Christian? Even Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' embalmed for fifty years, furnished exciting discussion on evolution and a future life.

All this made the trustees increasingly restless. At each annual meeting my case was brought up, and I was told that my job hung by a hair. On one occasion an extraordinary session was called in midsummer to discuss a letter I had written to the *Atlanta Constitution*. That letter, said they, so radical that even the *Constitution* repudiated it in editorial comment, was the last straw. It took a great deal of Christian patience to forgive that.

But my students trusted me, felt at ease with me, confided in me. I felt that I could not greatly change my course without betraying both myself and them. Thus the issue grew sharper and sharper, and I knew that the time must soon come for a final settlement.

VI

And just what was this issue? Essentially it was this: the trustees considered my attitude a menace to Christian education; I, on the other hand, considered their attitude a menace to education of any kind. The trustees were quite oblivious of the

fact that in this issue the college, fully as much as I, was on trial.

The question of academic freedom, not unknown throughout the country generally, is especially acute in the South, where strong pressure is brought to bear on college presidents and trustees by constituencies who have not the faintest notion as to what a liberal education is. An opposite kind of pressure is exerted by the Southern Association of Colleges and the various other agencies who demand that intellectual standards be raised. Thus we find the smaller colleges put in an impossible position. The only faculty member who could fulfill both requirements would be an intelligent and highly trained scholar on the one hand and a consistent fundamentalist on the other. Unhappily (from the point of view of the presidents and trustees who are looking for teachers) such men are increasingly hard to find. It would perhaps be extreme to say that no such animal exists; but he is certainly a member of a rapidly vanishing species.

The essence of my own teaching was simple enough, and may be summed up in one brief paragraph: that man's spirit should be sincere, courageous, and serene; that gentle irony should be poured over bigotry and smug complacency wherever they are found; that a sense of beauty should have high place in our scheme of values; and that the entire pattern of conventional American life, with its shallow standards of success, with its petty and silly round of bridge parties, Kiwanis clubs, and mechanized churchgoing, should be sharply questioned. I passionately believed in these things, and thought such teaching especially needed by the young people around me.

So it was more than a matter of academic freedom. The trustees could not tolerate the thing I was and am. They particularly abhorred my heresy

in matters of religion. Now, as a matter of fact, I am not without religious feeling; but I listen with much more sympathy to Aldous Huxley's 'pessimistic humanism,' Bertrand Russell's 'free man's worship,' and Einstein's exposition of a 'cosmic religious sense' than I do to Calvinism or Wesleyism.

My own private religion I hesitate to confide to you because it is so primitive and so simple. It is merely to watch the sun rise and set; to behold season follow season over the green earth; to seek out the meaning of forest and mountain; to warm both hands before the fire of life, and not to shudder too much when the flame sinks.

VII

I am not surprised, then, to learn this morning that I am detached from the college to which I have given the twenty most vigorous years of my life. One's first temptation is to wash his hands of all hick colleges. That, in fact, is the point of view which is frankly taken by the most brilliant of my former pupils — a young man who is studying sociology in the only department of any Southern university which, according to a recent *Atlantic* contributor, is of first-rate quality. He states his case so effectively that I have asked his permission to quote from the letter which he wrote me a few days ago: —

I could not, from the point of view of your own interest, protest against your retirement from the payroll, however much I might excoriate the act as a symptom of moral and mental degeneracy in the college. Personally I'm inclined to believe that you'll be better off to give up trying, single-handed, to battle bigotry.

I am just as fond of the place as you are, and, when I was an undergraduate at least, as fanatically loyal and as deeply concerned with its future as anyone could be. But are we not in danger of looking at it as it used

to be, or as it ought to be, or as we wish it were?

It is unpleasant but true that the *real* college is a collection of lame ducks, fanatics, religious perverts, and sanctimonious asses. As an institution, any enlightened liberal would be forced to classify it as thoroughly and effectively bad, creating infinitely more havoc in the personalities with which it deals than should be tolerated.

VIII

Well, maybe so. In sober fact, I am compelled largely to agree with him. But I find it hard to relinquish my bright morning hopes of the hick colleges. There are so many young people of desperately limited opportunity to whom they might mean much. And so, as a last resort, I appeal to the only living creatures who can remedy the matter. Like those who preach baccalaureate sermons, I shall address a special group: —

Students in hick colleges everywhere, please rise! You must know that the

scores of little colleges which you attend, so provincial, so American, are sick unto death. Within twenty years they will have died or changed into something greatly better. You can most effectively help them by simply insisting that they give you an education.

When, on Commencement day, your president says solemnly to each senior, 'I admit you to the company of educated men and women,' see that he makes good his word. It is sad indeed to be told that you are an educated man or woman and then find that you are not. If your college refuses you an education, and you are unable to attend an institution more enlightened, get your training in some other way. There are still mines, factories, construction camps, and farms. And if you have a hankering to bum your way around the world, you will find that the world was never more instructive, nor more stimulating to a mind awake, than it is at the present moment!

THE NEGRO IN THE WELL

BY ERSKINE CALDWELL

JULE ROBINSON was lying in bed snoring when his foxhounds struck a live trail a mile away and woke him up with a start. He jumped to the floor, jerked on his shoes, and ran out into the front yard. It was about an hour before dawn.

Holding his hat to the side of his head like a swollen hand, he listened to the trailing on the ridge above the house. With his hat to deflect the sound into his ear, he could hear the dogs treading in the dry underbrush as plainly as his own breathing. It had taken him only a few seconds to determine that the hounds were not cold-trailing, and he put his hat back on his head and stooped over to lace his shoes.

'Papa,' a frightened voice said, 'don't go off again now — wait till daybreak, anyway.'

Jule turned around and saw the dim outline of his two girls. They were huddled together in the window of their bedroom. Jessie and Clara were old enough to take care of themselves, he thought, but that did not stop them from getting in his way when he wanted to go fox hunting.

'Go on back to bed and sleep, Jessie, you and Clara,' he said gruffly. 'Those hounds are just up on the ridge. They can't take me much out of hollering distance before sunup.'

'We're scared, Papa,' Clara said.

'Scared of what?' Jule asked impatiently. 'There ain't a thing for two big girls like you and Jessie to be scared

of. What's there to be scared of in this big country, anyway?'

The hounds stopped trailing for a moment, and Jule straightened up to listen in the silence. All at once they began again, and he bent down to finish tying his shoes.

Off in the distance he could hear several other packs of trailing hounds, and by looking closely at the horizon he could see the twinkle of campfires where bands of fox hunters had stopped to warm their hands and feet.

'Are you going anyway, Papa?' Clara asked.

'I'm going anyway,' he answered.

The two girls ran back to bed and pulled the covers over their heads. There was no way to argue with Jule Robinson when he had set his head on following his foxhounds.

The craze must have started anew sometime during the holidays, because by the end of the first week in January it looked and sounded as if everybody in Georgia were trading foxhounds by day and bellowing 'Whoo-way-oh!' by night. From the time the sun went down until the next morning when it came up, the woods, fields, pastures, and swamps were crawling with beggar-liced men and yelping hound-dogs. Nobody would have thought of riding horseback after the hounds in a country where there was a barbwire fence every few hundred yards.

Automobiles roared and rattled over the rough country roads all night long.

The fox hunters had to travel fast in order to keep up with the pack.

It was not safe for any living thing with four legs to be out after sundown, because the hounds had the hunting fever too, and packs of those rangy half-starved dogs were running down and devouring calves, hogs, and even yellow-furred bobcats. It had got so during the past two weeks that the chickens knew enough to take to their roosts an hour ahead of time, because those packs of hunt-hungry hounds could not wait for sunset any more.

Jule finished lacing his shoes and went around the house. The path to the ridge began in the back yard and weaved up the hillside like a cowpath through a thicket. Jule passed the well and stopped to feel in his pockets to see if he had enough smoking tobacco to last him until he got back.

While he was standing there he heard behind him a sound like water gurgling through the neck of a demijohn. Jule listened again. The sound came even more plainly while he listened. There was no creek anywhere within hearing distance, and the nearest water was in the well. He went to the edge and listened again. The well did not have a stand or a windlass; it was merely a forty-foot hole in the ground with boards laid over the top to keep pigs and chickens from falling into it.

'O Lord, help me now!' a voice said.

Jule got down on his hands and knees and looked at the well cover in the darkness. He felt of the boards with his hands. Three of them had been moved, and there was a black oblong hole that was large enough to drop a mule through.

'Who's that?' Jule said, stretching out his neck and cocking his ear.

'O Lord, help me now,' the voice said again, weaker than before.

The gurgling sound began again, and Jule knew then that it was the water in the well.

'Who's down there muddying up my well?' Jule said.

There was no sound then. Even the gurgling stopped.

Jule felt on the ground for a pebble and dropped it into the well. He counted until he could hear the *ker-plunk* when it struck the water.

'Doggone your hide, whoever you are down there,' Jule said. 'Who's down there?'

Nobody answered.

Jule felt in the dark for the water bucket, but he could not find it. Instead, his fingers found a larger pebble, a stone almost as big around as his fist, and he dropped it into the well.

The big rock struck something else before it finally went into the water.

'O Lord, I'm going down and can't help myself,' the voice down there said. 'O Lord, a big hand is trying to shove me under.'

The hounds trailing on the ridge swung around to the east and started back again. The fox they were after was trying to back-trail them, but Jule's hounds were hard to fool. They had got to be almost as smart as a fox.

Jule straightened up and listened to the running.

'Whoo-way-oh!' he called after the dogs.

That sent them on yelping even louder than before.

'Is that you up there, Mr. Jule?' the voice asked.

Jule bent over the well again, keeping one ear on the dogs on the ridge. He did not want to lose track of them when they were on a live trail like that.

'This is me,' Jule said. 'Who's that?'

'This is only Bokus Bradley, Mr. Jule,' he said.

'What you doing down in my well muddying it up like that, Bokus?'

'It was something like this, Mr. Jule,' Bokus said. 'I was coming down the ridge a while ago, trying to keep up

with my hounds, and I stumbled over your well cover. I reckon I must have missed the path, somehow or other. Your well cover would n't hold me up, or something, and the first thing I knew, here I was. I've been here ever since I fell in. I reckon I've been down here most of the night. I hope you ain't mad at me, Mr. Jule. I just naturally could n't help it at all.'

'You've muddied up my well water,' Jule said. 'I ain't so doggone pleased about that.'

'I reckon I have, some,' Bokus said, 'but I just naturally could n't help it none at all.'

'Where'd your dogs go to, Bokus?' Jule asked.

'I don't know, Mr. Jule. I have n't heard a sound out of them since I fell in here. They was headed for the creek when I was coming down the ridge behind them. Can you hear them anywhere now, Mr. Jule?'

Several packs of hounds could be heard. Jule's on the ridge was trailing east, and a pack was trailing down the creek toward town. Over toward the hills several more packs were running, but they were so far away it was not easy to tell whom they belonged to.

'Sounds to me like I hear your dogs down the creek, headed for the swamp,' Jule said.

'Whoo-way-oh!' Bokus called.

The sound from the well struck Jule like a blast out of a megaphone.

'Your dogs can't hear you from way down there, Bokus,' he said.

'I know they can't, Mr. Jule, and that's why I sure enough want to get out of here. My poor dogs don't know which way I want them to trail when they can't hear me talk to them.'

'Whoo-way-oh!' Bokus shouted. 'O Lord, help me now!'

Jule's dogs sounded as if they were closing in on a fox and Jule jumped to his feet.

'Whoo-way-oh!' he shouted, cupping

his hands around his mouth. 'Whoo-way-oh!'

'Is you still up there, Mr. Jule?' Bokus asked. 'Please, Mr. Jule, don't go away and leave me down here in this cold well. I'll do anything for you if you'll just only get me out of here. I've been standing neck-deep in this cold water near about all night long.'

Jule threw some of the boards over the well.

'What you doing up there, Mr. Jule?'

Jule took off his hat and held the brim like a fan to the side of his head. He could hear the panting of the dogs while they ran.

'How many foxhounds have you got, Bokus?' Jule asked.

'I got me eight,' Bokus said. 'They're mighty fine fox trailers, too, Mr. Jule. But I'd like to get me out of this-here well before doing much more talking with you.'

'You could get along somehow with less than that, could n't you, Bokus?'

'If I had to, I'd have to,' Bokus said, 'but I sure enough would hate to have fewer than my eight dogs, though. Eight is just naturally the right-sized pack for me, Mr. Jule.'

'How are you figuring on getting out of there?' Jule said.

'I just naturally figured on you helping me out, Mr. Jule,' he said. 'Least-aways, that's about the only way I know of getting out of this-here well. I tried climbing, but the dirt just naturally crumbles away every time I dig my toes into the sides.'

'You've got that well so muddied up it won't be fit to drink out of for a week or more,' Jule said.

'I'll do what I can to clean it out for you, Mr. Jule, if I ever get up on top of the solid ground again. Can you hear those hounds of mine trailing now, Mr. Jule?'

'They're still down the creek. I reckon I could lower the water bucket, and I could pull a little, and you could

climb a little, and maybe you'd get out that way.'

'That just naturally would suit me fine, Mr. Jule,' Bokus said eagerly. 'Here I is. When is you going to lower that water bucket?'

Jule stood up and listened to his dogs trailing on the ridge. From the way they sounded, it would not be long before they treed the fox they were after.

'It's only about an hour till day-break,' Jule said. 'I'd better go on up on the ridge and see how my hounds are making out. I can't do much here at the well till the sun comes up.'

'Don't go away and leave me now, Mr. Jule,' Bokus begged. 'Mr. Jule, please, sir, just lower that water bucket down here and help me get out. I just naturally got to get out of here, Mr. Jule. My dogs will get all balled up without me following them. Whoo-way-oh! Whoo-way-oh!'

The pack of fox-trailing hounds was coming up from the creek, headed toward the house. Jule took off his hat and held it beside his ear. He listened to them panting and yelping.

'If I had two more hounds, I'd be mighty pleased,' Jule said, shouting loud enough for Bokus to hear. 'Just two is all I need right now.'

'You would n't be wanting two of mine, would you, Mr. Jule?' Bokus asked.

'It's a good time to make a trade,' Jule said. 'It's a mighty good time, being as how you are down in the well and want to get out.'

'Two, did you say?'

'Two is what I said.'

There was silence in the well for a long time. For nearly five minutes Jule listened to the packs of dogs all around him, some on the ridge, some down the creek, and some in the far-off hills. The barking of the hounds was a sweeter sound to him than anything else in the world. He would lose a night's sleep any time just to stay up and

hear a pack of foxhounds live-trailing.

'Whoo-way-oh!' he called.

'Mr. Jule!' Bokus shouted up from the bottom of the well.

Jule went to the edge and leaned over to hear what the Negro had to say.

'How about that-there trade now, Bokus?'

'Mr. Jule, I just naturally could n't swap off two of my hounds. I just sure enough could n't.'

'Why not?' Jule said.

'Because I'd have only just six dogs left, Mr. Jule, and I could n't do much fox hunting with just that many.'

Jule straightened up and kicked the boards over the top of the well.

'You won't be following even so few as one hound for a while,' he said, 'because I'm going to leave you down in the bottom where you stand now. It's another hour, almost, till day-break, and I can't be wasting that time staying here talking to you. Maybe when I get back you'll be in a mind to do some trading, Bokus.'

Jule kicked the boards on top of the well.

'O Lord, help me now!' Bokus said.

'But, O Lord, don't make me swap off no two hounds for the help I'm asking for.'

Jule stumbled over the water bucket when he turned and started across the yard toward the path up the ridge. Up there he could hear his dogs running again, and when he took off his hat and held it to the side of his head he could hear Polly pant, and Senator snort, and Mary Jane whine, and Sunshine yelp, and the rest of them barking at the head of the trail. He put on his hat, pulled it down hard all around, and hurried up the path to follow them on the ridge. The fox would not be able to hold out much longer.

'Whoo-way-oh!' he called to his hounds. 'Whoo-way-oh!'

The echo was a masterful sound to hear.

CAN GOVERNMENT SPENDING CURE UNEMPLOYMENT?

There Is One Way Out

BY LEWIS W. DOUGLAS

I

BEFORE accepting the theory that the investment of a dollar of savings can do more to create employment than can a dollar of additional consumer spending,¹ one may well ask why the savings already available have not been more effective in creating employment. Many people assert that, although savings have increased, little benefit in the way of additional employment has as yet resulted.

This is a very pertinent point. But the explanation of it is simple. The stoppage of the flow of new savings into industry is not due to economic causes, but rather to man-made obstacles. This situation can be corrected at will.

The mere existence of savings does not assure reemployment of idle workers. Savings create employment only when they are invested as new money in business and industry. Such investment of savings, which usually takes the form of loans to business and industry, is based primarily upon confidence. The very word 'credit,' in fact, is derived from the Latin *credo*, which means 'I believe.' Hence, if the

¹ In a preceding article in the September issue, Mr. Douglas showed that unemployment is centred chiefly in the capital-goods industries, and that any substantial increase in employment in those industries depends, not upon consumer spending, but upon the extent to which additional savings are invested. — EDITOR

potential power of savings to create new employment is to be released, everything possible should be done to foster confidence in the safety of new investment.

Instead of creating this sorely needed confidence, recent Government policies seem almost deliberately calculated to destroy it. Business and industry are harassed by investigations which all too often are persecutions rather than impartial inquiries. Through the adroit use of publicity which emphasizes exceptional cases, a general impression has been created that most business is crooked. The entire profit system has been deprecated. The threat of greatly increased taxes on business profits has been raised — not for the purpose of putting Government finances in order, but to create a new social and economic system. The Government, through the Tennessee Valley Authority and other agencies, competes actively with its own citizens in the field of private business. It thus threatens the value of billions of dollars of existing private investments. An exceptionally stringent Securities Act — though sound in its intent — has made it exceedingly difficult for savings to find investment outlets in productive enterprise. Uncertainty as to the ultimate value of the dollar continues to exist.

Is it any wonder that such an atmosphere fails to breed the confidence necessary to prompt the placing of savings in new capital investments? To decide this question, let the reader answer for himself this further question: 'If you had \$1000 of hard-earned savings, would you invest them now in a business enterprise if to the normal risks of a period of poor business there was added the further risk that the deliberate policies of the Government might destroy the value of your investment?'

Savings are currently available in substantial amounts. But, instead of flowing into new loans and investments that would create employment in the capital-goods industries when the proceeds were spent by the borrowers, such savings either take flight to foreign markets or press for investment in existing high-grade securities, or in new tax-exempt securities, issued by governmental bodies for unproductive purposes. This rush of 'scared' money to cover merely sterilizes savings, for such issues do not represent new productive investment. They do not increase private employment. Moreover, as a result of Government efforts to force money rates down, the prices of such issues are artificially high. Thus we have the present anomaly of record high prices and low yields in a few security issues at a time when new capital investment is almost at a stalemate. There has been a fair volume of refunding issues, brought out by corporations seeking to reduce their interest costs on issues already outstanding; but such issues do not represent new investment. Issues for new capital purposes have been extremely small in volume.

II

The Administration, ignoring the latent employing power of private

savings, evidently believes that spending by the Government itself can create needed reemployment. Billions of dollars have been spent in the last few years in support of this theory, and it might be well to examine the results to date before spending additional billions.

The people who propose Government spending as a cure for the depression tell us that their method increases individual consuming power, which, they claim, in turn creates additional employment. The fallacy of this theory that increased consumer spending will cure unemployment was completely discussed in the first article of this series. By far the greatest part of our unemployment unfortunately exists in industries which make things that the individual consumer does not buy. Increased purchases of butter, clothing, and other items of individual consumption cannot reasonably be expected to create employment in industries making steel, machinery, and building materials. And the results of the Government's spending programme to date clearly prove the futility of such a programme.

In the fiscal year 1933, the Government spent approximately \$474,000,000 for Public Works; in 1934, approximately \$656,000,000. The estimated expenditure for 1935 is \$1,356,000,000. This indicates a total of \$2,486,000,000 for the three-year period, and the budget estimate for 1936 calls for a further expenditure of \$4,341,000,000. This enormous spending programme was initiated on the theory that it would create a great amount of employment, but the record clearly shows that the laying out of these staggering amounts has not created enough jobs to make any substantial impression upon our unemployment problem.

The expenditure of approximately \$2,500,000,000 in the three years of the

Public Works programme to date has resulted in the average employment, both direct and indirect, of less than 700,000 people annually. And in December 1934 the total number of people employed through Public Works disbursements had declined to 380,000.

The futility of Government expenditures for Public Works as a cure for unemployment was aptly phrased by Congressman Ludlow (Democrat) of Indiana, member of the House Appropriations Committee. In the *Congressional Record* of January 24, 1935, Congressman Ludlow is quoted as follows:—

When I asked recently how many persons had been put to work as a result of the \$3,300,000,000 former Public Works programme, the personnel director of the Public Works Administration gave the number as less than 900,000. At this rate it would require an expenditure of about \$44,000,000,000 to give temporary, synthetic employment to the 11,000,000 persons now out of work. This, in my judgment, shows the absolute futility and utter hopelessness of the Public Works programme as a means of solid national recovery.

The average annual employment of 700,000 people as a result of the Public Works programme unfortunately does not represent a net gain in the total number of people permanently employed in gainful occupations, for the gain of 700,000 has been more than offset by a loss in private employment, so that the total number of people unemployed was greater as of May 1, 1935, than in October 1933 when the Public Works programme began. This decrease in private employment has resulted chiefly from Government policies that hamper the action of private business.

Moreover, the great majority of people employed through Government expenditure are not working on self-sustaining projects. This means that their jobs will disappear as soon as

Government spending stops. And ultimately there must be an end to expenditures of such size. Employment given by such methods is merely a palliative, not a permanent cure.

In October 1933, just before the Government's Public Works programme was announced, a study made by the National Industrial Conference Board showed that the total number of unemployed workers in the United States was 9,645,000. A later study by the same organization showed that as of May 1, 1935, — eighteen months later, — the total number of unemployed had *increased* to 9,711,000. The billions of dollars spent by the Government between those dates obviously failed utterly to accomplish the wholesale reemployment of workers that was the alleged justification for the programme.

There can be no doubt that the Public Works programme and other Government policies have hampered the reemployment of workers by private industry. Between March and July, 1933, almost 1,700,000 people went back to work in private industry chiefly as a result of the natural forces of recovery. But from the start of the Government spending programme, in October 1933, to May 1, 1935, the employment of people in private industry has not only made no further gain, but has actually declined.

Here we have a ridiculous situation. What has happened, in effect, is that at a cost of at least \$2,500,000,000 about 700,000 workers have gained employment as a result of Public Works expenditures. But meanwhile total unemployment has increased. So far as the problem of unemployment is concerned, we are running on a treadmill under a constantly increasing burden of debt. We are paying billions, piling up Government debt, and getting nowhere. The question is how long we can continue to pay such

colossal sums for the mere privilege of losing ground.

The Administrator of Public Works apparently realizes that expenditures to date have been merely a drop in the bucket. But the increased debt required to fill the bucket to overflowing presumably does not alarm him. The following is quoted from the *Congressional Record* of April 15, 1935, and is the conclusion of a speech made by him at the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce of the University of Pennsylvania:—

The real difficulty has been that not enough money has gone into the Federal P. W. A. programme. You cannot do the work of \$15,000,000,000 a year with \$3,700,000,000 spread over two years. Some people either expected too much or they cannot forgo even a poor opportunity to criticize.

Lacking divine power, the Administrator could not perform a loaves-and-fishes miracle. Fortunately, Congress has just made an appropriation for the continuation of the Public Works programme. The country may be assured that we are not turning backwards. We are not even halting in our tracks. We are driving straight forward, our hands on the plough, following the furrow that we hope and believe will turn the soil for such a harvest as will add to the peace, prosperity, and happiness of the people.

Fifteen billion dollars a year to create jobs that cease to exist for the most part unless a similar expenditure follows each year thereafter!

III

The second argument of the advocates of Government spending is that the Government's programme of Public Works assists the capital-goods industries in which reëmployment is most needed. To a certain extent, this is true. But the amount that can be contributed to such industries by any programme of the Government is so

small that it offers no solution to the problem of unemployment in those industries.

In normal years, the purchases of capital goods by private industry run from \$25,000,000,000 to \$35,000,000,000. Currently, however, the volume of such purchases has fallen to about 35 per cent of normal. As compared with this deficiency of from \$16,000,000,000 to nearly \$23,000,000,000 annually, there seems no way in which the Government, under any conceivable programme of Public Works, could possibly contribute more than \$2,000,000,000 a year to the capital-goods industries, unless it owned and operated all industry and made the same investment that private industry would normally make. The reason for this is that there cannot possibly be a sufficient volume of public works to provide a greater annual expenditure for capital goods. Therefore the outside limit of Government expenditure is insignificant as compared with the normal purchases of capital goods by private industry.

Moreover, public works constructed by Government expenditure, except in so far as they invade the field of private business, are usually nonproductive. They are more likely to represent liabilities than assets. Therefore when the Government sells its bonds to its citizens to finance such projects, thereby using the savings of the people to finance the Government's deficits, the effect is merely to transfer the use of such savings from productive private investment to nonproductive Government enterprise. This factor of sterile investment would alone be sufficient to condemn a Public Works programme as unsound from a long-range point of view, even if it solved the problem of unemployment in the capital-goods industries, which it clearly cannot do.

Another argument advanced in defense of Government spending is that

the deficits incurred by the Government build up bank deposits and create a pressure of credit which must eventually be used to finance private enterprise.

Government deficits, met by the issuance of enormous amounts of Government bonds, do, of course, result in increases in commercial bank deposits. But the theory that bank deposits should be thus artificially inflated in order to increase the supply of bank credit is entirely fallacious, because it rests upon a policy of reckless spending and deliberately created governmental deficits. The enormous penalties and dangers involved in such deficits far outweigh any possible advantages to be gained from an increase in bank deposits. In fact, the mounting deficits of themselves tend to destroy the very confidence which is the basis for the increased use of credit and savings.

Furthermore, the type of credit chiefly needed is for financing the purchase of capital goods. This is not the sort of credit that the commercial

banking system can properly grant in any substantial volume. Such credits are long-term and not truly liquid, and should not be granted in large amounts by banks which have to repay their depositors upon demand. If the growing pressure of mounting bank deposits finally induces banks to make loans of that sort in heavy volume, a frozen commercial banking system will be the probable result.

The record shows clearly that Government spending as an instrument of recovery is almost wholly ineffective. Some slight beneficial effects of a temporary character may be directly traceable to the programme. But billions have been spent, and not even one unemployed person out of ten has been given a temporary job. And the few jobs which are created are more than offset by the destruction of general confidence in private business as a result of the growing Government deficits.

The fact remains, as a recent President shrewdly observed, 'The only way for an unemployed man to get a job is for somebody to hire him.'

(In his next article, Mr. Douglas will discuss the reasons for apprehension regarding the continuous deficits of the Government)

NOVELIST AND POLITICIAN

BY LEON TROTSKY

I

LOUIS-FERDINAND CÉLINE walked into great literature as other men walk into their own homes. A mature man, with a colossal stock of observations as physician and artist, with a sovereign indifference toward academism, with an extraordinary instinct for intonations of life and language, Céline has written a book which will survive, independently of whether he writes other books, and whether they attain to the level of his first. *Journey to the End of the Night* is a novel of pessimism, a book dictated by terror in the face of life, and weariness of it, rather than by indignation. Active indignation is linked up with hope. In Céline's book there is no hope.

A Parisian student, who comes from a family of little men, a rationalist, an anti-patriot, and a semi-anarchist, — the cafés of the Latin quarter swarm with such types, — enlists, to his own astonishment, at the very first trumpet call, as a volunteer in the army; he is sent to the front, and in the mechanized slaughter finds himself envying the horses who perish as men do, but without mouthing false phrases; after being wounded and be-medaled, he wanders through the hospitals where successful doctors exhort him to speed his return to the 'flaming cemetery of battles'; as an invalid, he is discharged from the army; he departs for an African colony and there pines away from human baseness, from the heat and the malaria

of the tropics; he makes his way illegally into the United States, and finds employment in Ford's plant; he finds a true mate in a prostitute (these are the genuinely tender pages in the book); he returns to France, becomes a physician to the poor, and, soul-sick, wanders through the night of life among the sick and the hearty, all equally pathetic, depraved, and miserable.

Céline does not at all set himself the goal of exposing social conditions in France. True, in passing, he spares neither priests nor generals nor ministers, nor the President of the Republic. But all the while the warp of his tale extends considerably below the level of the ruling classes, cutting across the milieu of little men, functionaries, students, traders, artisans, and *concierges*; and in addition, on two occasions, it transports itself beyond the boundaries of France. The present social system is as rotten as every other, whether past or future. Céline, in general, is dissatisfied with men and their affairs.

The novel is conceived and executed as a panorama of life's meaninglessness, with its cruelties, conflicts, and lies, with no issue, and no light flickering. A noncommissioned officer torturing the soldiers just before he perishes together with them; an American coupon clipper airing her emptiness in European hotels; French colonial function-

aries brutalized by greed and failure; New York, with its automatic unconcern for the man without a checkbook, technically perfected to suck the marrow from human bones; then Paris again; the petty and envious little universe of scholars; the protracted and docile death of a seven-year-old boy; the rape of a little girl; the little virtuous *rentiers* who murder their mother in order to economize; the priest in Paris and the priest in darkest Africa, both equally alert to sell a man for a few hundred francs, the one an accomplice of civilized *rentiers*, the other in cahoots with cannibals . . . from chapter to chapter, from one page to the next, the slivers of life compose themselves into a mud-caked, bloody nightmare of meaninglessness. Receptivity which is passive, with its nerves sliced open, without the will straining toward the future — that is the psychologic base of despair, sincere in the convulsions of its cynicism.

Céline, the moralist, follows the footsteps of the artist, and step by step he rips away the halo from all those social values which have become highly acclaimed through custom, from patriotism and personal ties down to love. Is the Fatherland in danger? 'No great loss, when the landlord's house burns down. . . . There will be rent to pay just the same.' He has no use for historical criteria. Danton's war is not superior to Poincaré's: in both instances the 'patriotic function' was paid in the coin of blood. Love is poisoned by selfishness and vanity. All forms of idealism are merely 'petty instincts draped in highfaluting phrases.' Even the image of the mother is not spared: on meeting her wounded son 'she squealed like a bitch whose pup had been restored. But she was beneath a bitch because she had faith in those syllables she was told in order to deprive her of her son.'

Céline's style is subordinated to his receptivity of the objective world. In his seemingly careless, ungrammatical, passionately condensed language there lives, beats, and vibrates the genuine wealth of French culture, the entire emotional and mental experience of a great nation, in its living content, in its keenest tints.

And, concurrently, Céline writes like a man who has stumbled across human language for the first time. The artist has newly threshed the dictionary of French literature. Pat expressions fly off like chaff. And, instead, words that have been excluded from circulation by academic æsthetic and morality become irreplaceable to give expression to life in its crudeness and abjectness. Erotic terms serve Céline only to rip the glamour from eroticism. He operates with them in the same manner in which he utilizes the names of other physiological functions which do not meet with recognition on the part of art.

II

On the very first page of the novel the reader unexpectedly runs across the name of Poincaré: the President of the Republic, who, as the latest issue of *Le Temps* reports, hies himself in the morning to open a lap-dog show.

This detail is not a piece of fiction. Evidently this is one of the duties of the President of the Republic, and personally we see no ground for objecting to it. But the mischievous newspaper quotation obviously is not intended to serve the ends of glorifying the head of the state.

Yet, ex-President Poincaré, the most prosaic of all outstanding personalities of the Republic, happens to be its most authoritative political figure. Since his illness he has become an ikon. Not only the Rights, but the Radicals deem

it impossible to mention his name without pronouncing a few words in pathetic avowal of love. Poincaré is, incontestably, the purest distillate of a bourgeois culture such as the French nation is — the most bourgeois of all nations, pickled in the consciousness of its bourgeoisdom, and proud of it as the mainspring of its providential rôle toward the rest of mankind.

The national conceit of the French bourgeoisie, cloaked in exquisite forms, is the crystallized precipitate of the ages. The past, the time when their forefathers had a great historic mission to perform, has left the descendants a rich wardrobe which serves as a cloak for the most hidebound conservatism. The entire political and cultural life of France is staged in the costumes of the past.

Just as in countries whose currency is fixed, so in French life fictitious values have a compulsory circulation. The formulas of liberationist Messianism, which have long since gone off the parity of objective reality, still preserve their high compulsory rate. Conventionalities seem to have taken on flesh and blood, attaining an independent existence. Powder and rouge might still be considered fraudulent; but a mask ceases to be a forgery: it is simply a technical instrument. It exists apart from the flesh, and it subordinates gestures and intonations to its own self.

Poincaré is almost a social symbol. His supreme representativeness moulds his individuality. He has no other. Just as in the youthful verses of this man, — he did have a youth, — so in his senile memoirs there is not to be found a single original note. The interests of the bourgeoisie form his genuine moral shell, the source of his icy pathos. The conventional values of French politics have entered into his marrow and blood. 'I am a bourgeois,

and nothing bourgeois is alien to me.' The political mask has fused with the face. Hypocrisy, attaining the character of the absolute, becomes a sincerity of its own sort.

So peace-loving is the French Government, according to Poincaré, that it is incapable even of presupposing any mental reservations on the part of the enemy. 'Beautiful is the trust of the people always endowing others with its own virtues.' This is not hypocrisy any longer, no subjective falsehood, but a compulsory element in a ritual, like a postscript vowing eternal faithfulness appended to a perfidious letter.

Emil Ludwig put a question to Poincaré, at the time of the occupation of the Ruhr: 'In your opinion, is it that we don't want to pay, or that we are unable to pay?' And Poincaré replied: 'No one likes to pay of one's own accord.'

In July 1931, Brüning asked Poincaré by telegraph for coöperation, and he received for an answer, 'Learn to suffer.'

But just as personal egoism, when it transcends a certain limit, begins to devour itself, so too does the egoism of a conservative class. Poincaré wished to crucify Germany so as to free France from anxiety once and for all. Meantime, the chauvinistic distillations of the Versailles peace, criminally mild in the eyes of Poincaré, condensed in Germany into the ominous visage of Hitler. Without the Ruhr occupation, the Nazis would not have come to power so easily. And Hitler in power opens up the prospect of new wars.

The national French ideology is built upon the cult of lucidity — that is, logic. It is not the logic of the eighteenth century, winged by an audacity that overthrew the entire world, but the niggardly, cautious, and ready-for-any-compromise logic of the Third Republic. With the condescending sense

of superiority with which an old master explains the precepts of his craft, Poincaré speaks in his memoirs of 'these difficult operations of the mind: selection, classification, coördination.' Unquestionably, difficult operations. But Poincaré himself performs them not within the three-dimensional space of the historical process, but in the two-dimensional plane of documents. To him truth is merely the product of law proceedings, the rational interpretation of treaties and laws. The conservative rationalism of ruling France bears the same relation to Descartes as does, say, mediæval scholasticism to Aristotle.

The much-trumpeted 'sense of proportion' has become the sense of *petty* proportions. It endows the mind with a tendency toward mosaics. With what loving care does Poincaré depict the most insignificant episodes of statecraft! He copies the order of the White Elephant, bestowed upon him by the Danish king, as if it were a priceless miniature: its dimensions, shape, pattern, and the coloring of the stupid fingle-fangle — nothing is left out in his memoirs.

Words serve him either to define the size of the reparations or to figure as rhetorical decorations. He compares his sojourn in the Élysée palace with the incarceration of Silvio Pellico in the dungeons of the Austrian monarchy! 'In these salons of gilded banality nothing struck a responsive chord in my imagination.' Gilded banality, however, is the official style of the Third Republic. And Poincaré's imagination is the sublimation of this style.

On the very eve of the impending war, Poincaré was making a maritime journey between Petersburg and France: he does not miss the opportunity to insert an oil landscape into the anxious chronicle of his journey, 'the pale, almost deserted sea, indifferent to human conflicts.' Word for word, pre-

cisely what he had written in his matriculating examination at the Lycée! When he dilates upon his patriotic worries, he lists, in passing, every kind of flower that decorated his summer retreat: between a code telegram and a telephone conversation — a scrupulous catalogue of a florist shop! At the most critical moments, the Siamese cat also intrudes, as the symbol of family intimacy. It is impossible to read without a feeling of suffocation this autobiographic protocol, lacking a single living image, lacking human feeling even, but replete instead with 'indifferent' seas, ferns, garlands, hyacinths, doves, and the all-pervading odor of a Siamese cat.

III

There are two spheres in life, the one public and official, which is passed off for the whole of life, the other secret and most important. This dualism cuts across personal relationships, as well as the social: across the intimate family circle, the school, the courtroom, parliament, and the diplomatic service. It is lodged in the conditions of the contradictory development of human society, and it is peculiar to all civilized countries and peoples. But the forms, the scope, and the masks of this dualism are luminously tinted with national colorations.

In Anglo-Saxon countries religion enters as an important element into the system of moral dualism. Official France has deprived itself of this important resource. While the British masonry is incapable of comprehending a universe without God, and, similarly, a parliament without a king, or property without the proprietor, the French masons have deleted 'the great architect of the Universe' from their statutes. In political deals the wider the couches are, the better the service: to sacrifice earthly interests for the sake

of heavenly problematics would imply going headlong against Latin lucidity. Politicians, however, like Archimedes, require a fulcrum; the will of the Great Architect had to be supplanted by values on this side of the great divide. The first of these is — France.

Nowhere is the 'religion of patriotism' spoken of so readily as in the secular republic. All the attributes with which human imagination has endowed the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost have been transferred to his own nation by the freethinking French bourgeois. And since France is an image female in gender, she has had conferred upon her the traits of the Virgin Mary as well. The politician steps forward as the lay priest of a secular divinity. The liturgy of patriotism worked out in elaborate detail forms a necessary part of the political ritual. Words and expressions obtain which automatically engender their echo of applause in parliament, just as certain church words are cued to call forth kneeling or tears on the part of the believers.

However, there is a difference. By its very nature the sphere of true religion is removed from the daily practice; given the necessary delimitation of jurisdiction, collisions are as little likely as the crash between an automobile and an aeroplane. The secular religion of patriotism, on the contrary, impinges directly upon the day-to-day politics. Personal appetite and class interests rise up in hostility at every step against the formulas of pure patriotism. Fortunately the antagonists are so well educated, and above all so bound by mutual pledges, that they turn their eyes aside on all ticklish occasions. The governmental majority and the responsible opposition adhere voluntarily to the rules of the political game. The chief of these reads: 'Just as the movement of physical bodies is subject to the laws of gravity, so the

actions of politicians are subject to the love of the Fatherland.'

Yet, even the sun of patriotism has its spots. A surfeit of mutual indulgence is inconvenient in that it engenders the feeling of impunity and erases the boundary between what is laudable and what is reprehensible. Thus political gases accumulate which explode from time to time and poison the atmosphere. The Union-General crash, Panama, the Dreyfus case, the Roschette case, the Stavisky crash — these are landmarks on the road of the Third Republic familiar to all. Clemenceau was nicked by Panama. Poincaré personally always remained on the side lines. But his politics fed from the very same sources. Not without cause does he proclaim his teacher in morality to be Marcus Aurelius, whose stoic virtues managed to abide quite well with the morals of the imperial throne in decaying Rome.

In his memoirs Poincaré laments that 'during the first six months of 1914 . . . the abject spectacle of parliamentary intrigues and financial scandals passed before my eyes.' But war, of course, with a single swoop swept away all selfish motives. *Union sacrée* cleansed the souls. This is to say: the intrigues and the rascalities swung inward behind the patriotic scenes, there to assume unheard-of proportions. As Céline relates, the more drawn out the critical resolution at the front, the more depraved the rear became. The picture of Paris in wartime is depicted in the novel by the hand of a merciless master. There is almost no politics. But there is something more: the living substratum out of which it takes form.

In all court, parliamentary, and financial scandals of France, what hits one between the eyes is their organic character. From the industry and thriftiness of the peasant and the artisan, from the wariness of the mer-

chant and the industrialist, from the blind greed of the rentier, the courtesy of the parliamentarian, and the patriotism of the press, the numberless threads lead to the ganglia which bear the generic name of Panama. In the web of connections, favors, mediations, masked semi-bribes, there are thousands of transitional forms between civic virtue and capital crime. No sooner does an unfortunate incident shrivel the irreproachable veils, exposing to view the anatomy of politics, — at any time, in any place, — than it becomes immediately necessary to appoint a parliamentary or judicial committee of investigation.

But precisely here arises the difficulty: What to begin with, and where to end?

Only because Stavisky went bankrupt at an inopportune moment was it revealed that this Argonaut from among small saloonkeepers had, as his errand boys, deputies and journalists, ex-ministers and ambassadors, some denoted by initials, others by their full names; that papers profitable to the banker passed through the ministries like lightning, while the harmful ones were held up until rendered harmless. Using the resources of his fancy, salon ties, and printing paper, the financial Magus created wealth, played with the lives of thousands of people, bribed, — what a coarse and an impermissibly precise word! — rewarded, supported, and encouraged the press, the officials, and the parliamentarians. And almost always in a non-incriminating manner!

As the scope of the work of the investigating committee grew wider, the more obviously hopeless the investigation became. Where one was prepared to unearth crime, one revealed only the usual reciprocity between politics and finance. Where the source of the disease was sought, the normal tissue of the organism was found.

As attorney, X was the guardian of the interests of Stavisky's enterprises; as journalist, he supported the tariff system which happened to coincide with Stavisky's interests; as people's representative, he specialized in revamping tariff duties. And as Minister? The committee was endlessly occupied with the question whether X, while holding the post of Minister, continued to receive his attorney's fee, or whether in the interval between two ministerial crises his conscience had remained as clear as crystal.

What a load of moral pedantry is there injected into hypocrisy! Raoul Perez, former chairman of the Chamber of Deputies, candidate for President of the Republic, turned out to be a candidate for capital criminal. Yet, according to his profound conviction, he had acted 'like everybody else,' perhaps only a trifle less carefully — at any rate, not so fortunately.

IV

Against the background of the 'abject spectacle of parliamentary intrigues and financial scandals' — to use Poincaré's expression — Céline's novel attains a twofold significance. Not without cause did the well-meaning press, which in its own time was wroth with the public investigation, immediately damn Céline for calumniating the 'nation.' The parliamentary committee had, at any rate, carried on its investigation in the courteous language of the initiated, from which neither the accusers nor the accused departed. But Céline is not bound by convention. He rudely discards the gratuitous colors of the political palette. He has his own colors. These he has ripped from life, with the artist's privilege.

True, he takes life not in its parliamentary cross-section, not on the ruling heights, but in its most prosaic

manifestations. But this does not ease matters any. He bares the roots. From underneath the veils of decorum he exposes the mud and blood. In his ominous panorama, murder for the sake of trifling gain loses its extraordinariness: it is just as inseparable from the day-to-day mechanics of life, propelled by greed and self-seeking, as the Stavisky affair is inseparable from the much higher mechanics of modern finance. Céline shows what is. For this reason he appears as a revolutionist.

But Céline is no revolutionist, and does not aim to be one. He does not occupy himself with the goal of reconstructing society, which is chimerical in his eyes. He only wants to tear away the prestige from everything that frightens and oppresses him. To ease his conscience from terror in the face of life, this physician to the poor had to resort to new modes of imagery. He turned out to be the revolutionist of the novel. Generally speaking, that is the law governing the movement of art: it moves through the reciprocal repulsion of tendencies.

Decay hits not only parties in power, but schools of art as well. The creative methods become hollow and cease to react upon human sensibilities: an infallible sign that the school has become ripe enough for the cemetery of exhausted possibilities — that is to say, for the Academy. Living creativeness cannot march ahead without repulsion away from official tradition, canonized ideas and feelings, images and expressions covered by the lacquer of use and wont. Each new tendency seeks for the most direct and honest contact between words and emotions. The struggle against pretense in art always grows to a lesser or greater measure into the struggle against the injustice of human relations. The connection is self-evident: art which loses the sense of the social lie inevitably defeats itself by affectation, turning into mannerism.

The richer and more solid is national cultural tradition, the more abrupt the repulsion from it. Céline's power lies in that through supreme effort he divests himself of all canons, transgresses all conventions. He not only undresses life's model, but rips her skin off. Hence flows the indictment of calumny.

But it is precisely in his impetuous radicalism of negating the national tradition that Céline is deeply nationalistic. Just as the French antimilitarists prior to the war were most often desperate patriots, so is Céline a Frenchman to the marrow of his bones, a Frenchman who has torn himself loose from the official masks of the Third Republic. Célinism is moral and artistic anti-Poincaréism. In that is Céline's strength, but, too, his limitation.

When Poincaré compares himself to Silvio Pellico, he is apt to give one the chills by this combination of smugness and bad taste. But does not the real Pellico, who was incarcerated not in a palace, as head of the government, but in the dungeons of Santa Margherita and Spielberg as a patriot — does he not reveal another and a much higher side of human nature? Instead of this Italian Catholic believer, who was besides a victim rather than a fighter, Céline might have reminded the eminent captive of the Élysée palace of another prisoner who spent four decades of his life in the prisons of France, prior to the time when the sons and grandsons of his jailers named one of the Parisian boulevards after him — namely, Auguste Blanqui. Is that not evidence that there is something lodged in man which is capable of raising him above himself?

Only because there are numerous and well-paid priests serving the altars of false altruism does Céline turn away from greatness of mind and heroism, from great projects and hopes, from

everything that leads humanity from out the dark night of the circumscribed I. It seems almost as if the moralist who is so ruthless to himself had been repelled by his own image in the mirror, and smashed the glass, cutting his hands. Such a struggle may enervate, but it does not break out toward the light's glimmer. Hopelessness ever leads to docility. Conciliation opens the doors to the Academy. There has been more than one previous occasion when those who have blasted the literary foundations ended underneath the dome of immortality.

In the music of this book there is a dissonance pregnant with much meaning. By rejecting not only the present but also what must take its place, the artist gives his support to what is. To that extent Céline, willy-nilly, is the ally of Poincaré. But, exposing the lie, he instills the want for a more harmonious future. Though he himself

may consider that nothing good can generally come from man, the very intensity of his pessimism bears within it a dose of the antidote.

Céline, as he is, stems from French reality and the French novel. He does not have to be ashamed of his ancestry. The French genius has found its unsurpassed expression in the novel. Beginning with Rabelais, likewise a physician, there has branched, in the course of four centuries, a splendid genealogy of the masters of epic prose: from life-loving belly laughter down to hopelessness and despair, from the brilliant break of day to the depths of the night.

Céline will not write a second book with such an aversion for the lie and such a disbelief in the truth. The dissonance must resolve itself. Either the artist will make his peace with the darkness or he will perceive the dawn.

MARCEL PROUST

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

I

'NIGHT before last we dined with R. and his mother, and as we were leaving his house a little after eleven he asked if we would drop him at the home of his friend Porel, son of Réjane, as Porel was giving a party. Next day, when we saw R., he gave us a most interesting account of the party, at which many of the Paris circles were represented, from Cécile Sorel to Marcel Proust. Proust, it seems, arrived at two in the morning, during a pause in the concert being given extempore by one of the new pianists of the Stravinsky school. The doors opened, and an apparition made its appearance which was Proust. It was, R. said, *saisissant*. Proust gave the impression of an exhumed corpse in remarkable preservation, in all black clothes, of the cut of 1890, hanging much too large on his emaciated figure. His dead-black hair was worn too long; the great dark rings round his eyes and his waxlike long hands which he does not fold, the fingers as straight as if they were not articulated, and his whispering voice, all made an impression which actually for a time threw a chill over the gathering.

'R. conversed with him for a half hour or more, and in all that time Proust evidently talked genealogy (R.'s family counts all the quarterings and also a saint). He knows all the family trees in France, who married who, and so on; but his information stops somewhere round 1885. He is

vague and uninformed and difficult to interest in anything modern; affects to have scarcely ever heard, even cursorily, of Debussy, Stravinsky, or the new painters; and to compliment the musician of the evening asked him if he would be good enough to go on playing until eight or nine in the morning. He made this mild request toward 4 A.M., when most of the guests were very sleepy, some taking French leave and others saying good-bye; but of course it was midday for Proust, who was beginning to be wide awake. (When he gives people appointments the hour is always round 4 A.M.) Strangeness is what most expressed him for R. But apart from the pose of being ill-dressed (he was the only man who was not in dinner clothes, and he is definitely rich), he looked very much a person of consequence, and with an abundant reserve of vitality, as if he might live to be really old; he is not over forty, if he is forty [he was really fifty], and does not look more than his age.

'R. left round four o'clock; and, as you may imagine, it is not the easiest hour at which to find a taxi; but seeing a very shabby vagrant one, with a piratical black cover over its flag, — one of those unreconstructed war cars that belong to no taxi federation, but prowl alone, owned by the driver, — he thought it was waiting on the chance of a fare before returning to its garage in the Fortifications, so he went up to the

sleepy driver inside the vehicle and made his request. But when the driver woke sufficiently he said he could n't oblige, as he was *le taxi de Monsieur Proust*. For R. it was a final expression of Proust's strange personality. Also it appears that Proust lives alone, with only a young butler sixteen years old to wait on him and run his housekeeping. Somehow I can't summon up any vision of a butler of sixteen; but I suppose butlers are born and not made.'

The letter here quoted is dated merely '20 January,' but on recently consulting the writer of it she confirms my supposition that the year was 1922, so that we here see Proust ten months only before his death. It is as he appeared to a stranger, who happened to belong to the aristocratic order Proust found specially attractive.

After a separating interval of over a century and a half it is possible, with an effort, to realize what Rousseau was like and what, for good or evil, he effected in the world. As at this distance we view his influence, — putting aside the crowd of those who have misunderstood it, — we may say that what he has done is to modify the air which we all have to breathe. There are various great and definite achievements to be placed to his credit or discredit. But, above and beyond those, there is one undesigned achievement far rarer: he has changed the spiritual and emotional atmosphere of our Western world. We feel and think a little differently since Rousseau lived. This does not mean that he was absolutely original; many others were moving in the same direction. But it was Rousseau who, by some natural personal quality, effected the general change.

As may already be detected, I suspect in Proust — with whatever hesitation I may still feel over the problem — something of that same type of genius which Rousseau illustrates. Not by any means that Proust displayed it in

so splendid and overpowering a degree. The revelation itself was less overwhelming, and, moreover, not of a nature to appeal at first to more than a limited section of human beings.

Yet it may have been of the same nature in this essential respect, that here a man was born into the world who saw and felt in it something that had not been seen and felt before, or at all events not seen and felt in so convincing a way that the world itself became conscious of the revelation. We see evidence of this in the fact that there was at first an almost complete blindness to what Proust brought; even the publishers who later were glad to accept his work at first rejected it. New books and essays about Proust are now constantly pouring out from the press. They say all sorts of different things. But their abundance shows that here is a phenomenon that we have to grasp, and explain as we may.

It is worth while to quote, from the reminiscences of his friend Reynaldo Hahn, a small example of Proust's method of direct observation. They were walking together in the country garden of a friend to whose house, it happened, they had both been invited, though at that time Hahn knew little or nothing of Proust's literary interests. "Would you mind," asked Proust in his childishly gentle and rather sad voice, "if I stay behind a moment? I want to look again at those little rose trees." I left him. At a turn in the path I glanced behind. Marcel had made his way back to the rose trees. I proceeded to stroll round the mansion, and then found him still at the same spot, gazing fixedly at the roses. His head was bent, his expression grave, his eyes winking, his brows rather frowning, as if by an effort of impassioned concentration, with his left hand pushing his little black moustache between his lips and biting it. I felt that he heard me coming but did not wish to speak or move.

I passed without saying a word. A minute later he called, and rejoined me running, hoping that I was not angry. . . . How often have I later assisted at similar scenes! At such moments Marcel was in total communion with Nature, with art, with life, his whole being concentrated on a transcendent work of penetration, alternating with aspiration, entering, so to say, into a state of trance, reaching to the roots of things and discerning what none could see.'

In the last pages of his work Proust complained that even those readers who were sympathetic to the 'truths' he had set down looked upon them as having been discovered by the 'microscope.' He had really, he protests, 'used a telescope, to perceive things which were indeed very small but situated at a great distance and each a world.' In reality, neither the microscope nor the telescope is here a helpful image. We are concerned with a task of penetration and revelation which is better described in the words used by Hahn, since things that are near and things that are far are brought together to be pierced by a vision in search of a more ultimate truth beyond. In seeking to define 'style' to Bois, Proust himself put it as 'a quality of vision, the revelation of the particular universe which each of us sees and others fail to see. The pleasure the artist gives us is that of enabling us to know another universe.'

Yet another aspect of this attitude, belonging to a much later period, is reported by Stephen Hudson, the translator into English of the final section of Proust's work. Céleste, the devoted *bonne* who looked after Proust at the end, told Hudson that he only observed things around him when he found in them some special beauty or interest. But if, for instance, the sun happened to light up some corner of the room in a way that pleased him or to give

a fantastic tint to some object, — it might be a cup of coffee or a glass of beer half full, — his eyes would be fixed on it for an hour or more, and he would not allow it to be removed even at night, in the hope of renewing the impression.

The power of receiving impressions was accompanied in Proust by the power to imprint them in memory. Jacques Blanche the painter, who knew him well, refers to 'the exceptional quality of the registering apparatus which enabled him to fix fugitive sensations and perceptions which for most of us have fled when scarcely caught, to recall them at will, to seize their most distant analogies.' And to yet another friend he seemed to have those many-faceted eyes we attribute to insects, a sort of polygonal vision.

He showed the same quality in his attitude toward his friends, a penetrating perspicacity. You could not deceive him; he saw through you. 'This disconcerting psychologist photographed you with X-rays,' says Jacques Blanche. He once had the fancy to have his fortune told by a palmist. After glancing at his hand she looked up into his face: 'What do you expect of me, sir? It is rather you who should reveal my character.' With this penetrating insight and endlessly detailed observation of nature and man there went, as indeed an essential part of it, the prodigious memory of which so many of his friends have spoken. He himself was accustomed to say, Paul Morand has noted, 'The Muses are the daughters of Memory; no art without recollection.'

If he thus, like Rousseau before him, yielded a new revelation, it was, certainly, a revelation completely distinct from Rousseau's. For Rousseau's sensitive psychic organism — acting as a totality among people who reacted to life only in separate compartments, whether intellectual or emotional —

responded at once and manifoldly to his experiences, so that, even if nothing more, he was the most genuinely alive man of his time, and taught the world by his example how to respond in a more or less similarly total fashion. To the French society of the mid-eighteenth century Rousseau offered the astonishing spectacle of a man for whom the external world really existed, as Charlier has remarked. That world of matter, so vile and so neglected by an age of classicism, he took up and made his own, therewith casting contempt on urban civilization and its superrefined minions. His success was so overwhelming because he was simply expressing — and marvelously well — the latent aspirations of the time, for he was (as Brunetière put it) 'one of the most sensitive and impressionable beings that ever existed.'

Rousseau lived and responded — incoherently it may indeed often have been — in a world with which he was in actual contact and by which he was often buffeted. Proust lived in a *camera obscura*; he was occupied with an immense world of reflections he had accumulated from afar. When a friend quoted to him the saying of Gourmont, 'One only writes well what one has not lived,' he jumped up exclaiming, 'That is the whole of my work!'

Here we may recall Montaigne. Montaigne's supreme discovery was the interest of one's self. It was a revelation which naturally came before either Rousseau's or Proust's. Montaigne had lived in the large world, but was now apart from that world, shut up with himself, and he found infinitely interesting the shifting ideas and emotions of his intimate personal self in that seclusion. Naturally the influences that came to him were ultimately from outside, whether in the present or the past. But while Rousseau was concerned with his direct vital reactions to the living outside world, and Proust

with the elaborate investigation of the past as mirrored in his conscious and unconscious mind, Montaigne was directly concerned with himself. He was revealing the ego, not with any design of magnifying himself, for it was an ego in which we may all have part; he was revealing the rich significance of personality. That was a revelation which must naturally come before either Rousseau's or Proust's.

II

In however summary and imperfect a form, it is necessary to state the nature of the task laid on these three memorable men, since without some such bird's-eye vision of our spiritual world it is impossible to understand where our civilization in its intimate developments to-day stands. How essential that is we may realize when we find that even at the present time there are many who seem to know only the crudest notions, or none at all, of what even Rousseau stands for. They have not yet advanced beyond Montaigne, if so far. They are even shocked when, three centuries later, Whitman reasserts in a more grandiloquent shape the message of Montaigne.

The men who bring these revelations are necessarily abnormal, since they are doing something which the normal man has never, so completely or at all, been able to do before. Montaigne's task was the most wholesome, and, when once accepted, the easiest; he was able to carry it out in freedom from outside impediments. We cannot consider him a strikingly abnormal person as was Rousseau, and, perhaps still more, Proust.

We have always to remember that Proust was an invalid, from the age of nine until his death. His affliction happened to be one which is not incompatible with high artistic and intellectual power. But, being a disorder of the

nervous centres, it is apt to be associated with other nervous and psychic peculiarities, these, however, differing with the individual and not always resembling those noted in Proust. But always they tend to affect the general routine of life, implicating at last the whole personality, and demanding a readjustment of life. They peculiarly hampered Marcel Proust's life, even, it seems, to an exaggerated degree, and the son of the distinguished professor who had done so much to introduce hygienic reform in the French State lived the most unhygienic life, for the most part shut up tightly in his room and spending much of the day in bed, to go out, if at all, at night.

Certainly of those narrowed opportunities he made an extraordinarily profound use. He learned to know more of the world, of society and men and Nature and art, than those who are free to move among them all. That was where his genius came in, though we may well believe that it was the limitation of his disease that gave concentration and penetration of insight to his genius.

He was also no stranger to the world of books. Indeed it was here that we first definitely trace the presence of his sensitive temperament, receptive and irregular. As a boy of fourteen, when asked to fill in the page of an English album, in reply to the question 'Your favorite prose authors?' he wrote 'George Sand, Aug. Thierry.' In reply to 'Your favorite poets?' — 'Musset.' That represented a youthful taste, yet there was perhaps always something a little unbalanced in Proust's literary admirations, and rightly so. He was drawn by a sound intuition to the writers who by their subject, their attitude, or their style, best furthered his own task. His *Pastiches*, done at a rather early stage in his career, present writers whose manner he was seeking in some degree to absorb: such as Balzac,

Flaubert, Henri de Régnier, the Goncourts, Renan, and above all Saint-Simon, whose name has since often been mentioned in connection with Proust's method.

His method in these *Pastiches* is really characteristic. He is always, in the first place, receptive; he lets his spirit soak into what he contemplates; in seeking what is essential he emphasizes it, he becomes a little caricatural, so that in the end there is ridicule as well as reverence in his attitude; not ridicule only or reverence only, but, subtle and sometimes mystifying, a blending of both. That is his attitude toward life throughout his great works; that is his attitude toward great stylists in *Pastiches*.

It may be noted here that Proust showed a special predilection for English and American writers. In 1910 he wrote to his friend Robert de Billy: 'I have just been reading a very fine thing which unfortunately resembles a little (though a thousand times better) what I am doing, Thomas Hardy's *The Well-Beloved*. There is not even lacking that grotesque touch which belongs to all great works. It is curious that in all the different fields, from George Eliot to Hardy, from Stevenson to Emerson, there is no literature which has over me a power comparable to English or American literature. Germany, Italy, very often France, leave me indifferent. But two pages of *The Mill on the Floss* bring me to tears. I know that Ruskin execrated that novel; but in the Pantheon of my admirations I reconcile all these hostile gods.'

III

If it is instructive to investigate Proust's attitude toward books, it is even more so to observe his attitude toward the actual persons he knew. The copious publication of his letters in recent years has made this easy, and

has thrown much light, however ambiguously, on his way of thought and feeling.

We may specially note his correspondence with the Comtesse de Noailles, perhaps the most distinguished writer with whom he was during many years (about eighteen) in relations of personal friendship, though there seems to have been little contact during the later years. These letters were published in 1931 by Madame de Noailles herself in a volume of over two hundred pages, and they are a remarkable, even if disconcerting, revelation of their writer's personality. So fine a critic as Denis Saurat (reviewing the book in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*) finds them altogether revolting and abominable. Like his letters generally that have been published, and still more, Saurat remarks, those that are shown without being published, 'they leave a bad taste in the mouth.' They reveal so fully those defects and vices which in Proust's work become sublimated to an integral part of his genius. An extraordinary man, charming in some aspects, this critic admits, he was most repugnant in others. He possessed 'a really Satanic capacity for lying' and an extraordinary aptitude for sentimental violence, these two leading defects acting together to produce every form of treacherous flattery. Proust's greatest pleasure was to make fools of his friends and he found a malicious joy in catching them in the traps he laid. He regarded all individuals, as well as all moments of life, as standing separate and alone and aloof. 'Proust treats his friends as if they were as foreign as Patagonians and as inferior as slaves.'

There is an element of truth in this critic's attitude. But his judgment is too unqualified. Proust treated his friends as he treated the characters in his books. He had real affection for the people whom, consciously or not, he

made ridiculous, whether his friends or his creations, just as it has been said of Dickens that 'he had a boy's love for the persons who afforded him opportunities for horseplay.' And there was much of the child in Proust. Yet we do not find his imaginary characters altogether unsympathetic, and it is certain that Proust's numerous friends never regarded themselves as 'Patagonians' or 'slaves' in his eyes. They make deductions or qualifications of one kind or another when describing him as a friend, but the final estimate is appreciation. So also was the judgment of his social inferiors in close touch. 'Madame,' said to Madame Scheikévitch his faithful *bonne* Céleste after his death, 'when one has known Monsieur Proust everyone seems vulgar.'

Saurat's austere Puritanic condemnation of Proust's 'Satanic' qualities in friendship seems to rest on a failure to understand his peculiar temperament. It was the temperament demanded for his work, and it was so intimately his own that it entered even into his closest relationships. He evidently possessed a deep craving for friendship; he was much absorbed in his friends, as even his frequent quarrels and misunderstandings with them — often due to what Madame de Noailles calls 'the suspicious sensibility of this restless heart' — should suffice to show, and that was a chief source of those extravagancies which can hardly be dismissed as treachery. The sentimental violence was a real trait, and it was fortified by a failure of judicial balance in criticism, for Proust's extraordinary insight was not accompanied by any corresponding power to weigh and balance. He entered into the spirit of his friends; it was a real joy to him to appreciate their caricatural possibilities, with no thought of depreciating them, and, as so many of his friends have noted, he was an admirable mimic.

I cannot agree that he was delib-

erately making a fool of Madame de Noailles in these fantastic letters which, some years after his death, she was innocent or courageous enough to publish. He certainly had a genuine admiration for her work, which he also expressed elsewhere than in the letters, and shared with other eminent writers of the time. It was the natural impulse of his violently sentimental and critically unbalanced temperament when in contact with his friends to push that admiration to fantastic extremes of expression.

One characteristic figure we cannot avoid when we set out in search of Proust: the Comte Montesquiou-Fezensac, not only by reason of his long, if disturbed, friendship with Proust, but because he is the figure so frequently mentioned as chiefly serving to make up that most memorable of Proust's creations, Charlus.

Montesquiou belonged to another generation. I remember in Paris, in 1890, before Proust's days, one heard of Montesquiou as of an accomplished but highly eccentric personage, on the aristocratic outskirts of the literary world. I recall turning over the pages of a volume of his poems, not thinking them sufficiently important to read with any care, but amused at their elaborate and peculiar virtuosity. Recently Henri de Régnier, who moved in the same world and was of much the same generation, has in the course of his interesting reminiscences, *De Mon Temps*, set down the history of his own relations with this eccentric personage. Régnier is of urbane temperament, and always considerate of others' feelings, but even his relations with Montesquiou had been stormy. He first heard of the Comte Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac as a singular figure, descendant of an illustrious family, a dandy with sensational waistcoats, a poet who only revealed his choice productions to privileged friends, but who occasion-

ally condescended to associate with the ordinary vulgar literary tribe. He was a tall and lean figure, most elegantly dressed, carrying high a small head with yellowish complexion and bright eyes, a personality at once courteous and insolent. He talked incessantly, sometimes incisively and wittily, in a voluble voice that was high almost to falsetto, and what he said revealed not only erudition but a boundless pride and an equal vanity. We cannot but see here the suggestion for Charlus.

At first when the figure of Charlus appears in the pages of *La Recherche*, Montesquiou is not its sole inspiration, but he becomes more and more so as *Sodome et Gomorrhe* progresses, so that Montesquiou may be said to be the key to Charlus in a sense in which no other character in the work can be said to have a single key.

Charlus — when we are content to look upon Proust's work simply as a gallery of portraits — is Proust's supreme creation. No doubt he felt that himself and therefore clung to his creation in spite of the reaction he foresaw that Charlus would arouse. He protested against conventional 'taste.' 'In art,' he said, 'taste is a reactionary element.' He knew that he was bringing a new theme into literature and he realized that in such a task there lay something grand and audacious. 'When M. de Charlus comes out,' he groaned (Pierre-Quint tells us), 'you will see, all will turn their backs on me, and especially the English. Though I seldom leave my bed, people still invite me. Open that drawer in front of you and you will find an invitation from the Duchess of C., whom I scarcely know. (I show it you almost in confidence.) To-morrow none will invite me any more. On every side I shall be driven out.'

He was not far wrong as regards the English, at all events for a time. Without any delay, in 1922, A. B. Walkley,

dramatic critic of the *Times*, as fine a representative of respectable English conventions as one could find, at once proceeded to verify Proust's prophecy. He was by no means an anti-Proustian, but he could not stomach M. de Charlus. That 'filthy brute and amazing cad is,' he declares, 'one of the most repulsive brutes ever conceived by a novelist'; it almost spoiled the whole work for him. He would have been surprised to know that in a few years' time that same Charlus would be regarded by some critics as one of the chief figures in literature, on a level with Don Quixote. That is certainly an extravagant estimate. Charlus is not with the supreme figures of literature, with Ulysses and Don Quixote and Robinson Crusoe. But it is not easy to find any figure in French fiction to put beside him.

Walkley brings in the criterion of moral approval where it is altogether out of place. We do not feel approval of Falstaff, who moves in the same circle of Art's Heaven as Charlus, though we may find his vices more amiable. But to refuse to enjoy such superb creations as Falstaff and Charlus on the ground of moral disapproval is merely to show that one has not yet taken the first step over the threshold of the House of Art.

IV

No one fails to note Proust's attraction to the aristocracy. The son of a successful professional man possessing a high reputation in hygienic science, and with a Jewish mother, Marcel belonged to a prosperous family of good social standing, but hardly with any native connection with the ancient aristocracy. Yet it was to that select social layer of Parisian society that from the first he was irresistibly drawn. At a very early age he began to be allowed a seat in the drawing-rooms of

society, alike in its aristocratic and in its unconventional assemblies. On the one hand he could study the Bonapartist nobility in the salon of Princess Mathilde, and on the other hand he seems to have been little more than a boy when a celebrated courtesan presented him with a book bound in silk from her petticoat.

Proust has often been called a 'snob' in the English sense. But his snobbery was of so special and peculiar a character that the accusation has no sting. He took a genuine delight in aristocrats of ancient race, and had among them genuine friends. He liked to lose himself in the *Almanach de Gotha* and trace out the ancestries and the relationships and the heraldry of the exalted persons therein recorded. A friend found him one day laughing over the *Gotha*: 'Did you know that Madame X is related to the Z's? It is too amusing!'

'A marvelous source of compliments and mockeries,' said, after Proust's death, Maurice Barrès, who had known him fairly well. But in his art that attitude was transformed. The warm spirit of ingratiation combined with the cold spirit of cynical criticism to produce a penetrating attitude of scientific observation.

It used sometimes to be said that Proust's conception of character had put the art of his predecessors in fiction out of date. He conceived a figure in the round, in all its vital complexity, while their representations are flat and superficial; he himself told Bois that he had tried to establish a three-dimensional psychology, and some critics have accepted this view, or we might say that he tried to effect in fiction something of what Cézanne strove after in painting. Feuillerat's exploration of Proust's manuscripts has now, however, discounted this estimate. He shows that Proust's opinion of his characters tended to change progressively as his work advanced; so that the new

dimensional character is not so much a deliberate method of the artist as simply an added complexity accidental to his changing view. We need not throw aside Stendhal and Flaubert because we also have Proust, any more than we need throw aside Pascal because we also have Rousseau.

Many of Proust's characters, indeed, appear, as a result of their confused complexity, thoroughly unsatisfactory, and would hardly do much credit to a third-rate novelist. Even Albertine, who fills so large a place, less, it may well be true, for her own sake than for her action on the hero of the story, never — though I admit a difference of opinion on this point — becomes a vitally real person. She is supposed to have been built up from some half-dozen models of girls with whom Proust had come in contact, and we can well believe it; indeed at the end of his work he as much as says so himself. Elstir, again, is equally vague, though since he appears as a painter rather than as a man this may be of little moment; he is composed, as Feuillerat reasonably considers, of Monet, a little Manet, and much Whistler, from whom probably his name.

The progressive change in the characters is largely due, Feuillerat finds, to Proust's growing disposition to pessimism. His retouches always tend to degrade his characters and make them less likable, more malevolent, even Françoise, even Saint-Loup. 'Formerly I believed in friendship; now it no longer exists for me,' he wrote in latter years to Lucien Daudet. It was a significant confession for the man who had justified deception and practised so much insincerity even in his genuine friendships.

It is nevertheless generally agreed, however the result may be attained, not only that Proust's figures — those that are best achieved — stand out in the round, but that he has admirably real-

ized the tone of the society in which they move, even if he cannot sometimes help caricaturing it. No doubt it is the figures themselves that in the end remain in memory; and we can never too much admire the delicate skill with which this scientific entomologist of the aristocratic salons gently captures these creatures and pins them on the cardboard of his novel. 'A far less sentimental Fabre, repeating the doings of human dung-beetles,' I find a recent American critic describing Proust. But that is too prejudiced an account of the situation. It is more legitimate to say, with a more penetrating critic, that Proust had the spirit of the surgeon, and that in some of his volumes we seem even to be seeing the bright gleam of the scalpel making its incisions. 'Every social condition has its interest,' he wrote in an article in the *Figaro*, 'and the artist may perhaps feel as curious to show the ways of a queen as of a dress-maker.' He felt the seduction of the people of the world, but his final judgment of them was severe; he was never their dupe. 'What idiots they are!' we are told he often exclaimed, as the outcome of this malicious sympathy. Yet there is the devil in it all!

V

This is but another way of saying that the key to Proust's personality is of pathological nature. To turn ferociously against Proust the man may be on the surface natural and justifiable. But it is only so when we assume that we are concerned with a normal man, of ordinary healthy constitution, leading the average human life of his social class. We are concerned with a man who fulfills none of these conditions. Nor will heredity suffice to explain him. Rousseau's heredity we can study; it is full of illumination on Rousseau the man, though his genius remains, as it always will remain, a mystery. But the

. Proustian heredity most naturally leads us by no means to Marcel, but to his younger brother Robert, following in his father's footsteps, and attaining to distinction in his profession. In Marcel we have to recognize an exasperated sensibility which is morbid in origin, and we cannot find the key by approaching it in a mood of moral vituperation, but rather of tenderness.

We have to attempt to define a pathological foundation. As is known, the complaint which moulded the outward shape of Marcel Proust's life, and furnished the conditions for his whole lifework, was spasmodic nervous asthma, allied to and often associated with the slighter form of the same disorder commonly called hay fever. Since Proust's death this has become generally regarded as one of a group of disorders, having elements in common and tending to be associated, now going under the name of allergy. The allergic group of disorders especially includes asthma (with hay fever) and some skin complaints, with which it may be interchangeable. They are technically described as showing one common ætiological characteristic: hypersensitiveness to proteins or other substances that are innocuous to ordinary people. The symptoms come and go suddenly, though in severe cases there is more or less illness during the intervals. The nature of the attacks indicates disturbance of the autonomic nervous system. When repetitions are frequent the attacks are liable to be brought on by very slight causes, sometimes only psychical. Thus, while the provocation comes from without, the origin of the allergic condition is in an insecure internal metabolism, a sensitive autonomic nervous system. The victim of the allergic disorder is sometimes termed an 'autopath.'¹

¹C. Paget Lapage, 'Allergy, Metabolism, and the Autonomic Nervous System,' *British Medical Journal*, December 1934. — AUTHOR

It is held that the source of the allergic condition is usually in some hereditary unbalance. This is not obvious in Marcel Proust. His father seems to have been vigorous and robust; we hear nothing against the mother's constitution; the only brother, Dr. Robert Proust, active and distinguished in professional work, is apparently a normal man. I am inclined to find a clue in the differences of race; the father belonged to central France, the mother was Jewish. Such racial blends of rather unlike genes certainly lead to unusual psychoneurotic conditions, as is shown by the frequency with which an unusual level of ability is found in the offspring. We may quite reasonably expect the resulting condition sometimes to be pathological in character.

Not only were his parents healthy, but the boy Marcel seems himself to have enjoyed good health. It has been found, however, in England by the Asthma Research Council (Report for 1934), not only that the level of intelligence in asthmatic children is superior to that of normal children, but that the disorder specially tends to occur among those who are overprotected and fussed by their parents, and both these conditions were probably present in Marcel's case. (At the age of fourteen, in reply to the album question 'What is your idea of unhappiness?' he put, 'To be separated from Mamma.') One day suddenly, after a walk in the Bois de Boulogne with parents and friends, he was seized by a terrible fit of suffocation. It was the first attack of that asthma by which he was tortured during the rest of his life. As is usual in these allergic cases, the attacks were intermittent, but always liable to occur, while in the intervals health was frequently impaired. Great care had always to be exercised, since even the open air, the country, the odor of trees, and the fragrance of flowers were liable

to prove asphyxiating. The general nervous state became exasperatingly tense, and the senses abnormally acute. Hence it was that Proust lived in his room with a cork lining to deaden sound, and in hotels would sometimes engage the neighboring rooms to avoid disturbance. After the death of his father in 1903 he became wealthy, and was thus able to live as he liked and adopt every precaution, even every whim, which he chose to find desirable.

I must not be understood to assert that the form of Proust's genius was entirely and directly shaped by allergic conditions. It was even more precisely shaped by the indirect results of that condition, arresting development when he was still a child.

VI

In genius, as I have often had occasion to observe, we seem to trace what we conventionally regard as elements of the child, the woman, and the man, the sensibilities of the child, the emotions of the woman, the intellect of the man. This held true of Marcel Proust. One need not go so far as Jean Prévost, who compares Proust to the child in the womb, folded on itself, and only able to view the outside world with suspicion. But one may clearly recognize that the arresting influence of disease at the age of nine retained young Marcel for an unduly long period, and to some extent permanently, in the protected position of the child. Those ways and feelings which we commonly consider feminine were also fostered by his life, and in the concentrated will power by which he was attached to his work we may perhaps find — in the absence of any obvious evidence of virile qualities of character — the chief proof he furnished of what is considered masculine energy.

It was Dandieu who first emphasized the significance in Proust of his schizoid

tendency, the tendency toward that rupture of contact with reality which in its extreme form constitutes the form of insanity termed schizophrenia. This rupture I would associate with an inner division of personality, the presence of the infantile element carried into adult life. For the schizoid tendency to rupture of contact between the personality and external life may be said to have its origin in an initial rupture within, between the infantile element unable to contact with reality and the struggling adult tendency toward such contact, which in Proust is specially associated with fetishes (like the cup of tea) serving to evocate that deeper infantilism which, as Dandieu says, is 'the secret alike of Proust's weakness and his genius.' Such a schizoid tendency, representing a stage on the way to schizophrenia, is thus not altogether remote from the cycloid tendency which represents a stage toward the insane manic-depressive state, for we might say that the alternate depressed and exalted moods of the latter condition are represented in the schizoid condition by opposed moods existing side by side.

We are thus led to various manifestations of ruptured vital contact with reality, marked in Proust as well as in Rousseau, the extreme sensitiveness, the morbid susceptibility, the aptitude for suspicion (associated in Proust with extravagant adulation) which made relations with friends, and sometimes even with strangers, so difficult. We may say it was the pressure within of the child element forever needing defense and seeking for protection. His absurdly exaggerated politeness was really, as Pierre-Quint remarks, a method of protecting himself. In this connection we may remember that, as has been said in connection with Proust's genius, the power of observation only develops highly in the individual who has a personality to defend.

And in the same connection we may also recall that need, on which Proust (like Rousseau) so often insists, of solitude, as well as the flight from the present.

Dandieu refers to the significance of Proust's systematic pessimism in love, and finally in friendship, and his belief in the necessity of pessimism as well as solitude for artistic creation. They rest on the schizoid lack of personal contact with external reality, the affirmation of a sole subjective reality, with the consequent incommunicability of human beings. 'The artist who sacrifices an hour of work for an hour's conversation with a friend,' said Proust, 'knows that he is sacrificing reality to something which has no existence. . . . The only reality, for everyone, is the region of his own sensibility.'

When we seek to explore Proust's philosophy from a severe critical and intellectualistic standpoint we meet with much confusion and contradiction. He returns again and again on himself. Even in so simple a matter as that of friendship, on which I have just quoted an opinion, we see that there is really no place for it in his philosophy. His own self is the only reality for the artist; no communication is possible with other things, to attempt it is sheer waste of time. Yet, as we know, Proust had many friends, and we might even say that the whole of his life not devoted to his work was given to cultivating, with the most anxious and hyperæsthetic sensibility, his relations with these friends.

It is the miracle of genius — even from of old vaguely apprehended — that through an incomplete, defective, if not infantile instrument the voice of wisdom is heard. We must not say that in Proust disease was the actual cause of genius. We may, however, say with Martin-Chauffier, who knew him, that he courageously seized and utilized his

disease to exploit his prodigious gifts. Forget the man Proust, and as we turn the pages of the sixteen volumes of his great novel we perpetually come on passages which reveal a profound insight into the mysteries of life, at the same time often expressing that insight in forms of new and singular beauty, mingling, in his own phrase, the dust of reality with magic sand.

Proust has remarked that the man who is often sleepless knows more about sleep than he who sleeps well. That indeed was a subject of which he had had much experience, and his meditations on it occupy the very first pages of his work.

I am here reminded afresh of his remark, for might we not say that the man who is abnormal knows more about normality than the normal man himself? We tend to become unconscious of what is habitual; the normal man feels no impulse to contemplate his own normality. At the most he only sees normal things from the outside, and Proust has declared that the observer who only sees things from the outside has seen nothing. The abnormal man is fascinated by normality; he sees it from his own angle, he meditates on it; he, as it were, gets behind it; he is able to embody it; in his vision the normal becomes flesh. It is so when he gazes even at living things of a lowly class. I have noted, for instance, the passage where Proust describes asparagus as it was never described before. Such a passage as that indeed might almost have been written by Huysmans, whose genius was somewhat akin to Proust's (I do not know that Proust ever recognized this kinship), but the angle at which Huysmans viewed the world often tended to make the normal appear abnormal, while Proust's visions tended to make the abnormal more normal, and to reveal a new universe.

'DEATH RIDES FROM THE SUNSET'

THIS is a city walled secure,
Foursquare to foe and bitter weather;
And three inhabitants there are
Dwelling in amity together.

At the south gate the gentle heart
Has taken lodgings of her own;
A quiet garden, fixed apart,
And for love's entering alone.

Upon the north the studious mind
Sets up a guild, and finds it good.
He welcomes others of his kind,
A strict, polemic brotherhood.

Eastward the contemplative soul
Has built a shrine, in peace and prayer.
Remote and unassailable
She meditates unsistered there.

But all the three keep watch upon
The close-barred gateway to the west . . .
Knowing that it must swing to one
Most certain and impartial guest.

SARA HENDERSON HAY

MY GREAT, WIDE, BEAUTIFUL WORLD

BY JUANITA HARRISON

[JUANITA HARRISON is an American colored woman who at the age of thirty-six undertook to work her way around the world. Born in Mississippi, she had a few months of schooling before she was ten. Then began an endless round of cooking, washing, and ironing in an overburdened household. These sordid, unsparing years steeled in her the determination to escape, and to see the world.

She began her travels when she was sixteen, moving from one city to another as she found employment, until her journeying extended to Canada and Cuba. Wherever it was possible, she attended classes at the Y. W. C. A. or night school. Having trained herself to be a lady's maid, she ambitiously took up the study of Spanish and French. At Los Angeles her employers, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Dickinson, became her devoted friends; she remained in their service for four years. With their aid her savings were wisely invested, and by 1927 yielded her an income of about \$200 a year. With this slender security, and still determined to work her way, she embarked for England. Her passports show that she lived in twenty-two different countries from 1927 to 1935.

Juanita spells by ear and knows no rules of grammar; her writing is artless and vivid, like that of some happy pilgrim of Chaucer's. These excerpts from her letters, which have been arranged for us by Miss Mildred Morris, are printed exactly as they were writ-

ten. Churches, weddings, funerals, bull-fights, pageants, family life, food,—above all, good food,—caught her attention. For her there existed no barriers of class or race. She has a faculty for making friends; she believed that everyone would like her and she was not disappointed. Frequently she adopted the garb of the country she visited. Her slight form, fresh olive complexion, long hair braided about her head, made her appear younger than her years.

Now, having circled the globe, she has settled down on the island of Hawaii. Whatever else the journal may be, it is certainly genuine. — THE EDITORS]

NEW YORK CITY, June 25, 1927
NORTH GERMAN LLOYD PIER
HOBOKEN, N. J.

A BEAUTIFUL June Morning. I arrived at 9 A.M. with my two suit cases the larger one with 2 blue dresses 2 white dresses and one black, aprons caps and references. The smaller one with my dress up cloths. and 2 jars of sour cucumber pikles which is so good to keep from being sea sick. Our cabins looked good. I always want a upper berth I dont want anybody making it down on me. I went to the 1st and 2nd Class. Their towels looked more linnen so I took 2, the soap smelt sweeter so I took 2 cakes. I went up to the writing room and the paper was the kind you love to touch so I took much and tuked it away in my bunk. We sailed at 1.30 P.M. When I got up

on deck it were crouded passangers and friends a German band were playing and all were singing sweet sounding German songs. and the money was flying like rice at a wedding then the Kissing and the good Byes and the raining of tears. and I was happy that I had no one to cry for me.

June 28, ON BOAD S.S. SERRA VENTANA

There are many lovely goodlooking young men and Ladies on boad To-day have been a bit rough I prize the pikles. My table mate read the mune for me the food is good. Our waiter is a hansom Boy about 18. this is his first trip so being the green horn we must wait. Herr Paul Huttrig are giving me german lessons I like him because he speak such broken English he is all for America his head reach to my sholders and sure he felt like a very big man when he get his new suit to ware home and choosed by his feeling other than his size because its so much to large for him even his collars is to large in the neck. I am to let him know when I visit there this summer.

July 2

In the Tourist Third are a Young Student Doctor from a town call 'a Way cross Georgia' Ga. and He keep very much to himself. I ask him why and he say he do not care to mix with emigrants. I said these are respectful buisness people going home to visit. He had never been away from his little Georgia Town and read about emigrants at Ellis Island. he has no passport the poor kid is about 19 his greatest ambison is to study medician in Edinburg and he just took a chance.

July 5th, LONDON, ENGLAND

Arrived at 1 A.M. an ugly woman was cleaning the waiting room and a Pretty Irish girl was expecting her sister on the 3 A.M. train she taught me how to count the English money.

Then she streched out on one of the comfortable leather couches and I on another. it was a plesant night. The first look at London I liked it. It was a beautiful morning the maids in their neat blue dresses and white caps was cleaning the brass whiting the door steps and scrubing the sidewalks. I promised myself when I looked for a job not to get in a house with such work but instead a appartment.

I went to the Y. W. C. A. They were filled up with Studients so sent me to several addresses I had a desire to stay in a Manison [mansion] so liked best Princess Manison at Rochester Court. I got a nice room with meals 20 shillings I sat at a table of six. one dish of each thing served for two. A young, blond dancer and I shared and I let her have most of it she looked so hungry and I would soon be on a job where I would have plenty. My room was plesant but on the wall hung two pictures of pretty women weeping at a grave and when I turn off the light I could not go to sleep so I take them down at night and put them in the closet and hang them back each morning.

July 8th

Well here are so many jobs you just walk to a corner cards are tacked on the wall of a newspaper place you copy the address and go for an interview. I visited many I just went to see the house and to learn what they paid. I got a job with a South American Lady because I had worked in Cuba and learned Spanish. She has 2 boys in school and a pretty daughter in a convent. They are from Bolivia La Senora is lonely for her country so cry very much. the apt. is nicely furnished but this being my first job since I left the swell apt on West End Ave. N. Y. I am disgusted because ever time they want a bath I must make a fire in a little chocked up heater. the Boys go

to the Public bath house La Senora go without I am bathing in a zink bucket.

August 7th

What a wonderful city London are. I gave up my Spanish place so to take in some cheap rate trips. You never get so tired here as you do in N. Y. the traffice are just hanled wounderful you never wait long.

August 8th

I went to Stratford-on-Avon yesterday with a motor party. I crossed the bridge to get a view of the Church just then a heavy shower came. I stood on a poch and talked with a plesant little man with bad teeth. He told me many lovely things about Stratford-on-Avon. He had never been to London. I did not go round the main road to Ann Hawthways Home but cut acrossed the field like Ann used to do. I went to the Station to enquire about the Excursion rates to Scotland and the last leave London. the 13th. I can go to Irland first on their last excursion and get back at night then leave next morning at 8.50 A.M. for Scotland.

August 10th

We arrived at Fishgard Harbour before dark from the smell of Fish it is true to its name. the boat were packed soon it seem to me it was going as fast as lightning and a noisy sound just like a churn. A Father was calling to his son Mick am I dying and Mick answer in the same voice Yes. The deck was like a skating rink. I made to a pile of ropes and sitting bent over a fat woman came and sat on my back I tried to twist her off but she just sat groaning. anyway she kept me warm most of the sailors were also sick. the saying limber as a dish rag sure fitted in well for there were nothing else on boad. Arrived at Rosslare Harbour island at 4 A.M. all looking weak.

At 6 A.M. we left for Cork in the compartment were one man and 3

plesant Ladies the youngest had the luck to sit on the side with him. I sat tryangle like in the corner to get a close up on the four and at the same time the green fields, a turf used to devide each land. The Gentleman say he never want to go to London again no one speak so I said I never want to come to Irland again. after that auful trip. then we all brighten up. He began making love to the Miss by his side. Then he said to me he couldnt see what joy I got out of always traveling by myself I said I havent said I was always by myself. Look at you now you are traveling and not by yourself. We had a most plesant trip to Cork. He ofred to take me about to the interesting places. I know I could do better alone so I thank him.

In my walking I found Pattys market like the low East side in New York only smaller. There was 2 sweet faced little onion girls selling a big bunch of onions. Being quite empty I looked up a place to eat and found "Jacksons Dinning Room" It had just what I wanted the Waitress was an old Girl but a quick stepper. at the long table sat several most men. We had fresh boiled hog head and white Cabbag. now no body can cook cabbag to beat the Irish of Cork not even the American Colored Southerners. the old girl was shocked when I had finished up the enourmous dinner and ask her to bring another just like it. then a dish of rice pudding and I felt just right. The Castle are lovely in Cork.

IN ROUTE TO EDINBURGH

I left at 8.30 A.M. I always go early on these excursion trips so I get a good seat in the compartment. There were two pretty English girls very gay over being off on a holiday their 2 suite cases looked new but they had a funny basket like trunk a man was putting Stickers on the bags I looked up at their basket it looked so dull and the

tag so bright I said stick it on that one it will give it a more cheerful look.

Then we became a joly three. They say are you going to have a holiday I said yes for about 2 or 3 years. When I told them I was from Los Angeles they thought it just wonderful. They had a bottle of violet toilet water and every second they was washing their hands and faces and powding and each time gave me some.

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND

This is a grand Old City I just love to slop around in the old street lanes and archways I came around a alley way and saw an awful fight between 3 men and a woman over a bag pipe It was a family affair when they got through the bag pipe wasnt anything but strings.

Sept. 18, LONDON, MAIDA VALE

I spent a week looking for a place and enjoyed it as much as any of my trips. I knew the English servants very well I worked in a big house in Iowa with them and they were selfish and jelious I have often hear it that they were the heardest of all servants to get along with I also knew the English ladies I worked for one in Canada and one in Cuba. They have their servant problems here. You can get a place as maid to a Lady but here are always one or two or more pets to look after. I was trying to decide if I wanted to be a maid to a Lady and nurse to her three cats. or a general maid to a young Japanese couple with 2 children when I passed an agent and got a place if I had it made to order it would have been just like this. I am with the cutest little young widow her husband were a noted flyer and were kill in the war six months before her little boy were born.

She is an Italian Countess she is my idea of a real Countess I look after her beautiful cloths and she knows how to

wear them. I keep the apt. clean and take care of Polar and Negri being the clevest little monkey and Negri a Black Chinese lap dog. she is just like a little Chinese Lady. her little boy is at boading school.

Madam is quite a Flyer herself she is a friend of all the best Family in London she cannot forget her husband and never miss going to his grave one day in each week. Two very fine Gentlemen want to marrie Her but I dont think she will take either of them.

The foreign people are the best to work for. I am not getting much money but I am having an auful lot of experience. I am glad I didnt buy a winter dress because Madam gave me a lovely one so that means 2 or 3 pounds saved. I am getting quite English you never say excuse me instead you say I am sorry. The English men are great lovers and very fond of kissing I think that they would make poor husbands. so far I have managed to excuse myself before dark altho they are very nice I wouldnt like to be kissed as most of them women and men has bad teeth. It must be from smoking and drinking much tea and eating sweets.

Oct. 5th

Today Madam told me she will give me Two pounds more than she paid the other maid because she like me so much better. all of her friends seem to be Ladys and Lords and I like all that I have seen yet. one very Rich Gentleman are so much in love with Her but she only let him come when she have quite a bit of shopping to do and dont want to drive her sporty little car herself. I like him because he ofen gives me a 2 shilling piece at the door.

Nov. 17th

I am glad I can see even beauty in the fog. A very dear friend of Madam is a member of Parliment and so I went to the House of Commons and heard

two debates. Its the warmest house I have found yet in London. I dont know how they can see to read it was so dark in there I went to sleep.

The 4 most populer things in London are Fogs bad weather bad colds and chilblains the most rarest thing is the Sun. Madam leaves for Paris in a few days to attend a wedding she will take me with her if I promise to come back I havent decided yet wether I want to go under those conditions. Two Ladies ring me up when they hear Madam are going and said when I had finished with Mme. to come and see them so that means I can get a place easier here than in the U. S. I am rejoicing because I dont expect to ever spend another winter here. We are having a few sunny hours each day but cold I think I will go to France and work.

Nov. 27th, BOULOGNE-SUR-MER

It was a rough crossing. When I left London my Lady knew I was not coming back I thanked her for all her kindness. Madam left the same day by Newhaven I promise to be in Paris by Monday to help her to dress for the Wedding. I went about Boulogne as though I had lived here all my life and I looked so much like one of the Fishman wives even the coustom offices refused to look through my baggage. most of the women have long hair and dress it in two brads as I do all I laked was ear rings I had 2 pairs in my case Mme. gave me. Well I put on my correll ear rings and was a perfect Boul-ognesser and for my French I can put out the words but its the Frenchmans hard luck to get them round in the proper place. I hope they enjoy it as much as I do.

This place are famous for bologna sausage so my first shopping was a penny and half worth a third of a penny loaf. and 2 large sauces of fresh whipped cream that was my first meal on the French soil and it was joly good. This

are like a Cuban Town norrow streets and the women ware black shawls over their heads and the sea front are very much like Havana. I am certonly enjoying the labor and money I put in French lessons the year I took in Cuba and the winter in Los Angeles. I can do some good laying out if I hafter.

PARIS, FRANCE, Dec. 4th

The London Y. had written me a nice letter for the Y. W. C. A. in Paris so I had a very plesant welcome. I went and found a room just as nice and much cheaper than the ones they knew. steam heat good bed clean as a pin and the Lady so nice for 77 francs a week. I know French in a Jewish way and can always Jew them down. then I have a dress and Hat I arrive in and they never trouble taking my suite case or offering a taxi after one look at me I am sure they say she cant afford it.

I have been in every corner of the city and all by foot. The men are like the Spanish men great love makers lucky for me the 3 French teachers I had 2 old maids and the other married didnt teach me one word of how to flirt anyway I know how to get rid of them I said something to them and did not know the meaning but it served well. A young Italian boy at the market speak English so I ask him all the silly things I told him what I said to the men. He said it ment Please walk away. Paris is such a beautiful city and clean. I think I love London the best there are something so grand about London. I have called to see Madam at the Hotel but she was out.

Dec. 10th

I put an add in the New York Herald Paris and received so many answers from French American Spanish and English and they were all good places. This place was just what I wanted. A very nice Lady of New York, Mrs. Morris with Two Grown Daughters.

one of the Daughters is a writer and the mother said my travellers should be put into a Book. I told her I would come back after my trip to India and work for nothing if Miss Mildred, the Daughter would help me. I was looking for a place with lots of Francs lots of time off and a little work and I have that Having so much time I decided to take German as I may go there this summer. I wanted to know something about the Paris Artists life that I had heard of so went in the naborhood of Ecole des Beaux Arts and found the nicest little German artist 24 years. He is a good teacher and I went sevrall times to have lessons in his little attic room. He get auful peaved if I haven studied. He knows English quite well have studied in London. Now I have Him to come and give me lessons to my nice big room. He has not charged me anything yet. I have 2 lessons a week.

Dec. 15th

I get a lot of joy from marketing as each country are diffrent. You go to market with an all over black satin apron and a black oil skin bag. they have delicous chickens ducks and squabs fresh every day. When I go to the open market there is a great pile of cauliflouer greens they throw away I use them to cook with pork and then put a little olive oil and vengar on them the women stand watching me pick over the piles with hands on their hips trying to study what I could do with those big leaves. The Paris policeman are adorable although they are polite and keep order they can just be human so quick always ready for a nice smile I look at them a second time and they answer with a quick look but they cant foller you so I fool along with them.

I made my Madam laugh today when I came back from visiting the Cemtery Pere Chase. The caretaker there began smiling at me. I had my Guide book he said Oh would you like to see the mon-

ments then I will walk with you. He begain to kiss my hand. there were two women near by weeping he said I have kissed your hand wont you let me kiss you. Oh, I said Here then I broke away from him and ran around the Pyrmid, he was blowing and puffing after me the two women stoped crying and watch us I ran ahead of him and got away. So I said to my Madam Chase is a good name for that Cemtery.

Dec. 28th

Their Xmas are quite dull to ours you see so few trees. I had some nice presents and we had a perfect jucy tender and brown real American turkey. Going to market I stoped in a Grand old Church to Pray and found the alter thick with cooks their black bags on their arms. I read up many good Books on Paris and Visit all the Places. Every book on France are full of Blood and yet they are the most Gayest of all nations they know how to forget. Every Dec. 28 the calender say I am another year old but 1927 found me the same age I was 15 years ago and I expect to be that same age at least 10 years more anyway.

Feb. 5th, 1928

I went out to the Garden d'Acclimation where they are having a exposition of Central Afircanes from the French part of Africa. I climbed over the fence and got in the native village where the Plate mouthed women are. a slip is cut just wide enough in the lip to fit around the rim of a wooden plate they can hardly talk with it only the women have the plates there is about ten of them and they took a fancy to me. I think they saw I had some of their blood I couldnt fool them. the yongest wife was during the Cooking as I hung around the Camp fire she offered me some it was good and I would have accepted to save the price of my supper But the spit run out of

her mouth on this plate and often dropped into the pot. When I left I climbed over the fence again so it didn't cost me anything.

There will be Mardi Gras down at Nice soon and an excursion leave for Marseilles. I told my Madam I felt I must go now. She wanted me to come back. I have had a wonderful time in Paris. I think I love it best of all but I can't help but love the last place best.

MARSEILLES, Feb. 26th

I traveled 3rd class from Paris with two fine young men one a soldier and the other a sailor I like traveling with the French better than the English who smoke so much and they keep the doors and windows open and you are in a draft all the time. I have a nice warm coat I would not need in the south and I thought how good it would be for one of those plate mouthed women I was going to throw it over the fence but I didn't have time to go way out there again. Arrived at 10 P.M. the station sits up on a very high hill and a beautiful terrace at night it is as bright as day with lights so I felt very happy. I started out to look for a room. the first was nice but when the man was showing me the room he winked at me I was smart enough to say that I would take it but would go down and register well I made two steps at a time and did not stop until I was in the street. After looking at three more I saw this Hotel it is two frs. more than I wanted to pay but I heard a child voice so I know it would be just the place the best bed and the family that run it have a chicken in the patio and the singing of the hens wake me.

I do my marketing in the same street. Everyday I amuse myself keeping count of how many make love to me but the number were too high today I told all to walk away except a very nice colored one a captain or something in the Army. We met in the Museum I saw

so many high up offices speak to him I thought this must be some person He were so nice and tried so hard I did not have the heart to tell him to walk away and to I wanted to see how he would act. I had 5 o'clock tea with Him and I never can get enough of the French Pastries. Then I began to plan how to get away from him, we walked by a Hotel then I said good Bye with a promise to have breakfast with him tomorrow at 12. but I feel sure I'll be near Cannes at that hour. When he were out of sight I came out. There are many colored soldiers and they wear red turbans. They have string music on the corners and a girl with a good voice singing the popular songs.

Mar. 6th

I had a thrilling day at Monte Carlo. The Laws are different from Nice. In Nice I went several times to play a few francs in the Casino and see on the Ball room floor Dark colored girls in their evening cloths dancing in the Arms of Hansom White Frenchmen. The French are great Love makers being man proof I get a big kick out of them. I even sneaked into the gaming room without paying the entrance fee. But at Monte-C. I found it harder. I had on a little French cap and they thought I had slipped away from the family to gamble. Also you must prove you have money. I couldn't prove that, they said they would let me go in just once to stay only one hour. I ask what if I stay longer he said he may put me in jail. I told him I heard it was a nice jail and I would be glad to see it. Then I laid them all out and they gave me a ticket to quick. I knew I would get in. I just wanted to know what they would say. I wanted to try the table where they played with the II cards. One of the Guards tried to tell me. But he looked so big and hansom I didn't remember a word he said. So I lost 20 francs. It was worth it.

CAP D'ANTIBES, Mar. 20th

I am on a nice job with an English Couple and in a few minutes of Garoupe Beach. My room window looks out on a lovely Pin grove next to the Villa the Orange trees are about 30 years old and the plum trees and persemmons are lovely loaded with blossoms. The Villa were built by French Pheasants some 65 or 70 years ago and so solid and homelike we have electricity to heat also small grates. I have never felt so homelike in a house as I have in this one I sleep with my head to the North its wonderful the other night I had a beautiful dream of the Most Holy Jesus I saw Him in my room under a horbor of ever greens and it was so plain I got up and called out Jesus. The favorite gaiety among the American and English here are Surprise partys the Ladies bring some kind of cooked food and each man bring a bottle of liquire They arrive at 6.30 We had one here and wonderful good food. The Americans raved over my patate salad an Irishman was more American than the others because he call Squash squash where the others say vegetable morrow. Very good for the house its given in You have enough to last for several days they dance and go home about 4 A.M. But not one of Those bliters brought roast Chicken. Everything are pyjmas. My Madame gave me a nice short coat to ware with pyjmas and it fit perfect am rubbin my rabbit foot on a pair of pyjmas. She havent handed them over yet may be it have lost its charm.

April 1st, CHEMIN DE LA GAROUBE

I went to the Dog Show. I cant say which was the most interesting the Ladies that own the dogs or the dogs. They march round and round with the dogs. A dog will be a dog. An English or American juge his eye is for the dog but not a Frenchman thats why I like the French each lady had a chaffer or

maid but she would not take a chanct on them the dog may not come up to the mark but if she have a graceful step and smile and say Oui Monsieur smiling, he'll forget all about that poor dog. This is the most gelouries of all my life just the same plesure as when I am traveling. I once heard a lecture at Cargine Hall in N. Y. C. in 1913 which I do not agree and have ofen felt sorry for the speaker as it was on Paradise Lost. its not lost its right here on earth and I have seen so much of it.

May 15th

My family are away for a while so I can go to my favorite spot one of the Garoupe Points it is so cozy and private I call it my Villa Pine needles make my bed and I bring my books to read on my coming tour. one a short Geography of the World, the other "The Queen" newspaper Book of Travel it tells you of the climates what to ware It have every City and Town of any size in the world. the best time to visit them. it even tell about the drinking water. I also have a Directory of the Y. W. C. A. a new one comes out every year. so I feel quite at home everywhere I go. then I alway love to read Aimee McPherson Angelus Temple Paper. it is the most snappy Church paper of all. I'll start roveing again soon I like to stay long enough to flirt in each country to test the man of each place. Its a lot in a light sprit. I was walking down to the big market place to bring out my lunch I saw a neat greesy package I droped it in my shoping bag hoping it was bacon and when I open it was two large slices of delicious ham and of all the people I was the one to find it thats what a light sprit does for you. I have a perfect little oven made of rocks. when I take my afternoon nap on a bed of fresh gathered Pin branches and enhail the scent and the salt smell from the Sea. with so much kindness and beauty yet if I could die

tomorrow and that would be the end of my soul I would be glad to go because I really have nothing else I wish to do in this world nor the next.

May 27th

I spent the day on a Point with a croud of Campers we had fried fish and the soup fish that are so famous. I wore a red bathing suit a red handkerchief on my head with my hair down and a blue pice of cloth around me for a skirt like an Indian. I made a perfect hit. the men of course had a willing look and when they helped me to the largest fish one of the pretty wives said Holy Marie dont give her the biggest one Jean. I go down every evening and take a peep in to each of the caberets dance café I climb up on a post and have the grandest view Hollywood is the Place of Elegant. I hate to leave here but I must not put off too late getting to Italy I spent half the morning at the Italian Consulate waiting to get my passport vesaid there were so many people. I buy my Tickets from Cook because they are always a bit cheaper than the American Express but I make my exchange at the Express. I have the Italian money down to a fine point. I leave in a few days and will stop at Milan Venice Florence and Rome.

SANTA MARIA, II VIA BALBO, ROME, ITALY

I just love Rome I read up the things in a Guide book I go to the place of interest and waite until I see a bunch with an English speaking Guide then I fall in line and get my lecture for nothing I dont believe half they say no way. I love the old things they look so new. such wonderful Paintings and my the Churches I am in and out of them all day because you do not want to miss any. and I can never leave without praying I learned that in Cuba. I just must do something at night I went to a good Tradgey play last night. the Spanish make the best Tradgey actors.

the cheapest seat was 6 liros and not quite 5 cents for taxes there were many swells up there with me. the Italian are much better cooks than the French. I take my coffee in a place where they serve it in a bowl that hold nearly a pint all rich milk and a little strong coffee you crumble the bread in the coffee. just once I got stung about ording I saw something on the list and thought I was getting a dish real Roman. it was two artichokes we all laughed he said he would change it I orded again expecting something more Roman and it was broiled liver. They know me now and take an interest bring big potions and they dont want me to tip. the plainest little resturant with oil cloth on the table always have nice clean table napkins. The people that I room with are lovely they have a beautiful Lady daughter with blond hair to her nees. most of the Italians are pretty and what I like best are the modest Girls and not many bobbed heads it is a great change from the American English they are nauty the Scotch very nauty but the French are really bad the worst at Nice I didnt want to believe my eyes. The Italian men are so very gentle and Gentlemen. yet they dont fail to make love to you but in a very nice way. they make good Parents.

Rome, June 14th

I know every spot about Rome. after I had seen everything I accepted the company of an Italian Proffesor and He took me about. I was studing my Guide book in the Borgese Garden and he began to talk. First he asked me if I were from Spain then he asked me if I would go to lunch with him I said No then he said may I see you at five. and I told him yes then I left to go to lunch and he followed me unbeknownst to me. I had orded my lunch in the little place I go when he came in and sat beside me. I never let any

man go to the place I eat and so I were really sorry when I saw him because I had been going so quietly there and they took more interest thinking I were alone. I thought Now this is going to spoil everything. he was disgusted they didnt wait on me sooner it was just the two things I orded when he saw them he said that is nothing and then orded artichokes oranges and cheese. After that I had to change my place of eating. He took me to hear Aida.

Always he would meet me in frount of the church and leave me at the door of the Y. Then Sat. and Sun. another Gentleman that lived in N.Y.C. 25 yrs. took me about. He run a big shoe shop. I went into have heel plates put on my shoes. He took me round But I had seen everything and we went many places he had never seen. I enjoyed the lovely lunch he gave me. I make them think I am living at the Y.W.C.A. and always stop there then come home later. I spend the whole half day at each Gallery and study each picture with two very good Guide books. The Picture I like best is The Crucifixion Reni it was so real it made cold chills run up my back I thought I saw the lips move. It is the craze laid out city I was ever in I am always lost and more so when I start home so I never think of turning in that direction until I hafter. The Professor wanted to take me to the Catacombs I wouldnt let him because we wouldnt had time to have lunch He had to be at his school at 3.30. It only cost 5 liros return. to go to the Catacombs and a lunch like He gives cost 3 times that. So He took me to lunch instead. I went through it twice with the Italian bunch and Guide when we came out I told the monk that I didnt understand He laughed and told me to wait for an English Bunch so I did. In the churches the man show me everything I offer a tip but they wont take it they say because I am alone but just when I

go to step out the door they kiss me. the same thing has happen in every Town it is done so quick it make me laugh. Rome is very dusty its nice you dont hafter shine your shoes. then when it rains it is very muddy the other day I went to get on the street car and the conductor was teasing me and told me not to get on until I got some of the mud off my shoes.

VIA 62, NAPOLI, ITALY, June 20

The last day in Rome I was walking through their largest park I notice setting down on one of the lower Terices a colored nurce about 40 and weigh about 200 lbs. I went and ask her if she spoke English and laughed when she answered "I say I do" She was a joly old Girl I spent the rest of the afternoon She think that the men are the most delightful of all men. She said it seem like a dream To her to have a Hansom Italian kissing Her hand. I hadnt give it much thought but when we got together we sure did have a good time talking it over. Then I went home with them and had supper. the Family are from Albany N. Y. the Gentleman are in Diplomatic service. they have 4 children she is so sweet and Gentle with them and they love her so. I was down early and got a good seat on the trip from Rome most of the passagners had their lunch so it looked like a picnic party all had wine but me. To be socible I accepted a few swollows from a jug. I found a large room with a Family it has a nice view of a big Castle upon a hill. They have a nice clean old man servant and a boy of 14. am glad to have a rest from the maids asking me questions. I love the Bay and Vesuvius look so grand I wish it would spit up a little fire my love are all for Naples just now. Tomorrow I will go to all the places that are free on Sun. Its nice to be in gay Naples after Churchie Rome.

(To be continued)

SALAR THE SALMON

II. Spring Spate

BY HENRY WILLIAMSON

I

By noon Salar had traveled under two railway bridges and one road bridge and come to a deep and wide pool above an elongated islet on which trees were growing. This was the Junction Pool. Its width and depth were carved by a small river flowing into the main river at right angles.

The varying movements and weights of flowing water maintained various movements and weights of fish. Slower, heavier salmon, which had been in the estuary for weeks, a coppery tinge on their scales of dull silver, lay in slower, deeper water. Salar was among them. With other large spring salmon he was lying over weed-waving stones on the edge of rapid water, just clear of the eddy tail, above the islet.

Gralaks and six grilse, forerunners of the main shoals of grilse which would enter the river at midsummer, swam near the surface. Sometimes one rose easily and half-lobbed itself out of the water and sank down to its place in the formation.

A school of small spring fish lay beside the heavier salmon, but in the quick water gliding past the islet. These fish weighed about nine pounds each. They had left the river two years before as smolts, weighing about two and a half ounces each. Now, assured and confident, they had come direct from the ocean, finding the water of

their parent river immediately in the Island Race. In the estuary they had encountered neither seal nor net; they had run straight through on the tide. These salmon lay in swift water because its swiftness was their own.

Trutta the sea trout had pushed himself under some alder roots growing matted along the left bank, one of his homes, and there he lay, asleep, oblivious of all river life, even his own, yet automatically ready to move alive should the retina of his eye, or the nerve cells of his lateral line, be affected by alien movement.

Small brown trout, each having its hiding hole under bank or root or stone, were lying everywhere on the gravel except in the fastest runs. They were watching for food, displaced nymphs and stone-fly creepers, to move near them.

A shoal of resident dace, pink-finned, lay in characterless water near the old sea trout, idly waiting for drowned worms and insects to drift into the pit.

The Kelt, long-headed and lean, ravaged of spirit and consumed of body, its gills hung with maggots and its scales broken-edged, roved round the Junction Pool, unable to rest, gigantic disillusioned smolt. It lay awhile behind Salar, imitating his complacency; then wriggled upwards to Gralaks and her companion grilse, and

sinuated quickly with the movement of young fish. Gralaks swam up slowly and leapt in a low curve. The Kelt leapt and fell back formlessly with a furrowed splash. From on high as they straggled over the hill on their way to known ploughlands, a flock of herring gulls saw the splash, and swung round, wheeling with petulant cries.

The splash was also seen by a boy as he was walking hurriedly across the meadow, carrying rod in one hand and tailer in the other. At the sight he began to run. When near the bank, he bent down, and approached more slowly, lest his footfalls be felt by the fish.

Kneeling, and giving repeated glances at the tail of the run, he drew a box of Devon minnows from a pocket and selected one. It was a two-inch length of phosphor bronze, a dull yellow. This he threaded on a trace of thin steel wire set with swivels. The rod was four feet long, made of steel, thinner than a rapier. It belonged to the boy's father, who had used it when fishing for black bass in Florida. He crept to the roots of an alder recently cut, found and tested foothold, stood upright cautiously, secured balance, gripped the rod in his right hand with thumb on beveled side of reel drum and index finger crooked round the special hold, and then, with a sweep and jerk of the little rod as he had often seen his father do, sent the minnow three-quarters way across the river. As it fell with a slight splash he slowed the reel, and, changing hands on the rod, began to wind in slowly, feeling the spinning drag of the lure under water. He quivered with excitement as a fish launched itself half out of the water behind the line, showing pointed dark gray head and white throat above its own wave.

The boy wound in the minnow, and tried to cast it in the same place, but it fell farther across the run, in front of Salar, who saw with his right eye a whirl

of light moving away in the water before him. It wobbled in the faster surface water, sometimes scattering behind it small bubbles. Salar had a desire to take it. He swam up and was turning under it with open mouth when something flashed hugely beside him and seized it.

The Kelt's bony jaws clashed on metal with sharp pain. He opened his jaws to take in water and so to expel it; but it remained hard in his mouth. He could not close his jaws. He was not frightened, because in his past sea life he had occasionally taken food which hurt his mouth by its hardness and gave pain by its poison when crushed. He turned down to the bed of the pool to find a stone against which to rub it off.

To the Kelt's surprise and alarm he could not get to the bed of the pool. He could not swim freely as hitherto in his life. He shook his head violently; the thing in his mouth stabbed him, and tugged at him strongly. A shock of fear jagged through his body, stimulating him to violent action. Desperately he shook his head again, and leapt quickly from the water three times without knowing what he was doing until it had happened. The aerial scene was a tilted blur of blue and green and white. In his open gills the air was harsh and choking. When in water again he turned with the flow and swam away with all his strength, causing the hovering grilse to scatter and instantly to sink to the bottom. The terrified Kelt turned in the rough water which had been pressing his gills open, and lay behind a boulder, curling his tail against a stone that was not there.

Eighty yards away on the bank the boy held the rod with both hands, one thumb pressed tightly against the drum, and wondered what he should do. He put a steady strain on the steel until his wrists were aching, and he feared the line would snap. At last in fatigue

he eased the strain on his trembling arms.

Behind the stone the Kelt lay in distressed bewilderment. He could not understand this enemy that prevented him from breathing and held him although it never pursued him. Indeed the Kelt did not yet define an enemy, although he was hiding in fear from the wire trace that extended taut in front of him, which vibrated its menace through his head and body.

He lay there, feeling weak and gulping jerkily until the trace slackened, and, feeling free, he moved sideways to rub his jaw against the edge of the stone. Since the trace did nothing to him, his strength returned and he swam hard against the stone, striking it with his head. The hooks drove deeper, and levered one against the other as he strove to wrench the thing from its hold in his mouth. The wounds, enlarged by the barbs, began to bleed. In pain and fury the Kelt dashed the trace on the stone, with such force that the minnow was impelled up the trace, and the barb pierced the main artery of his body, which lay under the tongue.

As he bled he weakened. He began to swim up into the pool again, away from the slight drag of the water on the trace behind him; but when the pull came from before him he swung round again and in desperation of life swam down the river to the sea, imagined refuge.

He could not breathe, swimming downstream less fast than the stream. He had to turn, and in a frenzy of fear he swam back into the Junction Pool with jagged strength and leapt to shake off the wounding hardness in his mouth. Falling back, he felt the water too strong for him; it swept him away; he lost sense and power of direction, his body heavy with fatigue. The drift rested him, and he recovered, to swim feebly the way he was being drawn, sometimes trying to swim aside, but in

vain. He was exhausted. Drawn near the bank, into slower water, he saw his enemy and the shock stimulated his wasted muscles. He struggled to reach the run, and in his effort to bore down into deeper water the river became strange and unfamiliar.

Exultingly the boy drew in the salmon to the bank, where it turned on its side, and lay still. Holding rod in one hand, with the other he passed the loop of the tailer over the fish's tail. It was like a short-handled whip with a loop of twisted steel wire for thong, and, when lifted up with a jerk, the spring loop slid small, noosing the tail.

The Kelt struggled as it was being lifted; it flapped feebly on the grass; but three blows of the priest on its head killed it.

Its captor was trembling with pride and joy, and with these feelings was a slightness of regret that it was no longer alive and free in the river. Later, when he reached home, the stannic lustre of the Kelt was gone, its skin had shrunk, and its head looked too big for its body. To the boy's mortification, his father said it was a kelt. But, declared the boy, it was so bright that surely it was a clean-run fish, although there were no sea lice on it. Then his father showed him the fresh-water maggots on the gill rakers — a sure sign, he said; and, for confirmation, there was the spawning mark on the point of balance by the paired fins — where scales and skin had been worn away by the act of digging gravel, he said.

When cut, the flesh was seen to be pale and infirm, and the carcass was buried under an apple tree in the orchard.

II

Salar came to a bend in the river where, on the edge of white rapid water, a circular pool was in motion. Many fish were waiting in the pool, which was caused to revolve by a great

bubble-churning rush of white water surging down the face of a sloping weir. The sill of the weir had been built with a cut or nick in its centre for the passage of fish. Here, therefore, the water was most violent in its descent, flinging itself in white surges against the edge of the deeper water below, making it to turn.

The farther edge of the water lapped a bank of shillets, which had been dug out of the pool and left there by spates after the building of the weir. The bank of loose flat fragments of rock shelved deeply. Sometimes the tail fin of a waiting fish showed a yard or less from the edge, to sink again casually. Nearer the pool's centre, dorsal fins lifted above the ruffled surface. A heron flying overhead saw a blotch of dark blue in the water, where fish were massed.

Other eyes too were watching, from behind a hurdle of sticks and weeds left by the receding spate against the trunk of an alder tree on the bank a score of yards below the pool.

One of the fish resting there shook its tail and swam down slowly, rolling on its side and turning up again in another direction, began to cruise round the pool, against the circular current. It was a fish which had been in the low reaches of the river since the New Year. It was about to make its fourth attempt to ascend the weir. At three points on the rim of the pool it rolled out of the water, showing dorsal and tail fins as it gathered its will within itself; then, heading resolutely into the secondary rush of bubbled water alongside the white, it moved resolutely along the rocky bottom, and resolutely swam up, accelerating with all its strength.

The winter salmon, flanks of tarnished silver and rust, leapt just beside, and clear of, the white thrust of water. It fell on the lower edge of the weir's apron, entering the thick cord of water

descending from the gap in the sill above. The apron or face of the weir sloped at an angle of about twenty degrees. Slowly the salmon, swimming with all its power, ascended the cord, and, when halfway up, its strength grew less and it ceased to advance; it stayed during the time of a double wing-beat of the heron wheeling overhead; desperately it turned aside in the hope of finding easier water, and was swept down on its side, tossed from wave to wave of the white surge to which it abandoned itself, and, reaching the end of the water's thrust, with a slow sweep of the tail entered the circular pool and took place among the other fish which had failed to get over the weir.

On the farther side of the weir stood a pine tree. The heron alighted on the topmost branch, and perched there swaying, holding its head up as anxiously it watched for its only enemy — man. The grassy bank below the tree ended in a masoned wall under which the broken water surged over steps made to help fish over the obstruction of the weir. It had not occurred to the designer of the weir that a series of ledges, one below the other, would be avoided by salmon, since they had been built specially for them; the plan had seemed perfect. But running water usually does the opposite of what is expected of it by those not water-minded. The spate pouring over the sill down the steps made a white turbulence feared by every fish which ventured into it.

One of the men squatting behind the stick heap was binding with string the shank of a gaff to a six-foot length of ash plant cut lower down by the river. The gaff was forged of iron, large barbed hook. The shank was eight inches long, convenient size for concealing in the pocket.

The poachers were hiding because they had heard that one of the water

bailiffs was in the neighborhood and might be about by the weir. They kept still, knowing that the heron's eye would detect the least movement.

Up in the dark green branches, tipped with the brown of new growth, the heron flapped to shift position, and then looked around anxiously, lest the flapping might have attracted attention from its enemies. Like most of the herons fishing the valleys of the Two Rivers and their feeder streams, the bird had often heard a loud crack followed by the whistle and rattle of shot when surprised by man. Quite half the bird's working hours were passed in waiting and watching lest one of its enemies appear suddenly to surprise it.

When one of the men waiting below had whipped the gaff to the ash handle, he took a small file from a torn pocket of his coat and began to stroke the point to needle sharpness.

The January-run fish tried again. It leapt from the deep water at the lower edge of the apron and splashed down on the slope, flapping sideways at the rate of nearly two hundred flaps a minute, appearing to plough its way upwards, a plume of water over its head. Making no progress, it altered direction and traveled aslant the glide, until it was within a foot of the edge of the grass, when it felt itself heavy with fatigue, and ceased to swim, lying there, a crescent fish, for a moment before turning its nose down and slipping back into the white churn several yards distant from where it had leapt.

Its long green toes gripping scaly boughs with excitement, the heron, giving a final hasty twist of its long neck as it glanced around, prepared to jump up and glide down to the top of the weir.

As the lanky gray bird paused, Trutta, the old sea trout, big-black-spotted and dark stain of bruise three inches deep on his shoulders, lobbed himself vertically out beside the central

white thrust and was swept over on his back immediately.

The sight of the large white belly and red of open gills made the heron launch itself from the tree and glide steeply down over the river, to alight with counter beat of wings on the grass above the sill of the weir.

Its hunger overcoming anxiety, the heron stalked stiltedly down the grassy slope and stepped on the edge of the concrete at the base of the sill, by a crack where a dock root and a thistle root were about to unfurl their first leaves of the year. It assured itself of a good hold for its long green feet and peered over the water, holding beak down to strike should any sizable fish appear. Then it gave a jump and gape and squark and beat up violently, seeing two men rising out of the gravel bank near it. With long legs trailing, it flapped down the river, swerving as it saw the figure of a man looking over the road bridge.

This was the water bailiff, who wondered what had disturbed the heron, for he knew it had been startled by the quick way it was beating its wings when it had first come into view. The weir was hidden by a bend and trees from the bridge. He decided to go to the weir.

Crouching by the edge where the heron had been standing, the man with the gaff waited for a fish to show. His mate kept a lookout on the bank above.

The poacher was waiting, stiller than a heron but not so well clad, gaff in hand ready to snatch the first fish to come in reach, staring at the water when his mate turned casually towards him and shouted out, 'Bailiff!' while pretending to crouch from an imaginary wind in order to light a cigarette. Without turning his head or shifting his position, but with an instant movement of the lower parts of his arms, he lanced the gaff into the white strakes of

the surge. It was taken and turned up in the water before disappearing. Putting hands in the pockets of his torn jacket, the man stood there, looking at the water until, a couple of minutes later, he turned his head slowly to the voice of the bailiff saying, 'Ha, caught you this time, have I, Shiner?'

The poacher, known as 'Shiner' from the moonlit nights during which he worked, replied, 'Have 'ee got a fag in your pocket, midear?'

'Aiy,' said the bailiff. 'And have 'ee got a gaff in yours, by any chance, Shiner?'

'Aw, I ban't no water-whipping rod-and-line gentry; you should know that, midear. What be the like o' me wanting a gaff for? You'll be asking me for a gennulman's license next, or the loan of a maskell's guts and kid's-colored fishing fly. Search me if 'ee fancies it, midear.'

'You know I ban't allowed by law to search you,' retorted the water bailiff, disconcerted by the poacher's good humor. 'Got a gaff hidden under they bushes, have 'ee?'

'I ban't stopping you from searching, midear.'

'Well, then, will 'ee answer why you'm waiting yurr?'

'Elvers be running, midear. They'm poaching your fish too, I fancy. Why don't 'ee summon they, midear?'

He pointed to the water turning back under the bank, where the diseased and dying salmon had turned up slowly on its side, in a dark mass of midget eels round it like iron filings on a magnet. Its gills were clustered with wriggles. The fish swam away, slowly, doomed.

'There ban't no law against a poor man taking a dish of elvers for his tea, be there?' inquired the old man. 'Taking off his stained felt hat and kneeling down, he dipped it in the water. A dozen elvers swam around inside. He threw them back, and banged the hat on the grass to knock off the water.

'Well, midear, us must n't keep th' old crane from his dinner, must us? Else they Cruelty to Hanimals chaps will be after us, won't 'n?'

He pointed to the heron passing over high, flying slowly, legs straight out behind and neck tucked in. He walked away, laughing loudly.

III

The elvers were running. They darkened the green shallows of the river, and the eddies were thick tangles of them. They had come into the estuary on the flood tide, and in a gelatinous mass had moved into the still water of the tidehead. All fish in the river sped from them, for elvers were gill-twisting torture and death.

For nearly three years as thin glassy threads the young eels had been crossing the Atlantic, drifting in warm currents of the Gulf Stream from the Sargasso Sea. Here in deep water, far under floating beds of clotted marine wreckage, all the mature eels of the Northern Hemisphere, patient travelers from inland ponds and ditches, brooks and rivers, came together to shed themselves of life for immortal reasons.

Salar lay in fast water between Pine Tree weir and the road bridge. He lay in front of a large stone, in the swift flume rising to pass over it. The flume streamed by his head and gills and shoulders without local eddy. No elver could reach his gill without violent wriggling, which he would feel. He was swift with the swiftness of the water. There was the least friction between fish and river, for his skin exuded a mucus or lubricant by which the water slipped. The sweep of strong water guarded his life. Other salmon were lying in like lodges in the stony surges. Salar lodged there until dusk, when he moved forward again. Gralaks moved beside him. They recog-

nized and knew each other without greeting.

Many fish were at Pine Tree weir before them, waiting beside the lessening weight of white water, in the swarming bubbles of the eddy. They lay close to one another. As soon as one fish waggled tail and dipped and rose to get a grip of the water, to test its own pulse of power, another fish took its place, ready for the take-off. Salar idled, alert, apprehensive, seventeenth in line. Sometimes two or three fish left the phalanx at the same time, and after nervous ranging set themselves to swim up through the heavy water.

At the edge of the turning pool, where Shiner the poacher had waited and watched during the day, stood Old Nog the heron. The bird was picking up elvers as fast as he could snick them. His throat and neck ached. A continuous loose rope of elvers wove itself on the very edge of the water, where frillets sliding down the concrete apron edge scarcely washed into the grass. Old Nog had eaten his first thousand elvers too quickly, gulping with head downheld until his tongue refused to work. After a return to the tree-top heronry where three hennets had craked and fought to thrust their beaks down his throat to take what he had, Old Nog flew back to the weir and picked and swallowed slowly, his excitement gone. All afternoon he flew back and forth. At dusk he rested, sleeping for three hours. By the light of the full moon rising he returned with his mate to the weir. They crammed their crops and necks and flew back to their filthy nest, where by midnight the three hennets were crouching, huddled and dour with overmuch feeding. Old Nog then flew back to the weir, to feed himself. Most of the elvers were now gone, but he managed to satisfy his hunger. On the way home, however, an elver wriggled down his windpipe, causing him to choke and sputter and

disgorge; the mass fell beside a badger below rubbing against its scratching thorn, causing it to start and grunt with alarm. After cautiously snuffing for some minutes, from various angles, the badger dared to taste; after which it ate all up and looked round for more. For the next few nights it returned specially to rub itself against the thorn, in the hope of finding such food there again. As for Old Nog, not an elver that year reached his long pot, as countrymen do call the guts.

During the time of the moon's high tides, more than two hundred salmon passed over the weir. Salar swam up on his second attempt; at first he had been unsure of himself, and dropped back almost as soon as he had got a grip on the central cord or spine of water. Swimming again with all his power, he moved slowly into the glissade of water above the white surge; stayed a third of the way up, as though motionless, vibrating; then had gained over the water and swam stronger in jubilation, and suddenly found the sill moving away under him, release of weight from his sides, and calm deep water before him. He flung himself out for joy, and a young dog-otter, who was rolling on its back on grass at the pool's edge, where a bitch-otter had touched earlier in the night, instantly lifted its head, slipped to the edge, put its head under, and slid tail-last into the water.

Salar saw the otter swimming above him. The pool took the dull blows of his acceleration, and in three seconds, when the otter had swum nine yards against the current, Salar had gone twenty yards upstream into the mill pool, swerved from a sunken tree trunk lodged in the silt, zigzagged forward to the farther bank, startling other salmon resting there, and hidden himself under a ledge of rock. The otter, which was not hunting salmon, since in deep water it could never catch any unless a fish

were injured, crawled out on the bank again to enjoy through its nose what it imagined visually.

An elver wriggled against Salar, and he swam on. The pool was long and deep and slow. He swam on easily, restfully, now slower than the otter had pretended to chase him. The wound in his side began to ache dully, and he rested near the surface, near water swilling over a branch of alder. At dawn he was three miles above Pine Tree weir, lying under a ledge of rock hollow curving above him, and therefore protecting him from behind, with an immediate way of escape from danger into deep water. The salmon slept, only the white-gray tip of the kyp — hooked end of lower jaw — showing as the mouth slightly opened. Fifteen times a minute water passed the gills, which opened imperceptibly.

Salar slept. The water lightened with sunrise. He lay in shadow. His eyes were fixed, passively susceptible to all movement. The sun rose up. Leaves and stalks of loose weed and water moss passing were seen but unnoticed by the automatic stimulus of each eye's retina. The eyes worked together with the unconscious brain, while the nerves, centres of direct feeling, rested themselves. One eye noticed a trout hovering in the water above, but Salar did not see it.

The sun rose higher, and shone down on the river, and slowly the shadow of the ledge shrunk into its base. Light revealed Salar, a gray-green uncertain dimness behind a small pale spot appearing and disappearing regularly.

Down there Salar's right eye was filled with the sun's blazing fog. His left eye saw the wall of rock and the water above. The trout right forward of him swam up, inspected that which had attracted it, and swam down again; but Salar's eye perceived no movement. The shadow of the trout

in movement did not fall on the salmon's right eye.

A few moments later there was a slight splash left forward of Salar. Something swung over, casting the thinnest shadow; but it was seen by the eye, which awakened the conscious brain. Salar was immediately alert.

The thing vanished. A few moments later, it appeared nearer to him.

With his left eye Salar watched the thing moving overhead. It swam in small jerks, across the current and just under the surface, opening and shutting, gleaming, glinting, something trying to get away. Salar, curious and alert, watched it until it was disappearing and then he swam up and around to take it ahead of its arc of movement. The surface water, however, was flowing faster than the river at midstream, and he misjudged the opening of his mouth, and the thing, which recalled sea feeding, escaped.

On the bank upriver fifteen yards away, a fisherman with fourteen-foot split-cane rod said to himself, excitedly, 'Rising short'; and, pulling loops of line between reel and lowest ring of the rod, he took a small pair of scissors from a pocket and snipped off the thing which had attracted Salar.

No wonder Salar had felt curious about it, for human thought had ranged the entire world to imagine that lure. It was called a fly; but no fly like it ever swam in air or flew through water. Its tag, which had glinted, was of silver from Nevada and silk of a moth from Formosa; its tail, from the feather of an Indian crow; its butt, black herl, of African ostrich; its body, yellow floss silk veiled with orange breast feathers of the South American toucan, and black Macclesfield silk ribbed with silver tinsel. This fly was given the additional attraction of wings for water flight, made of strips of feathers from many birds. Invented after a bout of seasickness by a Celt as he

sailed the German Ocean between England and Norway, for nearly a hundred years this fly had borne his name, Jock Scott.

While the fisherman was tying a smaller pattern of the same fly to the end of the gut cast, dark-stained by nitrate of silver against underwater glint, Salar rose to midwater and hovered there. He opened his mouth and sucked in a nymph as it was swimming to the surface. The fisherman saw a swirl on the water, and threw his fly, with swish of double-handed rod, above and to the right of the swirl. Then, lowering the rod point until it was almost parallel to the water, he let the current take the fly slowly across the stream, lifting the rod tip and lowering it slightly and regularly to make it appear to be swimming.

Salar saw the fly and slowly swam up to look at it. He saw it clear in the bright water and sank away again, uninterested in the lifelessness of its bright colors. Again it reappeared, well within his skylight window. He ignored it, and it moved out of sight. Then it fell directly over him, jiggling about in the water, and with it a dark thin thing which he regarded cautiously. This was the gut cast. Once more it passed over, and then again, but he saw only the dark thinness moving there. It was harmless. He ignored it. Two other salmon below Salar, one in a cleft of rock and the other beside a sodden oak log wedged under the bank, also saw the too-bright thing, and found no vital interest in it.

The fisherman pulled in the line through the rod rings. It was of plaited silk, tapered and enameled for ease of casting. The line fell over his boot. Standing still, he cut off the fly, and began a search for another in a metal box, wherein scores of mixed feathers were ranged on rows of metal clasps. First he moved one with his forefinger, then another, staring at this one and

frowning at that one, recalling in its connection past occasions of comparative temperatures of air and river, of height and clearness of water, of sun and shade, while the angler's familiar feeling, of obscurity mingled with hope and frustration, came over him. While from the air he tried to conjure certainty for a choice of fly, Salar, who had taken several nymphs of the olive dun during the time the angler had been cogitating, leapt and fell back with a splash that made the old fellow take a small Black Doctor and tie the gut to the loop of the steel hook with a single Cairnton-jam knot.

Salar saw this lure and fixed one eye on it as it approached and then ignored it, a thing without life. As it was being withdrawn from the water a smolt which had seen it only then leapt open-mouthed at a sudden glint and fell back, having missed it.

On the bank the fisherman sat down and perplexedly reexamined his rows and rows of flies. He had tried all recommended for the water, and several others as well; and, after one short rise, no fish had come to the fly. Mar Lodge and Silver Gray, Dunkeld and Black Fairy, Beauity Snow Fly, Fiery Brown, Silver Wilkinson, Thunder and Lightning, Butcher, Green Highlander, Blue Charm, Candlestick Maker, Bumbee, Little Inky Boy, all were no good. Then in one corner of the case he saw an old fly of which most of the mixed plumage was gone: a Black Dog which had belonged to his grandfather. Grubs of moths had fretted away hackle, wing, and topping. It was thin and bedraggled. Feeling that it did not matter much what fly was used, he sharpened the point with a slip of stone, tied it on, and carelessly flipped it into the water. He was no longer fishing; he was no longer intent, he was about to go home; the cast did not fall straight, but crooked; the line also was crooked. Without splash the fly moved down a

little less fast than the current, coming thus into Salar's skylight. It was like the nymphs he had been taking, only larger; and with a leisurely sweep he rose and turned across the current, and took it, holding it between tongue and vomer as he went down to his lie again, where he would crush and taste it. The sudden resistance of the line to his movement caused the point of the hook to prick the corner of his mouth. He shook his head to rid himself of it, and this action drove the point into the gristle, as far as the barb.

A moment later the fisherman, feeling a weight on the line, lifted the rod point and tightened the line, and had hardly thought to himself, 'Salmon,' when the blue-gray tail of a fish broke half out of water and its descending weight bended the rod.

Salar knew of neither fisherman nor rod nor line. He swam down to the ledge of rock and tried to rub the painful thing in the corner of his mouth against it. But his head was pulled away from the rock. He saw the line, and was fearful of it. He bored down to his lodge at the base of the rock, to get away from the line, while the small brown trout swam behind his tail, curious to know what was happening.

Salar could not reach his lodge. He shook his head violently, and, failing to get free, turned downstream and swam away strongly, pursued by the line and a curious buzzing vibration just outside his jaw.

Below the pool the shallow water jabbled before surging in broken white crests over a succession of rocky ledges. Salar had gone about sixty yards from his lodge, swimming hard against the backward pull of line, when the pull slackened, and he turned round head into current, and lay close to a stone, to hide from his enemy.

When the salmon had almost reached the jabble, the fisherman, fearing it would break away in the rough water,

had started to run down the bank, pulling line from the reel as he did so. By thus releasing direct pull on the fish, he had turned it. Then, by letting the current drag line in a loop below it, he made Salar believe that the enemy was behind him. Feeling the small pull of the line from behind, Salar swam up into deeper water, to get away from it. The fisherman was now behind the salmon, in a position to make it tire itself by swimming upstream against the current.

Salar, returning to his lodge, saw it occupied by another fish, which his rush, and the humming line cutting the water, had disturbed from the lie by the sodden log. This was Gralaks the grilse. Again Salar tried to rub the thing against the rock, again the pull, sideways and upwards, was too strong for him. He swam downwards, but could make no progress towards the rock. This terrified him and he turned upwards and swam with all his strength, to shake it from his mouth. He leapt clear of the water and fell back on his side, still shaking his head.

On the top of the leap the fisherman had lowered his rod, lest the fly be torn away as the salmon struck the water.

Unable to get free by leaping, Salar sank down again and settled himself to swim away from the enemy. Drawing the line after him, and beset again by the buzzing vibration, he traveled a hundred yards to the throat of the pool, where water quickened over gravel. He lay in the riffle spreading away from a large stone, making himself heavy, his swim-bladder shrunken, trying to press himself into the gravel which was his first hiding place in life. The backward pull on his head nearly lifted him into the fast water, but he held himself down, for nearly five minutes, until his body ached and he weakened and he found himself being taken down sideways by the force of shallow water. He recalled the sunken tree and it be-

came a refuge, and he swam down fast, and the pull ceased with the buzz against his jaw. Feeling relief, he swam less fast over his lodge, from which Gralaks sped away, alarmed by the line following Salar.

But before he could reach the tree the weight was pulling him back, and he turned and bored down to bottom, scattering a drove of little gray shadows which were startled trout. Again the pull was too much for him, and he felt the ache of his body spreading back to his tail. He tried to turn on his side to rub the corner of his mouth on something lying on the bed of the pool — an old cartwheel — again and again — but he could not reach it.

Fatigued and aching, Salar turned downstream once more, to swim away with the river, to escape the enemy which seemed so much bigger because he could not close his mouth. As he grew heavier, slower, uncertain, he desired above all to be in the deeps of the sea, to lie on ribbed sand and rest and rest and rest. He came to rough water, and let it take him down, too tired to swim. He bumped into a rock, and was carried by the current around it, on his side, while the gut cast, tautened by the dragging weight, twanged and jerked his head upstream, and he breathed again, gulping water quickly and irregularly. Still the pull was trying to take him forward, so with a renewal of fear he turned and reëntered fast water and went down and down, until he was in another deep pool at a bend of the river. Here he remembered a hole under the roots of a tree, and tried to hide there, but had not strength enough to reach the refuge of darkness.

Again he felt release, and swam forward slowly, seeking the deepest part of the pool, to lie on the bottom with his mouth open. Then he was on his side, dazed and weary, and the broken-quicksilvery surface of the pool was becoming whiter. He tried to swim away,

but the water was too thick-heavy; and after a dozen sinuations it became solid. His head was out of water. A shock passed through him as he tried to breathe. He lay there, held by line taut over fisherman's shoulder. He felt himself being drawn along just under the surface, and only then did he see his enemy — flattened, tremulant-spreading image of the fisherman. A new power of fear broke in the darkness of his lost self. When it saw the tailer coming down to it, the surface of the water was lashed by the desperately scattered self. The weight of the body falling over backwards struck the taut line; the tail fin was split. The gut broke just above the hook, where it had been frayed on the rock. Salar saw himself sinking down into the pool, and he lay there, scattered about himself and unable to move away, his tail curved round a stone, feeling only a distorted head joined to the immovable river bed.

IV

All day Salar lay dully in the pool, under the roots of an alder, never moving. After the sun had set and other salmon were leaving their lies and lodges he swam forward slowly, painfully. The wind had veered to the northwest, bringing hard-edged clouds towering in blackness above the moor. Down in the estuary at midnight fishermen hauled on nets which held, draft after draft, only seaweed and crabs; they said nothing at all — they had been wet in empty sea labor most of their lives. Salmon from the sea jumped in the wide spate water of the fairway and passed up one or other of the Two Rivers. Some of them, fast travelers, moved beside Salar when next evening's sun was spreading rubicund on the hilltops.

Salar followed these new keen fish, his weariness eased, and by sunrise was lying with them in a pool called Den-

zil's, wide and deep, above another gristmill weir and the joining place of a third river. In this pool, which was deep because a ledge of rock crossed the river bed, the clay below having been scooped out by the centuries' spates, lay thirty salmon.

Many of these fish moved on at nightfall, and new fish came in, with Trutta the sea trout, but Salar remained there. He was apprehensive, and deep water gave serenity. Many times he turned on his side and tried to rub off the iron lacerating the corner of his mouth. Soon most of the skin was rubbed off his jawbone. Body movement was no longer painful, but all his muscles ached.

Every day Salar, resting at the edge of deepening water, saw lines and lures, which he now recognized as enemies, moving, flickering, spinning at varying speeds over him. For a week the wind continued from the northwest, and nymphs delayed their hatching; and no salmon were taken from the pool, except one foul-hooked by a spinner which caught it in the gill, causing it to bleed to exhaustion in the water.

Salar had been waiting there nearly a fortnight when towards the end of a night, as the hollow ruin of the moon was rising through trees, two fish sped past him, turned in shelving water, and sank beside him. All the fish shared an alertness of fear. A light darted in the water, moved about, and went out. Another light shone behind them. Salar swam into the deepest water, where he could see most — forward, above, and behind. Fish swung and thudded about in alarm. A strange smell came to him in the water, and he accelerated to the farther side of the pool.

Two men were wading above the pool, on the edge of the transverse reef. They carried armfuls of net, which they let down into deep water. A third man held the end of the rope under the bank. Sixty yards away two other men were

taking a trammel across the river, in shallowing water below the pool. A sixth man stood on the bank, waiting silent and listening in the last darkness of night. A heap of old potato sacks lay near him, the temporary bed of a lean hairy dog with long thin legs, head, and tail. This was a lurcher, shivering curled as though to sleep, but flair-nosed, wide-eyed, cock-eared. It never barked or growled. It knew the smell of every water bailiff in the catchment area of the Two Rivers. The dog and its master shared a soundless language, of attitude, glance, and movement.

The six men belonged to a gang which worked pools of the Two Rivers only at night. The leader, who owned dog and nets, was a mild-mannered and bespectacled cabinetmaker by day. The lenses of his spectacles were of plain glass: he wore them to protect his eyes from wood dust, and also, by their absence at night, as a disguise. Four of the men had been fined by the magistrates of the local town for poaching. The fining had occurred before they had formed themselves into a gang, under the leadership of the cabinetmaker, since when none had been caught. Its members blackened their faces before leaving the old and unlicensed car in which they traveled on their planned raids. One man, however, knew why the car was used only at night; and that man was Shiner.

Shiner had made and used the trammel net until he had been surprised one night by the bailiffs, who had confiscated it. Shiner had been summoned, convicted, sentenced to imprisonment; and the Court made an order for the destruction of the trammel net which had been produced as evidence against him. The trammel, however, had been stolen from the courtroom, during the second prosecution by the Clerk to the Board of Conservators.

The trammel net was never missed, because the local police authorities

thought the water bailiffs had carried it away, and the bailiffs thought the police had removed it. When he had served ten days in prison, Shiner, who had watched the net being taken, said nothing, although he knew who had it. He disliked the gang, because they sometimes worked with methods he considered dirty — they poisoned whole stretches of river by the use of chloride of lime, and blew the pits with gelignite, which destroyed all life in them. Shiner was awaiting an opportunity to get his own back.

The gang did not know, when they left their car behind a haystack in a field by the road a quarter of a mile away, that Shiner was watching in the next field. His tool cart — he was an odd-day gardener to various houses — was hidden behind another haystack. When the gang had left for the river, Shiner climbed through the hedge and, opening the bonnet of their car, unscrewed all the leads to the spark plugs, fixing them again in wrong order; and then, to make sure the engine would not start, he emptied a small bag of sugar into the petrol tank. After this, struck by a sudden thought, he climbed through the hedge again and removed his tool cart to the other end of the field, concealing it in a dip in the ground.

Some minutes later he crossed the lane and listened. Then he wetted a forefinger to reassure himself that the breeze was moving from the pool in his direction. Afterwards he hid behind an oak tree on the bank above, and waited.

While he was standing there, the drift net was spread across the river. Its lead-weighted heel rope sank into deep water, its line of corks was bellied out by the surface current. Two men, one under each bank and holding an end of rope, began to work their way down the sides of the pool, wading sometimes to their armpits, and gripping branches which overhung the water.

As the drift net slowly moved upon them, the salmon became agitated, and moved at great speed up and down the pool. One shot through the wide netting of the trammel, turned immediately from the closer netting beyond, and was caught by the gills. The poachers heard the threshing of broken water, and began to work faster with the drift net. 'Go easy,' said the leader, standing on the bank above, a dim silhouette against the resolving twilight of dawn. Another fish began to splash.

In the centre of the pool lay Trutta, and near him were Salar and Gralaks. Trutta had known netting in Denzil's Pool two years before. Now, as the drift net came down, he swam aside to the alder whose roots in the water were like a thousand lobsters pressed together, and pushed under them. Because they recognized Trutta in the stimulation of fear which started old actions in memory, both Salar and Gralaks followed him now and thrust themselves under the mat of alder roots. They stayed there even when the noise and movement of legs were very near. As the disturbance went away another fish pushed in between Salar and Trutta, a terrified brown trout with a black and irregular under-jaw, immense head, sharp teeth, and lean body. This was Garroo the cannibal trout. In a fury of fear at finding his retreat occupied, Garroo bit the tail of Gralaks, and received a slap on the side of his black horny head that caused him to lie limply, for several minutes, diagonally across the parallel bodies of Trutta and Salar.

While the four fish were hidden under the root clump, the drift net was approaching the trammel. 'Go easy,' said the leader. The area between the two nets was slashed with gleams as fish turned and re-turned. Up to their middle in water, the men who had dragged the drift net were now hauling in the twin ropes of heel and head, only

a few yards away from the trammel. The net ends met on shelving gravel. Gradually the other end of the trammel was brought over, outside the drift net. Within the rocking corks more than a dozen salmon were struggling, torn of gill and tail, scales scraped off skin. The mass of fish was dragged to where the bank was broken by drinking cattle, and one by one they were hauled out on a gaff, and beaten on the nose by the cabinetmaker with a short club of yew wood weighted with an inlaid spiral of brass.

Nine fish were laid out on the grass, the largest twenty-eight pounds, the smallest seven pounds — one of the grilse of the school led by Gralaks. Quickly nets were stowed into sacks, and the gang, jubilant and now smoking fags, set off across the fields to the lane. It was half an hour to sunlight; the shine was already gone from the moon in the great azure glow spreading up the eastern sky. Clouds, hedges, haystacks to the west, were black. Their feet rustled frosty grasses. Bullocks which had been crowding and snuffling, black-massed, into the corner by the gate cantered away, ignored by the lurcher dog, which lifted one ear, and glanced at its master, as a cock in the farmyard half a mile away crowed to the morning star.

For nearly an hour they tried to get the car started. First one, then another, swung the handle, falling away and cursing in exhaustion.

The cabinetmaker took down the carburetor, and saw a dark sticky liquid, like crude petroleum, in the float chamber. Peering in the tank with the aid of an electric torch, he saw more of it lying at the bottom. He was bitter and blasphemous. It was run off; carburetor reassembled; handle swung again, many times, desperately. The

eastern hill line was a haze of shining; soon the sun would rise and laborers be about. They began to quarrel. Some wanted to divide the fish, and make off homewards across the fields: others, supporting the leader, argued that they should best be hid in the stack, and fetched at night. At last the others agreed; but one said, would n't the car give away the hiding place? So the salmon, wrapped in sacks, were carried to the adjoining haystack, cut down one side, and concealed on the loose top of it. The nets were hidden in the hedge some distance away, and then, having washed the black from their faces in the ditch, the gang separated and went home across the fields.

A couple of hours later Shiner was wheeling his tool cart, apparently laden with horse dung, across the market square of the small town. 'Do you reckon it be time to till early tetties, midear?' he asked the police sergeant, who every year won prizes, for his potatoes, in the local Flower Show. 'Wait until the ground's in temper; 'tis no use mucketing,' replied the sergeant, with amiable importance.

'You'm right,' said Shiner, promptly. With a grin he added, 'You'd like what I've got in this cart, I dare say? Tes proper stuff for growing big tetties.'

The sergeant, who had had a kind thought for Shiner since he had been in prison for merely taking salmon, replied, 'You keep it for yourself, Shiner; you worked hard enough for it, I reckon.'

'You'm right, midear,' agreed Shiner, as he went on his way.

That night many of the leading citizens of the town, including several magistrates, dined on salmon which had been bought, surreptitiously, at their kitchen doors.

The old car was abandoned.

(To be continued)

ROME AND TOBAGO

BY ESME HOWARD

HAVING on my journey out to Trinidad finished the course of religious reading which Monsignor Merry del Val had set for me, on landing at Port of Spain I sought out Father Coveney, the Superior of the Dominicans who served the Catholic Cathedral. I had letters from Monsignor Merry del Val and from Father Antrobus of the London Oratory stating my case. After two or three interviews Father Coveney, a most lovable old Irishman, devout, humble, charitable, humorous, and kindly, said he would receive me, and settled the day and the hour. It was early one morning in St. Dominic's Chapel in the Cathedral that the very short ceremony took place, no one being present but Father Coveney, a server, and myself, and I heard Mass in the Cathedral immediately after.

The ceremony of reception was so simple that, apart from the Mass, it would have made little or no impression on me. I had now for some time considered myself practically a member of the Church, and this ceremony appeared but to set the seal on a matter already settled. Apart, therefore, from the natural satisfaction of concluding a much desired contract — if I may call it so — I felt no sensation of sudden spiritual light as on that day in Rome under Tasso's oak. This seemed but a natural sequence to a decision previously taken.

So I felt also after Confirmation,

which took place two or three weeks later in Port of Spain.

Another month had passed when Father Reginald, the French Dominican in charge of the Catholic Mission in Tobago, considered that I might receive Holy Communion for the first time according to the Catholic rite. Father Reginald came as near to saintliness as any man I ever met. He was untiring in his efforts to look after his scattered flock all over the island, and I can see now his clean-cut features, his dark eyes and hair, and his spare, ascetic figure, dressed in the white Dominican habit, trotting along on a little brown pony with a large brown gamp held over him to keep off either sun or rain.

His principal church was that of the Sacred Heart at Scarborough, a wooden building painted white and blue outside and scrupulously clean within, with unglazed windows and Venetian shutters to keep out the sun, opening on to views of the sea. The coconut palms outside rustled in the wind all through Mass, and, with the sea, made a pleasant music that was never out of tune or time and was thoroughly in harmony with the place. Father Reginald at once took a truly Christian interest in me, and we often met and talked matters over together; but I believe he cared, if one may say so, a good deal more for the souls of his very poor black folk, who were, but for him, left entirely to themselves on that island

where he was the only priest. He wore himself to the bone, and at last, like Father Damien, developed leprosy from constantly looking after the wretched creatures who suffered from that most hideous disease. He was then, of course, compelled to leave his little flock and return to France to die in a leper's hospital. R. I. P.

I could realize what the horror of such contact might be, for once, riding along the coast near Bloody Bay, I got off to drink from a spring beside which an old Negro was sitting. I began to drink out of my hands, when the old man courteously offered me a tin cup. I thanked him and, not wishing to offend, I used it. When I returned it I looked at him. He was a leper. Saint Francis would no doubt have embraced him, but I fear the old man must have read in my face what I felt.

* * *

When from time to time I went down to Scarborough, Father Reginald, like an Apostle, used to talk to me of the Blessed Sacrament, and one day I rode down from Louis d'Or to receive my First Communion at his hands in the little white church to the music of rustling palms and of the sea.

Next morning at daybreak I was in the church and ready for early Mass and Communion.

This was indeed the greatest and most wonderful moment of the new spiritual life for me. For the first time I fully realized what the great saints must often have felt, what it means to empty oneself, as one empties a glass of impure water, and then to fill oneself again, even if it be but for a moment, at the fountain of life. I realized that Mass is the supreme act of *sacrifice*.

In Mass we offer to God the Irresistible Gift — Jesus Christ. We offer Him in worthy adoration, in perfect gratitude, in fullest expiation, in prevailing petition.

But in Him we offer ourselves. Therefore in accepting Him God accepts us.

And within ourselves we offer Him.

Therefore when seeing us God sees His Son.

Christ in us, we in Christ, the Eternal Priest, the worthy Oblation; for ourselves, for the Church, for the World.

It is no wonder that Pius XI has written: 'There is nothing greater in the Universe than the Mass.'

So it is not surprising that on the long ride back to Louis d'Or along the sea beaches with their coco palms, beside the waves which had all the colors of a peacock's neck or a kingfisher's wing, through the village streets where little black children rolled about naked in the dust, along the cliffs where the foolish-looking pelicans hovering over the water would suddenly close their wings and plunge headforemost into the waves, I paid no attention to all these sights and sounds now familiar to me, but rode with the same exaltation I had known under Tasso's oak in Rome, with a sense of serene security, of being buoyed up in a boundless ocean and supported in infinite space.

And then a great pity came over me for all those who, thinking themselves so wise, so superior, rejected these gifts altogether and relied 'on the continuous cultivation of that immanent energy which is the lifeblood of religion. Apart from this [i.e. immanent energy] nothing remains but the empty shell or mere curiosity fit only for an anthropological museum.'¹

The reverend evangelical speaker I quote tells us further that 'when the grosser forms of symbolism survived into the higher religions, as typically in the case of sacrifice, — in itself a crude form of shedding blood and appropriate only to those who did their own

¹ Address by Dr. R. R. Marett, Rector of Exeter College, Oxford, speaking on 'Ritualism and Religion.' *Manchester Guardian*, August 1, 1934. — AUTHOR

butchering, — it needed much verbal reinterpretation to allegorize the primitive act.'

So, in the eyes of those who rely on their own 'immanent energy,' sacrifice, of which the sacrifice of Jesus Christ on the Cross must ever be the great example worthy of imitation for His followers, becomes nothing but 'a crude form of shedding blood and appropriate only to those who do their own butchering.' It is perhaps, therefore, not to be wondered at that, after Our Lord made His great declaration in the synagogue at Capharnaum respecting His Body and His Blood, 'many of His disciples went back and walked no more with Him.' Could these have been the first 'evangelicals'?

However, as I said, on that ride home along the Windward road of Tobago there was confirmed in me that sense of security gained first under Tasso's oak on the Janiculum Hill. Therefore Tobago and Rome have become special shrines in my memory.

From that day I can say that, although the first exaltation passed away in the hurly-burly of terrestrial occupations such as rubber planting or diplomatic work, I have never looked back. Indeed the security in the protection of Mother Church has but grown from year to year.

For all this I have to thank my dearest Isa, who understood clearly that union in religion must be the true foundation of a happy marriage. Religion surely to her was something very much more alive and definite than the vague description given by the evangelical preacher quoted above, who also said: 'Religion is, as it were, an extended system of faith healing covering activities of all kinds in so far as they exceed the bounds of calculation.'

So it was with a peculiar joy and contentment that I was able to write to her that I believed we should in future be united completely in the spirit, and

that my submission to the Church had been made, not because she had asked this, but because for me it was henceforth the only way.

* * *

As I have already said, I had come to the West Indies with my friend, Thorleif Orde,² with instructions from the London Syndicate to select and buy a property for a rubber plantation. Having landed at Port of Spain, we spent a fortnight or three weeks looking over the island of Trinidad, but we could find nothing that suited us. Sir Hubert Jerningham, the Governor, Mr. Hart of the Botanical Gardens, and one or two friends we had met advised us to try the island of Tobago, which lies thirty miles northeast of Trinidad, where, we were told, there were several fine properties being abandoned for almost absurd prices. A little steamer left Port of Spain twice a week for Scarborough, the 'capital' of Tobago. We decided that we would go over and spy out the land.

I knew nothing about Tobago, but I at once bought a map of the island and an old history of it. From the map I learned that it was about twenty-six miles long and seven across in the broadest part; that it had a backbone of hills covered with forest, rising in the east to eighteen hundred feet, from which numberless small rivers discharged themselves into bays, some almost landlocked; that the western end, where Scarborough bay lay, was of coral formation, low and sandy, and had been entirely under sugar, while the eastern end was hilly, even mountainous, divided into deep valleys each of which formed, as a rule, a separate property having its own stream and ending in a flat piece of land which had invariably been under sugar, and a shipping bay where schooners could lie

² See 'A Roman Courtship,' in the September issue. — EDITOR

and take in produce and discharge goods required for the plantation. Road communication, I was told, was of the most primitive kind, because practically all transport was carried by schooners from Scarborough to the shipping bays of the different plantations with their accessory villages.

From the history of Tobago I learned that the southwest part was traditionally believed to be the scene of Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, that the island had changed hands more frequently than any other in the West Indies, having been successively Spanish, Dutch, French, British, and even at one time having been assigned to the Duke of Livland or Lithuania. There was no mention of any great or stirring battles having been fought there, but it seems to have acquired a curious habit of changing masters with every peace signed after every European war during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Since the whole length of the south coast of the island was exposed to the trade winds which blew nearly all the year round, we were told it was, for a tropical climate, decidedly healthy, and that there were fewer insect pests than in Trinidad. Finally, it possessed no venomous snakes or reptiles.

We set out for Tobago with much curiosity and even enthusiasm.

* * *

Our first experience of Tobagonians was curious. On the steamer was a darky who was returning home from Trinidad. He was rather late in coming aboard and had evidently promised a special tip to the boatman, who arrived pouring with sweat just as the steamer was leaving and who was not at all satisfied with the tip he received. But the Tobagonian jumped on to the companion ladder with his two or three bundles and the steamer got under way. Then began a most educative match in strong

language in the Trinidadian and Tobagonian dialects, ending up with: —

'Well, anyhow de Trinidad niggers is all rascally tief and robbers.'

To which the Trinidadian replied, shaking his fist from his boat: 'An' of all de black trash dere is in de worl', de Tobago nigger is de wuss.'

The passengers on the steamer, including ourselves, were delighted with the exchange of compliments.

* * *

It took us about eight hours to reach Scarborough. A pleasant little bay sheltered from the trade winds but open to the west, the shore fringed with graceful coconut palms, a little town with a brick courthouse in a square shaded by great mango trees, and some flamboyant trees then in flower with their glorious colored spikes, a few brick stores, a number of irregular wooden shanties of the Negroes and some better houses belonging to richer storekeepers or retired civil servants, with palms waving over all, a wooden church or two, and an old quay or pier in a state of general dilapidation — such was Scarborough. On a hill about a mile out of the town was Government House, where lived the Administrator, standing in 'its own grounds' with various kinds of palms and other trees and a semblance of a garden, a fine, great, old-fashioned, cool house built partly of bricks, partly of planks, with the inevitable eighteenth-century fort on another hill. In the streets were some planters and richer merchants in topees and white ducks, riding ponies, with Negro women carrying baskets of fruit on their heads and Negro men strolling about as if eternity belonged to them.

We put up at a lodging house outside the town kept by an old colored lady and her elderly daughter. Everything was spotlessly clean, large rooms with windows opening on to the sea, a gar-

den with mango trees and gourds and red peppers and a few roses that looked sadly out at elbows. There was also a perfect miniature bay for bathing. Here we quickly made ourselves at home, and here we always put up afterwards whenever we had to go in to Scarborough for business.

We had a letter for Captain Short, a retired officer of the Army who had bought one of the best estates on the island, Richmond, which he was rapidly turning into a first-rate cocoa plantation. He had bought it, like most of the old sugar estates, in a condition of ruin and dilapidation. Having got two horses and a boy to look after them, we set out for Richmond as soon as possible along what was known as the Windward road, which ran along the southeast coast of the island and caught the refreshing trade winds.

Short received us with true West Indian hospitality, asked us to bring our baggage the next day for a stay of two or three days when he would show us the estates farther up the coast, and after lunch he showed us over a considerable part of his own plantation. It was mainly in cocoa, but he was also experimenting with coffee and limes and other fruit. It had a beautiful little river with deep pools for bathing, a fine bay in front, and a valley running back into the wooded hills behind. The house stood on a little hill overlooking the flat and the old sugarworks, and was so placed as to catch all the trade breeze. I had rarely come upon a more enchanting spot, and after seeing it both Thorleif and I felt that Tobago was the island for us, especially since there were now several estates going for a mere song. Labor was very cheap, and, in spite of the dictum of the Port of Spain boatman, the Tobago colored workman was, according to Short, not at all bad. He had the good qualities of most other West Indian agricultural laborers, and also their defects.

In the course of a few days we saw many estates, and finally settled on one of the largest, called Betsy's Hope, about fifteen miles up the Windward road from Scarborough.

It had been one of the principal sugar estates of the Windward Coast, and the large flat leading to the bay was still, to some extent, under sugar. There was the usual wooden house in considerable disrepair on a hill overlooking the usual large sugarworks, which were falling to pieces, and the river with its valley running up into the highest hills of the island. This valley was practically untouched ground, and, with the flat, gave us all the land we wanted for a first experiment. There was also a large village on the estate, which settled the labor problem for us.

Both Thorleif and I agreed we could not do better than buy this for the Syndicate. It had, in the great days of Tobago some fifty years before, belonged to an old Scotsman who lived on so generous a scale that he was known as the King of Tobago. He was buried just below the house in a small enclosure now almost abandoned, but still bright with many-colored crotons. I was surprised to find many darkies in all the villages with Scots names—McDougalls, Mackintoshes, Macleods, and McGillivrays abounded. It appeared that at one time most of the leading planters had been Highlanders.

The purchase of this estate, which the Syndicate approved, naturally involved some legal business in Port of Spain, where lived the present owner, Mr. Tucker, who also owned the neighboring properties of King's Bay and Speyside, both equally lovely in their way. Since it seemed that this legal business might be somewhat protracted, and since I was anxious not to lose a day of the Castilloa seeding season which was now on, I hired a small house with ground about it suitable for a nursery, halfway along

the Windward road between Scarborough and Betsy's Hope — or Louis d'Or, as we, reverting to the old name on eighteenth-century maps, called our estate from henceforth.

At our temporary dwelling we made all haste to prepare and equip the small nursery for the seedlings, with the help of Captain Short, who, as an old planter, knew the ropes. Thorleif hired the necessary labor and set to work forthwith, while I returned to Port of Spain to conclude the purchase and forward parcels of Castillea seed which we bought from the Botanical Gardens.

* * *

The making of a nursery is much the same all over the West Indies and, I suppose, the tropics. Beds of good earth are laid out at convenient distances, shaded by pergolas, over which are spread coconut palm leaves. Clean running water is conducted from a neighboring stream and then led into troughs. A place at once rather sunny and sheltered from the wind must be chosen and good paths made between the beds.

Within a week or ten days from our getting into the nursery house, hundreds of seedlings, my green babies, were showing over the black soil. After they were grown to a certain size they were taken out of the beds and planted separately into pots of hollow bamboo stems, which, again, are used for the purpose in every tropical nursery. This business, when you are dealing with thousands of seedlings as we were, entailed much labor, but since we paid as much as any planter in the island, and paid regularly, — which all planters did not, — we never had the slightest trouble.

By September the legal business was completed, and I had collected in Port of Spain and Scarborough the necessary furniture, crockery, and so

forth, for the new house. We bought horses, oxen, mules, carts, implements, tools, all the paraphernalia necessary for starting a plantation, all with the help of our friend Captain Short; and one fine day we moved into the Louis d'Or 'Great House,' as the planters' houses on the larger estates were always called. We were in high content with the world and with ourselves, for was not each of these green babies — of which there were thousands being taken up to the new nursery at Louis d'Or in two-wheeled carts drawn by four oxen — going to be worth, in a few years, a pound or even two pounds apiece? Besides, what pleasanter life could a man look forward to than to live in that old West Indian house, now thoroughly swept and garnished, looking out over the flats still untidy with sugar patches, but shortly to be covered with green Castilleas standing in rows like soldiers, and down the great avenue of ever-waving coconut palms which led out to the green-blue sea and the white breakers where the coral reefs were?

We thought of the lovely sight it would be in a few years, when the place would be humming with prosperity, and our own schooners would lie in the bay to carry off our products to Port of Spain and bring back our weekly requirements.

We organized our labor gangs with the help of the old overseer, a darky called Stuart, and a most excellent, reliable, hard-working man. We cleared the flats of weeds and old sugar cane, opened up drains, and laid out plantations. All day we were out from 6 A.M. to 12, and from 2 P.M. to 6, when we came home for buckets of cold water to be thrown over us by our servant Quashie, followed by our solitary cocktail, dinner, and a pipe, feeling as no kings could ever have felt. Those were the great days of hope unclouded, of the certainty of success.

It is to those early years I look back when I think of Tobago as one of the most enchanting places on the face of the earth. Even when I returned many years after, when the planting of rubber there had proved a complete failure and poor Thorleif was struggling along against the hopeless collapse of prices to make cocoa, which we had planted in place of rubber, give even a modicum of profit — even then I felt the Circean enchantment of Tobago and the West Indies. Had I been a free man, I should probably have returned to end my days there as a lotus-eater, but I hope a lotus-eater with much kindness in my heart for fellow lotus-eaters, whether white or black.

* * *

My planter colleagues interested and entertained me vastly, as did also the Tobagonian Negroes — as, indeed, did human beings everywhere and at all times.

We were too busy to see much of our white neighbors, but when we went down to Scarborough we met them at the club, and every now and again one riding up or down the coast would come in for a cocktail, for a meal, or for a bed. They always had plenty of stories to tell about each other's curious and entertaining ways. Some there were who no doubt were the very pinks of propriety, but many had human weaknesses which provided conversation for their neighbors.

Thus there was Mr. —, who, generally a most excellent and pleasant fellow, occasionally succumbed to drink, and most unfortunately this was often the case when he came to Scarborough and spent a day in the planters' club. This was a small house with about six rooms, one Negro servant who cooked and did all the housework, with a well-stocked bar and odd copies of *Punch* and the *Field* on the sitting-room tables. The members of the club

bore with Mr. —'s vagaries till one day he stripped completely and threatened to throw out of the window any other member who entered the club. This led, naturally, to a meeting of the committee, who regretfully decided that Mr. —, though a very good fellow, must cease to be a member of the club. When the Negro servant who took the bar and cooked the food heard this, he pointed out that Mr. — was the only member of the club who paid his bill punctually and kept it going. So the committee rescinded their decision and only asked the servant to let members know whenever Mr. — was in the club and in what condition he happened to be.

An incident that caused much excitement and some scandal in the island occurred in the village of Roxburgh, belonging to the estate next ours, owned by a — for Tobago — wealthy Scotsman, Mr. Archibald, who had built himself a fine house and could entertain like a country gentleman. One day we were shocked to hear that a murder had been committed in Roxburgh. No such thing had happened for thirty years in Tobago, where the worst crime was petty larceny, which, however, was both continual and general.

The magistrate, Major Walker, a retired volunteer turned lawyer for Tobago; the doctor, a young colored Trinidadian; some neighboring planters, and as many darkies as could crowd into the little courthouse, attended the inquest. After it was over the 'gentry' went to sup with Mr. Archibald at the Great House, and Major Walker and the doctor stayed the night. The Major went up to his room after supper, and presently the other guests were roused by a shriek of horror and rage. Rushing up, they found the Major in a state bordering on collapse, pointing to a dark and bloody head that had rolled out on to the floor

from an empty petroleum tin that had been upset by him as he had come into the room in the dark.

The discovery naturally caused some stir among the guests until it was found that the doctor, having few opportunities of dissecting any part of the human body, had secretly cut off the head of the murdered man, packed it in an empty tin, and brought it up to the house meaning to take it to his surgery the next day. Unfortunately he had left the tin in the Major's bedroom instead of his own.

The Major, being made the object of some merry wit on account of his fright, was furious with the doctor. He lunched with us the next day, told us the whole story, and vowed he would be even with that damned doctor yet. A fortnight later he rode up to the door and invited himself to lunch again. He was in high spirits. After a cocktail or two he could no longer contain himself.

'I've dished that doctor,' he said. 'I've looked up autopsies in my law book and found that the doctor ought to have examined the state of the heart before giving evidence at the inquest. He never did this, so I've ordered him to exhume the body and do it now. He'll have a real jolly time.'

The doctor had to do it, and there was war to the knife between him and the Major as long as they remained in Tobago. But on the whole I am not sure whether the law in this case did not successfully make the punishment fit the crime.

* * *

One other strange personality among many on the island must be mentioned. This was Mr. L——, son of a former Dean or Archdeacon of Trinidad, who owned a beautiful but totally ruined estate at the northeast end of the island, called Man of War Bay because ships of the navy often called there on

account of the excellent and sheltered anchorage.

He lived entirely alone in the old sugarworks with a number of cats to keep the rats away. The roof was very leaky, and below every leak he had cut a large circular hole in the floor in order, as he told callers, to prevent the rain from splashing him when it came through.

He had fallen out with the darkies in the estate village, whom he accused of having burned his house down. The darkies disliked him greatly, because, among other things, he resorted to voodoo tricks to scare them, which they thought was not becoming in a white man. Thus at night he would put a human skull with lights inside in front of his door, which he declared was the best protection anyone could want in an island of 20,000 Negroes with perhaps not more than a hundred whites. Thorleif and I paid him a visit one day and he advised us, as newcomers, to do likewise. Then he picked up the skull, patted it affectionately, and said:—

'Poor little girl—I knew her well. She lived in Barbados and I bought her skull there. She's a good companion to me now and a great help.'

He was an educated man and had some good books in tattered covers. How he lived I never discovered. We used to see him occasionally riding on an old mule laden with coconuts and bananas; he used to sell them in Scarborough and buy the few things he needed. Was he mad or only a cynical Diogenes? It was impossible to say.

As for voodooism and other African beliefs and customs, there were still plenty of these among the Tobagonian Negroes. When a death occurred, all the friends and relatives of the deceased would gather in the house for the two nights before the funeral and make a hideous noise, howling and bawling songs of all kinds from spirituals to syncopated jazz tunes, slap-

ping their hands in time to keep out the spirit of the late lamented, which might otherwise return and take possession of the house. They did not, however, forget the spirit's creature comforts, for food and drink were both set out on the doorstep.

From our house on the hill I often heard these curious sounds of revelry going on in the village. Sometimes the noise would die down for a time and then revive with still louder shouting and the beating of drums and kettles, when it was supposed the spirit was trying to enter the house. There were also curious stories of witchcraft, which, however, I never could verify. But, taking them all in all, — except for petty larceny, which they could not resist, — the Tobagonian Negroes were as law-abiding, kindly, and on the whole reasonably hard-working people as anyone could wish for. One great defect they certainly had: it was impossible to rely on them, and if an employer was compelled to go over to Port of Spain on business for two or three days he could not be sure that on his return the nursery would not be all drooping for want of water, or the cocoa beans all mildewed for the lack of drying in the sun. Thorleif and I soon got to know their little failings and to protect ourselves against them with continual vigilance.

* * *

In October I said good-bye to Tobago, carrying with me a satisfactory report as to the number of seedlings prospering in the nursery. I embarked for London much pleased with the progress made, and above all with the happy prospect of seeing my fiancée soon again and making her my wife before the end of the year.

We had corresponded regularly and had thus become better acquainted than ever before. Only one matter had caused a slight cloud. On the beach

I lost a pocketbook containing her photograph. This I duly confessed, not, perhaps, taking the offense as seriously as I should have done. She, on the other hand, seemed to consider it quite a serious matter that a photograph of her might have fallen into the hands of some passing black man. I reflected sadly that a life spent in a convent up to the age of sixteen, and after that in the salons of Rome, might perhaps create a different sense of proportions and values to that created by living, as I had recently been, in the remote corners of the earth. I may say, however, that I never found, then or later, that our different ways of life before our marriage created any serious difference of opinion. We were, indeed, too entirely united over things that really mattered ever — as Robert Louis Stevenson puts it, in his essay on 'Walking Tours' — 'in the face of the gigantic stars to split differences between the degrees of the infinitesimally small, such as a tobacco pipe or the Roman Empire, a million of money or a fiddlestick's end.'

That has always been a favorite quotation of mine, but I have never been able, in Isa's presence, to explain away the, in her eyes, somewhat slighting reference to the Roman Empire, or to make it palatable. Italians, however, when one gets to know them, are the most matter-of-fact people in the world.

* * *

I returned to London in the early part of October, made my report to the Syndicate, and then left as soon as possible for Rome. My poor mother-in-law was stricken with an illness from which she could not recover and was anxious that our wedding should take place without delay, in which we were all agreed.

The religious marriage took place very quietly on the seventeenth of

November in the private chapel of the Palazzo Bandini. The ceremony was performed by Monsignor Merry del Val, which was another link between us. There was a Low Mass at eight in the morning at which only the nearest relations were asked to be present and at which Isa and I went to Communion together for the first time. The wedding service was of the utmost simplicity, just what I should always desire a marriage ceremony to be. After it was over we went upstairs to the *piano nobile*, where the living rooms were situated, and with all the family partook of a real breakfast, not a great luncheon as was the habit in England in those days, with toasts and speeches. Next we followed the good old Roman custom for wedded couples of paying our respects to the shrine of Saint Peter in our wedding garments. Never, certainly, did the great square of St. Peter's look more magnificent to me than in the warm autumn sun of that November day. We then returned to our respective homes (mine was, of course, only an hotel) and changed into ordinary garb.

After a short luncheon at Casa Bandini, Isa and I drove away together in a carriage, for fortunately motor cars had not yet come into public use. Two or three years before, I think, Henry Ford and some five or six others had exhibited a primitive kind of motor at the Chicago Exhibition, and Henry Ford, I have been told, declared himself too poor to pay five dollars for the dinner with which the other inventors wished to celebrate the occasion. But we drove out in state in one of my father-in-law's barouches, and I chose for this honeymoon journey — for it was the only journey we were to have — to drive out through the Porta San Sebastiano, past the little Church of Quo Vadis and the Catacombs of Saint Calixtus and Saint Sebastian, past Cæcilia Metella, along the old Appian

Way out towards Monte Cavo and the Alban Hills, between the crumbling ruins of the ancient Roman tombs. It was a heavenly autumn afternoon, still and warm, blue and misty, the Campagna green with fresh grass after the autumn rains and many flowers coming out again in a kind of pseudo-spring. Yet it was unquestionably autumn, the season of mist and mellow fruitfulness, and although I was happy as I had never been before I felt overcome by the sense of the passing of things, and had I then known it I should probably have repeated Claudel's lovely description of autumn³ — more beautiful perhaps even than that of Keats — ending with the fateful words '*c'en est fait.*'

So, shortly before sunset, — for we were careful in those days never to be out in the Campagna at sunset, — we drove back to our little hotel, the Beausite, which Isa was to exchange for the Palazzo Bandini and where we were to spend the next few weeks, because Isa most rightly would not leave her mother when she was so ill.

* * *

The day after the religious ceremony we went to the Capitol, where the civil marriage was performed by the Syndic of Rome, Prince Poggio-Sussa, who gave us a short homily on the duties of married life. Our witnesses were my father-in-law and Lord Currie, the British Ambassador.

As belonging to the 'Black Society' of Rome, we also went as a matter of course with my father-in-law to pay our respects to the Pope, Leo XIII, and I shall never forget the impression that audience made. I had never before been presented to the Pope, and even now, after so many audiences with Leo XIII, Pius X, Benedict XV, and Pius XI, the ceremony impresses me far

³ 'Octobre,' included in the volume of *Morceaux Choisis*. — AUTHOR

more than that of an audience at any other court that I have attended.

On that day there was enough to make the occasion memorable for me. First, Isa, dressed in black silk, on her head a black lace mantilla with a few diamond brooches to keep it in position, seeming to me more beautiful than ever before. Then my old father-in-law, well over six feet tall and slightly bowed, with his handsome features, white hair, and kindly blue eyes, whom the Swiss Guards, in varicolored sixteenth-century costumes, saluted at the entrance to the Vatican and on every landing as we climbed the long stairs. Finally the great halls, with innumerable pilgrims in black sitting awaiting their public audience; the papal domestics in scarlet with white ruffs; the *camerieri segreti*, gentlemen in waiting, in black with ruffs and swords; the officers of the guard in Napoleonic uniforms; the Monsignori and Cardinals in their respective colors; priests, members of the different orders, brown Franciscans, black Benedictines, white Dominicans, and others. And then at last, after passing through innumerable waiting rooms, we entered a larger room, where, before a great writing table on which stood an ivory crucifix, that extraordinary presence — for one can call him no other — Leo XIII, all in white with a gold chain about his neck and the most impressive head I ever saw on a human body. It was emaciated so that it appeared more like that of a corpse than a living man, with a skin like transparent parchment, a great mouth, great nose, great ears, and great forehead, and deep set in the head the two most living, lustrous black eyes that man ever saw. Once you raised your eyes to those eyes, they held you fascinated; you could see nothing else.

After our three genuflexions and after kissing the Fisherman's ring, we were waved by the ivory hand to three

large carved gilt chairs, my father-in-law naturally occupying that nearest His Holiness. The conversation was not remarkable. How should it have been? Congratulations to Isa and me, questions to my father-in-law about his family, and great concern for the health of Princess Bandini, the Papal Benediction for us all, and it was over. We kissed the ring again on our knees, made two more genuflexions, and then passed out of the room.

There was very little to record in it all, but once again I felt as if I had stood in the presence of a master of men. The other two were very, very different, — Bismarck and Cecil Rhodes, — but while they were colossal men of action, Leo XIII was intellect personified.

Isa and I were happy not to be compelled to accept any invitations. Isa visited her mother daily, and so did I when I was permitted to do so, and I was filled with admiration for her Spartan stoicism and uncomplaining acceptance of pain. On the fifteenth of December the end came, and after a few days more with her family Isa decided we could leave for Portofino to spend Christmas with my sister Elsie Carnarvon at her villa there.

* * *

Those quiet days in those enchanting surroundings made Portofino then and since a place of special attachment for her as well as for me, and I besides was most glad that these two, sister and wife, should during those trying hours have become fast and lifelong friends.

Isa was completely and entirely devoted to her mother, so that these last days were, indeed, days of grief. But as always, in moments of great sorrow, she found her Faith a pillar of support, and this, combined with her great strength of mind, which was like that of an ancient Roman matron, never for

a moment allowed her to give way. Nevertheless the suppression of outward expression also took its toll and she was very weary when we finally left for England. My admiration for her character increased day by day. It is surely in trials such as these that true character can be properly appraised.

After the New Year (1899) we went home slowly from Portofino — Turin, Paris, London.

In Turin, on that occasion, I saw an unforgettable sight. In the morning after our arrival I left Isa resting at the hotel and walked along up to the Superga, the burial place of the Dukes of Savoy and Kings of Sardinia. There was a thick mist, and it seemed as if nothing could ever again be visible through it. I stood on the terrace before the church when suddenly, like the curtain of a theatre, the mist began slowly to rise. First the city below me, then the valley of the Po, then the foothills of the Alps, and finally the white glittering crests of Mont Cenis, of Mont Blanc, and of others stretching away to the east as far as the eye could reach. Above was an immaculate turquoise sky, and all was painted and vividly colored by the clean light of the winter sun. When seen in such cir-

cumstances the view from the Superga is certainly one of the most magnificent in the world.

Then Paris for two or three days was a source of great interest, and finally the landing at Dover and the journey up to London provided Isa with much novelty and excitement, since she had never been out of her own country before. After the greenness of the fields and the comfort and cleanliness of the railway carriages of those days, in comparison with the Continental ones, the thing that pleased and amazed her most was, I believe, the size of the sheep in the fields of Kent — the backs of which, she declared, were as broad as tea trays, so that, if trained, they would be useful for bringing in the morning cup of tea. I replied that I had often thought the backs of the sheep in the Campagna might serve as razors.

We stayed a short time in London, just long enough for her to meet some members of my family. Being in strict mourning, we did not accept any invitations outside the family circle, and then, as soon as possible, we went on to Ravenstone, where we spent quietly and most happily the only entire summer we ever passed there together.

THE MEANING OF LITERARY PRIZES

BY EDWARD WEEKS

I

Two hundred years from now, when subjects for Ph. D. theses will be even further to seek than they are to-day, when there will hardly be a minor poet, an obscure essayist, or an obscene fiction writer whose past has escaped these academic detectives — in that dim future some bright boy will suddenly begin to wonder about the Literary Prizes of the Twentieth Century, and his degree will be assured. For prizes are a phenomenon of our time: their foundation coincides with the increasing popularity of reading; their revenues have helped to liberate authors from commercial competition, and their recognition is, in a generous sense, the equivalent of what the laurel wreath meant to the Greek and what royal or Medici patronage meant to the Renaissance artist or poet. Cash, it seems, is the most satisfying reward an industrial age can bestow; it is our most powerful stimulant for new enterprise. Four hundred thousand francs are held to-day in trust by the French Academy for the first person to establish communication with the planet Mars. We offer cash awards for the daring exploits in aviation, cash awards for those who most advance the cause of peace, cash awards for the winners of dance marathons. Our writers are stimulated by the same inducement.

Prizes played little part in the literature of the nineteenth century. Certain honors, it is true, were reserved for the

mature few: in England a gentle pasture was apportioned to that elderly browser, the Poet Laureate; there was an occasional title conferred upon a writer at the Birthday Honours, and in a pinch there were grants — Samuel Johnson long hoped for one a century earlier — bestowed by king or wealthy patron upon an author in need. But such endowments were very rare. And in the United States they took the more indirect form of sinecures. Nathaniel Hawthorne was made our Consul at Liverpool; Herman Melville sought a similar appointment to relieve his financial worries, and even as recently as 1904 you will find President Roosevelt placing Edwin Arlington Robinson in the Customs Office as a means of encouraging the poetry to come. But writers of the nineteenth century, writers whom we now classify under the tag of 'Victorian,' seldom secured such relief. They found hope in the fact that the reading public was steadily widening, they sighed with relief when in the 1880's the passage of copyright laws put an end to pirated editions, and they were thankful for the serialization of their work, indicating, as it did, a fresh source of earned income. But cash awards were left out of their reckoning.

The first literary prizes to appear in the twentieth century were without any stigma of commercialism: the Nobel Prizes in Sweden, the Prix Goncourt

and the Prix Femina in France, the Hawthornden Prize in England, the Pulitzer Prizes in the United States, however they might qualify the age, nationality, or subject matter of the author, were, broadly speaking, rewards in recognition of literary excellence.

The Nobel Prizes¹ perpetuate the memory and wealth of Alfred Bernhard Nobel, a Swedish inventor whose fortune was made by his discovery of dynamite in 1865-1866. As if to counteract the danger of some of his inventions, his will provided as beneficent a series of gifts as could well be imagined. In 1850 Nobel visited the United States, where he served an apprenticeship under an elder Scandinavian inventor, John Ericsson, who was one day to design the *Monitor*, but whose livelihood at that time was very precarious. Perhaps it was the remembrance of those struggling years that first gave Nobel the idea of a fund to aid scientists in their experiments, and to support them during their terms of discouragement. As his fortune enlarged, so did the idea of his bequest. On his death he willed that the interest on his capital should each year be divided into five prizes, one to be awarded in the domain of Physics, one in Chemistry, one in Physiology or Medicine, one in the cause of Peace, and one in Literature. According to the will the latter is to be given annually to 'the person who shall have produced in the field of literature the most distinguished work of an idealistic tendency.' The choice is made by the Swedish Academy. The value of the award, which now fluctuates between forty and forty-eight thousand dollars, ought to be sufficient to provide security for any intellect — save perhaps those in the U. S. S. R.

The Prix Goncourt, since its first award in 1903, has proved to be the

most exciting, the most coveted plum in France. It goes almost invariably to a young writer and its influence is more marked than the citations which the French Academy bestows upon the mossbacks. The Prix Goncourt, as has been well said, is a 'steppingstone, not a tombstone.' One other award in France has had its repercussions abroad. In 1904 two French periodicals, *Femina* and *La Vie Heureuse*, joined forces in awarding a prize of five thousand francs to 'the best work of imagination in the French language' — the best, that is to say, in the eyes of a committee of French women writers. In the amity of post-war feeling the Femina Committee created a like prize which, since 1919, they have conferred upon English authors. And in 1932 they created the Prix Femina Américain.

The most valuable literary awards in Great Britain are, first, the James Tait Black Memorial Prizes which, in the spring of the year, are adjudged to a biography and a novel of British origin, 'the best' in this case being determined by the professor of English at Edinburgh; secondly, the Hawthornden Prize, which is designed for 'the best work of imaginative literature' by an English writer under forty-one. The Pulitzer Prizes in Letters are similarly confined to American authors, and by the original deed of gift were somewhat restricted in subject matter as well.

That the latter restrictions might prove onerous was little suspected by the Committee when in May 1926 they awarded the novel prize to *Arrowsmith* by Sinclair Lewis. Mr. Lewis was a realist who occasionally saw life as through a glass darkly. He is also a redhead and it irked him to think that his work should be regarded as having conformed to any set formula. His rejection of the award followed swiftly on the heels of the original announcement;

¹ For these details I am indebted to *The Nobel Prize Winners in Literature, 1901-1931*, by Annie Russell Marble. — AUTHOR

his action caught the front page, and the reasons for it were explained by Mr. Lewis in the following letter which was printed in the *Publishers' Weekly* of May 8:—

I wish [so wrote Mr. Lewis to the Pulitzer Prize Committee] to acknowledge your choice of my novel *Arrowsmith* for the Pulitzer Prize. That prize I must refuse, and my refusal would be meaningless unless I explained the reason.

All prizes, like all titles, are dangerous. The seekers for prizes tend to labor not for inherent excellence but for alien rewards; they tend to write this, or timorously to avoid writing that, in order to tickle the prejudices of a haphazard committee. And the Pulitzer Prize for Novels is peculiarly objectionable because the terms of it have been constantly and grievously misrepresented.

Those terms are that the prize shall be given 'for the American novel published during the year which shall best present the wholesome atmosphere of American manners and manhood.' This phrase, if it means anything whatever, would appear to mean that the appraisal of the novels shall be made not according to their actual literary merit but in obedience to whatever code of Good Form may chance to be popular at the moment.

That there is such a limitation of the award is little understood. Because of the condensed manner in which the announcement is usually reported and because certain publishers have trumpeted that any novel which has received the Pulitzer Prize has thus been established without qualification as *the best* novel, the public has come to believe that the prize is the highest honor which an American novelist can receive.

The Pulitzer Prize for Novels signifies, already, much more than a convenient thousand dollars to be accepted even by such writers as smile secretly at the actual wording of the terms. It is tending to become a sanctified tradition. There is a general belief that the administrators of the prize are a pontifical body with the discernment and the power to grant the prize as the ultimate proof of merit. It is believed that they are always guided by a committee of

responsible critics, though in the case both of this and other Pulitzer Prizes, the administrators can, and sometimes do, quite arbitrarily reject the recommendations of their supposed advisers.

If already the Pulitzer Prize is so important, it is not absurd to suggest that in another generation it may, with the actual terms of the award ignored, become the one thing for which any ambitious novelist will strive; and the administrators of the prize may become a supreme court, a college of cardinals, so rooted and so sacred that to challenge them will be to commit blasphemy. Such is the French Academy, and we have had the spectacle of even an Anatole France intriguing for election.

Only by regularly refusing the Pulitzer Prize can novelists keep such a power from being permanently set up over them.

Between the Pulitzer Prizes, the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and its training school, the National Institute of Arts and Letters, amateur boards of censorship, and the inquisition of earnest literary ladies, every compulsion is put upon writers to become safe, polite, obedient, and sterile. In protest, I declined election to the National Institute of Arts and Letters some years ago, and now I must decline the Pulitzer Prize.

I invite other writers to consider the fact that by accepting the prizes and approval of these vague institutions, we are admitting their authority, publicly confirming them as the final judge of literary excellence, and I inquire whether any prize is worth that subservience.²

Whatever the provocation, the wording which defined the Pulitzer Prize Novel was subsequently changed. That fiction award is now intended for 'the best novel published during the year by an American author, preferably dealing with American life.' It may be added

² Writing on August 8, 1935, Mr. Lewis comments on his own letter: 'I still think this is a reasonable comment on prizes in general, although I do think that the standard of freedom in the judging of novels for the Pulitzer Prize has vastly improved in the nine years since 1926, when I wrote the above. Certainly *Now in November* by Josephine Johnson was an admirable choice.'—AUTHOR

that Mr. Lewis had no thought of declining the Nobel Prize when it came his way four years later.

II

The Nobel Prize is unquestionably the greatest honor in the contemporary world of letters. It favors no nationality; it takes into account not one book but the entire range of a writer's work, and naturally enough it is awarded in most cases in the autumn of a career when maturity has had its say. It is, in short, recognition of achievement and an epitaph of the past. Obviously, I make an exception of the one American prize winner when I say this: Mr. Lewis, I hope, has many years of production ahead.

The lesser prizes which I have specified are more partisan in their intent, more contemporary in their choice. In terms of hard cash not one of them amounts to much more than one fortieth of the Nobel Prize. But they possess a sterling virtue which as an editor I am quick to appreciate. They single out an author who might otherwise be neglected; they beat the drum for him, they remind you that here's a man whose book you can't afford to miss. Few bookmen in England had heard of Henry Williamson until the Hawthornden Prize helped to illuminate the value of his *Tarka the Otter*. When the judges of the Prix Goncourt in 1933 chose *Man's Fate* by André Malraux for their award they called your and my attention to one of the most vigorous of the younger talents in France. In the first eleven months of its publication, a first novel, *Now in November*, by Josephine Johnson, sold approximately 10,000 copies. During the forty-eight hours following its selection for the Pulitzer Prize the publishers received 9000 reorders. In short, these lesser national prizes act as a stimulant not only to the writer but to the public.

No one not in the trade can have a fair idea of the battle of books. The competition between authors is more fierce, more unrelenting, to-day than ever I can think of. Democracy did not complete its education when it trained the crowd how to read. Once you begin to relish books you are tempted to write them. And there's the rub. Despite the lean years since 1930, despite the reduction in office force, despite the recognized and drastic decline in book buying, American publishers cannot bring themselves to issue less than approximately 5000 new and different titles every year. If a college graduate consumes twenty-five books in a twelve-month he's doing better than average. Do those two figures balance?

There is evidently a crying need for emphasis and selection. The point is that literary prizes made their appearance at a time when more books were being written than the public could possibly enjoy, at a time when some selective, or, if you like, some exterminating process was urgently needed by the casual reader, and — for this is equally patent — at a time when the industry of writing had become so overpopulated that writers were unable to secure a decent recognition, much less a good butter-and-eggs livelihood. A substantial cash prize, you see, had the effect of making almost everybody happy: deserving new literature was set apart for immediate attention; the reader was given an incentive to buy and talk about a book such as he never experienced before, and the author was given not only a feather for his cap but a bank roll nearly sufficient to pay his debts.

A theatrical producer or an editor knows that not until the public begins to talk about his play or his book is success definitely in sight. 'Word-of-mouth advertising,' like sex appeal or an infectious laugh, is something money cannot buy. It goes without saying

that people will talk about a prize winner: half of them will praise it to the skies, the other half will say that they can't for the life of them see why the judges picked it out. Not even the Nobel Prizes are exempt from this hypercriticism. The expostulation of certain old but rather well-known fogies concerning the nomination of Mr. Sinclair Lewis was enough to make one grin. There is a perversity in us that sets us to finding fault the moment we hear that someone or something is acknowledged as extraordinary. But, perverse or otherwise, tongues will always wag when honors are awarded. So reputations are made.

It did not take publishers long to recognize that the acclaim, the emphasis, given to a prize book was the best advertising possible. The Pulitzer Prize in fiction is said to prompt reorders of from thirty to sixty thousand copies. Well, thinks your ambitious editor, why not award a prize of our own: we'll consult some nonpartisan judges, we'll grade the candidates as fairly as possible, and we'll have at least one book on our list that the public will want to read. Thus by a logical step literary prizes passed into commerce. We have to-day prize contests for short stories, for first novels, for college humor, prize contests for mystery stories and for non-fiction, for manuscripts which are to be serialized, published, translated, dramatized, broadcast, and finally dumped into Hollywood.

III

It is, I think, rather amusing to conjecture what goes on behind the closed doors of the Swedish Academy when the Nobel Prizes are at stake, what passes through the mind of that solitary Scotch professor before he confers the James Tait Black awards, what ideals, what motives, and what apprehensions plague those carefully veiled commit-

tees which dispense the Pulitzer Prizes. The Swedes must take a bird's-eye view of all contemporary literature. What about that Argentine with the unpronounceable name — is he really first-rate and are Argentine reviewers to be trusted? And what about Herr Schnapps, who has been banished from the Fatherland and whose books have been burned by *Der Führer*? What about Signor Ravioli who has been banished from Italy and whose life works have been condemned by Mussolini? What about Ivan Caviar, that Russian exile novelist now being lionized in Paris? You can picture the international complications. And meanwhile in other countries responsible souls — the English professor at Edinburgh, the French ladies of the Prix Femina-Vie Heureuse, the frowning representatives of Mr. Pulitzer — are cogitating upon 'the best' — *really* the best — novel, play, or biography of the year. Snooks has never had it — but his last book was such *vieux jeu*. Why must Jones be so sensual — is n't he doing it to catch the public eye? That Brown woman writes very well, but she has n't a thing worth saying! . . . 'Ladies and gentlemen, we take pleasure in announcing . . .'

But it is no longer a matter of conjecture as to what happens when a publisher awards a prize. I have weathered eight book competitions, my duties being those of the presiding editor and one of the final judges. Eight spring freshets of manuscripts have periodically swept into our shop. When the men from the shipping room stop bringing them up by hand, when along the hall come the creaking wheels of the office truck loaded to the gunwales with those unmistakable brown packages, I know that the season of competition has arrived. Long picnic tables (but this is no picnic) are laid out on wooden horses and upon them are stacked the candidates as fast

as they can be opened and registered in our file. To catalogue a thousand manuscripts so that each may — if necessary — be returned to its rightful address with the provided insurance and postage is an exacting task. Manuscripts should not be lost in transit; no two of them should be allowed to inhabit the same cardboard box — though, like lovers, they will try to if you are not careful; care also must be taken that the readers' reports — blunt and outspoken as they can be — are not inadvertently sent home with the rejected. We want no hurt feelings. Meantime my desk has been deluged with envelopes of illustrations, letters containing last chapters which were inadvertently omitted from one or another of the candidates, affidavits intended to prove that an historical drama of Henry VIII in rhymed couplets is true, every word of it — these and half a hundred other complaints, inquiries, and protestations swamp my correspondence baskets.

When these details crowd in on me for attention I realize why Rip Van Winkle went away.

To meet the emergency a staff of first readers take their place in the office, tried and true critics who have responded to my call on previous occasions. And then we begin to fish our stream. To make our routine picturesque, think of us as salmon fishermen, casting the day long. The small fry — 'I am sending you an 18,000-word painting of my Uncle William, a sea captain,' or, 'I hope you will want this 20,000-word book on God versus Science,' manuscripts under the required length — are dropped back into the current as fast as they come. But it takes more time to separate the bright fish from the kelts (which have length, but little weight or brilliance). Manuscripts judged to be without hope are marked with the letter 'D' — not for 'damnation,' but 'decline' — and

beneath this stigma is written a report, as short and telling as possible. The 'D's' are stacked up on one special table and there they await my inspection. For as the presiding editor, the veteran angler, as it were, I must make sure that nothing good has been lost sight of. I shall never forget an incident that occurred early in my experience. In the midst of examining a pile of 'D's' I came upon a substantial manuscript, carefully typed and bound, which for reasons unexpressed the first reader had ticketed as 'on the whole a rather vulgar story.' I had not read far in it myself before I realized that 'vulgar' was not the word. That book was eventually awarded the prize. The first reader's license was not renewed.

The unmistakably bright fish are, of course, of different weights and sizes. They are played more slowly, and when a good one comes to the surface a shout goes up and the word spreads. They, too, are segregated on a special table from which they will be withdrawn for two, three, or half a dozen readings, depending upon the insistence of their claims. Each reader as he finishes sums up his own conclusions and adds them to the dossier. This judging of the bright fish goes on long after the last hopeless manuscript has been returned to its maker. The number narrows down from thirty to fifteen, and again to seven or eight. A typewritten digest of the opinions passed upon these finalists is then prepared for the five editorial judges, and at last, when the atmosphere has become decisive, a round-table meeting is held: the digests are discussed, a vote taken — and a telegram of congratulations dispatched. This business of selection occupies from eight to nine weeks. The effect upon the readers is exciting and wearing; the pace of the work tires the eyes and upsets the digestion. In a recent contest we judged 1400 manuscripts totaling approximately 98 million words.

I have said that every manuscript save those disqualified by being too short is read at least twice. This is true — though it is not to say that they are read from cover to cover. A precedent insists that a reader give the first fifty pages of every manuscript a fair hearing. Remembering how important are our first impressions throughout life, it would seem to me only natural that a writer should spend a good deal of time satisfying himself that his story gets off to a good start. Within the first fifty pages an impression is created of whether or not the author is at home with words, whether he is a stylist; within their scope the narrative has to be set in motion and the characters introduced to the reader and identified with enough magnetism to make one wish to know them better. Spotty typing, errors in spelling or punctuation, won't worry a trained reader. He is intent on something else: he has got to keep his ear tuned for the really distinctive style and his eye on the look-out for a manuscript which, however rough it may appear on the surface, has within it the makings of a good book. If the style is plainly unimpressive, the reader will begin to skip forward, reading for the story alone, watching the development of the plot and character and giving particular heed to the climax. When Mary shoots John, when the automobile goes over the cliff, when the sea captain sinks or swims, then you can tell whether the book will meet the test of credibility.

It can be a grind, this search for the hidden talent, but, like anything worth doing, it is relieved by touches of unsuspected humor along the way. Mixed metaphors, figures that have slipped out of hand, characterizations which tell more than they intend, have a way of rewarding the eyes when least expected.

Let us suppose that I turn into my tenth manuscript on a rainy April

morning and find at the outset this introductory letter from the author: —

GENTLEMEN:

Am entering this novel for consideration in your Prize Contest. The work has been truly inspired. God gave it to me almost chapter by chapter with but a minimum of interference on my part from December 1st to March 25th. Trusting the results with God and you, I remain . . .

Suppose that several hours later I am laboring with another and quite different novel when suddenly I am rewarded by this happy characterization: —

Sarah Lovelock's face with its mass of bright bobbed hair was very intriguing. Her conversation, when surrounded by men, bubbled, not gushed, but she was capable of long discussion that had depth, too.

Or again, suppose that the end of the day is at hand. I reach for just one more candidate to complete my quota and find that not altogether unexpected phenomenon, a travel diary disguised as a tourist romance but based, as the young author tells us, upon 'a good memory which is common to people who love profoundly.' The work is illustrated with picture postcards. And in the spring of 1934 there is this sobering thought: —

March 30. Liverpool.

A terrible thing has happened. Mrs. Purvis was killed. Her neck was broken by being folded up in a folding bed. Evidently she and Mr. Purvis were unfamiliar with the contraption: when he got up he touched the wrong button or something slipped. Anyhow it folded up quick as a wink before he could do a thing. It was very sudden and very grave.

I sometimes think I know more about my acquaintances after they are gone.

Believe me, such accidents are not confined to the work of amateurs. They have been known to occur in the pages of the best-equipped writers. If I allude to them it is not to sneer, but

rather to pay my respects to those touches of natural comedy which are so heaven-sent in relieving the tension of our day.

Sometime in the course of our judging a single bright manuscript will emerge — to use our fishing figure for the last time, call it a 36-pound Restigouche salmon — which is gradually recognized as having set a standard. As reader after reader examines this work the conviction grows that the other contenders will either have to surpass this competitor or be dismissed. Is this evidence of that conformity which Mr. Sinclair Lewis found so objectionable? I don't think so. For the truth is that we have no preconceived notion of what the standard-bearer is to be. Having judged a number of previous competitions, we are of course familiar with the points of excellence in the previous prize winners. But we recognize, and so I believe does Mr. Lewis, who has himself acted as a judge in the Harper contests, that neither among the judges nor among the more promising competitors is there any determination to repeat a success.

It not infrequently happens that two such standard-bearers appear, books which have no more resemblance than that between a dancing pump and a riding boot. Compared with these two the other finalists are clearly also-rans. Each of the two books, of course, has its supporters, and when the time comes to argue their respective merits the question is not, 'Which will sell the best?' The question is simply, 'Which is the more interesting, the more distinctive book?' Whatever the terms of the award may be and however the competition may be restricted, — whether for first novels, for proletarian novels, or for books of non-fiction, — the decision in the end and in the mind of every judge must be determined by this double-barreled query: 'Is it interesting and is it distinctive?'

The initial distinction between literary awards and publishers' prizes is simple enough. The first is a recognition of achievement; the second, a stimulant to evoke the best work procurable. Literary awards in most cases are conferred upon writers of established reputation; publishers' prizes, on the other hand, are much more apt to single out new writers of promise. I think Mr. Lewis is right when he asserts that all prizes are 'dangerous.' In the case of literary awards there is always the danger that the honor may become too sanctified, the definition of the winner too rigid, the deliberations of the committee too pompous. In the case of the publishers' prizes there is the danger — an insistent one to-day — that too much may be expected of the prize-winning book. It is one thing to offer a prize for a book of whatever subject. But in my judgment it is much more difficult and much more fallacious to hold out a prize for a manuscript which will be at once a good book, a good magazine serial, a good plot for a play, and a good scenario for Hollywood. When prize offers are put together representing those four industries, the chances are four to one that Hollywood will win. You may get an exciting yarn, but the chances are four to one that it won't be literature. Such dangers must be clear enough to any reflective reader. But to say that a thing is dangerous is not to say that it is essentially bad. Literary awards and publishers' prizes both, it seems to me, have proved their worth. In a time of overproduction they have provided us with a much-needed method of selection. More often rightly than wrongly, they have held up for the public's regard a book to be read; not infrequently they have been the means of discovering genuine talent. Prizes, I think, are the best form of patronage surviving in a democratic world of letters.

SONNETS FOR OCTOBER

ETHIOPIA

AYE, lift the sword that once in Pompey's hand
Carved from the south the granaries of Rome,
And let old Tiber, rolling in his sand,
Bear to the sea an even angrier foam.
Now is a darkness gathered on the deep,
And all the winds are hurrying to war;
The thrush of peace is silent in her sleep,
The lark of liberty will sing no more.
O Ethiopia, O lonely ground,
Where lies the lion of your freedom now?
The vultures gather with a greedy sound,
Alert and hungry on the empty bough.
Awake, you poets! Drowsy-headed throng —
If freedom dies, you will not sleep for long!

ROBERT NATHAN

WISDOM

CLEAN after rains is this October night,
Clear and ringing pure its frosty air,
An endless sky, deep-doming, blue, looms far
Beyond the near stars' vast and shivered light;
Windy its voice that with a gusty might
Sings through the trees. The black branches are bare,
Save for one perfect leaf. That gust shall tear
It loose, this one surely! — The leaf clings tight.
I hear the dry leaves crackling underfoot,
Dusty fragrance I stir with every tread:
These are the wise ones, these the ones who said —
'The game is up. The wind is here. And soot
Of autumn fires.' So, daintily they put
Forth, their flight was pretty, and now — now they are dead!

PAUL HOFFMAN

RASPBERRY-DOWN-THE-CELLAR

BY MAXINE FINSTERWALD

I

AUNT AUGUSTA swims in the Pacific now, and Uncle August, holding the extra-big Turkish towel, stands on the shore, watching. When it looks to him as if his wife were parallel to the big rock and the cypress tree on the Clinton estate, he cups his hands to his mouth: 'Enough is enough, Augusta. Come back!'

Measuring distance from the shore is often deceiving, and, too, August is inclined to cheat a little, but not Augusta. She goes serenely on, holding her majestic head with its great pile of silver hair well above the water. She knows every stroke, but the old-fashioned breast stroke, with the head up and the one-to-four leisurely motion, — hands at chest, extended, flung to the sides, and then drawn close to the body, — pleases her most.

When she is directly opposite the cypress tree, she makes a wide circle and comes back to the little fretful figure on the shore, a good half mile away. As soon as her legs scrape the hard sand bottom, the firm magnificent six feet of her rises from the water, and without one backward glance at the alluring Pacific, without once playing with the waves that lap her abdomen, her knees, her toes, she takes her snowy towel from her husband.

'That was fine, August. You should learn to swim.'

'Ja,' sighs my uncle.

She wrings the voluminous skirt of

her bathing suit dry, rubs her face and legs, throws her towel over her shoulders, and in silence she and August walk back to their little cottage. Aunt Augusta disappears into the house to dress and Uncle August goes to his hammock, puts his newspaper over his head, and sleeps till dinnertime.

That's just the way it is now.

I was West a month ago, and, though I had no real business in southern California, I made a special point of going to Long Beach to visit them. And that's the procedure. It's exactly the same as it was at Echo Lake years ago; only Aunt Augusta swims alone. Her eight girls are married now and none of them live in California.

Aunt Augusta has changed very little in the five years since she packed her swimming suits, her book of recipes, and Uncle August and waved good-bye to us in Milton. She is sixty-five, but she is as tall and straight and precise in her movements as she was twenty years past. Her eyes are not as sharp a blue as they once were, and she is prone not to listen when you talk but to sit gazing at her son. It was a great shock to me to see a photograph of William on the living-room mantel and on her dressing table. In Milton, from the day she heard of his death until her last evening among us, she never mentioned his name or allowed a picture of him in the house.

Augusta has always been an enigma

to her husband's family. My aunts say she's pigheaded and selfish, still they respect her. They have to. She measures up to the highest standards in housekeeping, wifehood, and motherhood — and in feminine beauty, too. Though they resent her perfection, they grudgingly accede that she made good her wildest boast. She said when her oldest daughter was fourteen and the youngest a baby: 'I have wanted five boys and I have eight daughters and only one son, but I don't cry about it. Every girl will be married before she is twenty-four.'

Her sisters-in-law have never forgotten that statement. To this day in family gatherings we often argue over what was the most important factor in Aunt Augusta's success: Compulsory swimming? Household duties? Raspberry-down-the-cellar?

II

Aunt Caroline, who patronizes every fortune teller, palmist, and astrologer in town to learn the fate of her three spinster daughters (we still call girls over twenty-five that in Milton), accuses Augusta of using a love potion in Raspberry-down-the-cellar. She always laughs when she says it, but she's only half in jest. That dessert has played an important part in the life of every Keller girl. Their mother always served it, either before an engagement when the man in question was asked to dinner, or, if the proposal came before the intended dinner, as the climax of the wedding feast.

Raspberry-down-the-cellar is n't its real name. It has some impossible German one, but William named it that long ago. It deserves a much more ambrosial designation. When once you taste that dessert you can never forget it. You feel Olympian. Its fragrance lingers with you as does that of a rare wine, and you learn to treasure its

memory, for you cannot repeat the experience at will. Augusta's recipe is a secret. She always made it a day ahead and kept it under lock and key in the fruit cellar. No one was ever allowed to fetch it or take it from the castle-on-the-Rhine mould but herself.

We'll never know just how much faith Aunt Augusta had in Raspberry-down-the-cellar as an aid to matrimony. I'm inclined to think that when she came to America at the age of eighteen with a satchel of clothes and a book of family recipes, she simply thought of it as a good party dish, and that it was not until it became famous that she decided to keep it shrouded in mystery.

Augusta believes that women have only two functions in life: to be a wife and to be a mother. She groomed her daughters from birth for the marriage market. To each one she gave a romantic name: Claire, Gwendolyn, Lucrece, Rosalyn, Janice, Carmen, Juliet, Eloise.

Uncle August, who liked good prose names, objected each time. He resented the name of Carmen especially. 'That's no name at all; that's an opera. Think what you do.'

'I think — that's why I do it, August. I have made a study of America.'

'Ach!' But my uncle gave in. In his home he was ever an ejaculating rather than a wordy man. On High Street, August Keller was respected as a shrewd and level-headed business man, but before Augusta he was always bewildered and uncertain. She never nagged him or belittled him with her tongue. He was the nominal head of the household, but one knew that she kept him on the throne because she wanted him there. She served him well — cared for his clothes, his meals, and his little comforts — suffered his clumsy adoration. She never betrayed any affection for him or a desire for his companionship. When she talked to him it was always a consultation.

During the winter, the Kellers lived in town in the big brown house on Longfellow Avenue. Aunt Augusta believed that women should have a consummate knowledge of housekeeping. She never kept a servant, but relegated all the work to her daughters. Each one was responsible for a certain room. The big daily jobs, such as marketing and cooking, and the weekly ones, like washing, ironing, and mending, rotated among the older girls. With duties, schoolwork, and music lessons, they were pretty well tied down during the week. Our good times in Milton were adjusted to the Keller routine. We often grumbled about it, but we never rebelled. My cousins were too great a power in the younger set for anyone to risk offending them. Invitations to Echo Lake were too coveted.

Their town house was a magnet for week-end gatherings in the winter, but it was at their cottage that we had the most fun. Carmen is my closest friend in the family, and every summer for ten years I used to spend a month there as her guest. The house was a simple one, with four huge screened verandahs, flanked by a continuous line of cots. There was ample room for friends, and friends were eager to come. There was a canoe, a tennis court, and a lawn rolling down to the lake. We always ate outside at a long table guarded by a tall elm and a white pine — and oh, the food was good!

Routine was forgotten. Company and daughters spent the long summer days as they pleased. Of course we always made our beds, set the table, and did the dishes, but Aunt Augusta did n't demand it. There was only one rule, and that was an adamant one. At eight o'clock in the morning and at four sharp, Aunt Augusta struck her Chinese gong. Swimming time. Books were closed, tennis rackets dropped, skirts and blouses were ripped off and swimming suits donned. Everyone fol-

lowed my aunt down the path to the lake.

If it were a week-end and Uncle August was there, he would leave his hammock and come down to the shore to watch. Even on the hottest days he would not so much as put his foot in the water. 'Na, na,' he would say and plead with his wife, 'Augusta, be careful. They all follow.' He'd stand there gnawing his lip, lost in the dust of his children's laughter as one daughter after another waded from him.

Augusta never looked back to shore. She *knew* her bevy of girls would follow her across the lake and back and that their guests would pursue if they could. When they returned from their mile-and-a-half swim, she would rise wordlessly from the water, methodically dry herself, and go into the house. August puffed his way back to his hammock, and the girls, now that their duty was done, dawdled on the shore as long as they wished.

My aunt liked to be ragged about her swimming school. She always had a ready answer: 'Raising daughters is a business. Some women leave too much to God. Beauty, yes, but health and a good figure — that's another story.'

III

Right here let me say that the Keller girls were always in demand for any histrionic activities in our county. We are addicted to pageants in Milton. We have one in the fall to celebrate the crops, in the spring for the cherry blossoms, and we're liable to have one for no reason at all. No one ever tried to compete with Augusta's daughters for parts. They were the spirits supreme, of Liberty, Justice, Equality, and Upper Michigan. Once all eight of them were goddesses. It was practically a Keller harvest of plenty, and a splendid boost for Milton. They made such handsome statues that their pic-

ture was printed in the rotogravure section of all the state papers and even of the *New York Times*. We've never been able to achieve such publicity again, but then our fêtes have never had quite the same éclat that they had in the days of the Augusta pageants. My aunt always designed the important costumes then, and nobody can drape a piece of cheesecloth with quite the same classic elegance.

Augusta thought that every woman should be 'artistic.' When any one of her girls showed a special flair for drawing, dancing, or music, she was encouraged to study with the best teacher in town, but if she started to take her work seriously and began talking about a career, the lessons were abruptly stopped. Augusta was dead-set against higher education for women, too. I remember her brief tussle with Lucrece, who had a scholarly bent and wanted to go to the state university.

After much bolstering up from the rest of us, she confronted her mother, who sat in her fan chair under the tall elm, hemming a tablecloth. 'Mother, if I'm going to Michigan this fall, I ought to send in my application.'

'You have decided to go? Your father and I do not approve of college; you are too many.'

'But if I work my way through?'

Aunt Augusta was too wise ever to give a flat negative answer. 'And what will you have then that Claire and Gwendolyn have missed?'

'A little knowledge. I'll get a job. I'll be free.'

'So,' said my aunt, her needle never losing its rhythm. 'Free. For what? A woman's place is in the home. It always was and always will be. Will you find a husband at college?'

'Why — I don't know,' stammered Lucrece.

'Nor do I,' said her mother.

Aunt Augusta's method of quashing filial rebellion was simple: first logic,

then arbitrary discipline. She was not always successful, but this much must be said for her — when she surrendered, she acknowledged her defeat with a haughty, uncomplaining grace. I've always admired the manner in which she yielded to Rosalyn. The victory was Rosalyn's, but Aunt Augusta's manoeuvres were brilliant. I was at Echo Lake at the end of their silent battle, when Aunt Augusta admitted she was vanquished and served Raspberry-down-the-cellar for dinner.

That was ten years ago. Claire, Gwendolyn, and Janice were married then. Rosalyn, who is older than Janice, was still single. Rosalyn had been visiting cousins in St. Louis the months of June and July. All Milton whispered when she went away. The Keller children, even the marrieds and their babies, were expected to be at Echo Lake in the summer. Aunt Augusta said that Rosalyn needed a doctor's care in the city, but everybody knew it was an alibi. She was shipped South because of Joe Brookhart.

Rosalyn's trip improved neither her spirits nor her health. When she returned to the cottage in August, she was pale, listless, and indifferent to all activities, even to the summons of the Chinese gong.

Carmen and I were her confidantes, but she was very sparing in her confessions to us. She told us, though, that she had had three proposals of marriage. When we pressed her for details she said, 'Oh, what's the use? They were hateful men, every one of them. Cousin Annie did everything she could to push Arthur Hilmzt on to me. I know Mother was in back of it too. His father owns a department store. But I'll never marry that sap — never, never! I don't care how much money he has!'

'Have you told Mother yet?'

'I wrote her just before I came home. We have n't talked about it since I've

been here. She met me at the train, too. I did n't even have an hour alone in Milton.'

Carmen and I were sympathetic. Rosalyn had been in love since her high-school days with Joe Brookhart, and, although he was handsome and a leader at school, he came from the wrong kind of people. His father was a drunkard — worse than that, he was serving a prison term for robbery — and Joe had a mother and a sister to support. Rosalyn had had many admirers, but she had never cared for anyone but Joe. In the spring she had told her parents that she was going to marry him with or without their consent. Augusta had suggested that she go away and think it over. When Rosalyn returned to Echo Lake, she avoided her mother and spent most of her time taking long walks by herself, coming back red-nosed and red-eyed. Then one day Aunt Augusta asked her why she did n't invite Joe out for a weekend.

We were all pretty much excited when we heard that. There was an immediate change in Rosalyn. By the end of the week, the color was back in her cheeks and she was the first one to follow her mother into the lake.

When Joe came we all were very nice to him. It was n't difficult. Joe is nice himself. He and Rosalyn, both so straight and blond and tall, were so happy to be together, it made the rest of us feel we were intruding if we ventured near them. They did n't give us much opportunity either.

On Saturday night they took the canoe and paddled out to the centre of the lake. Aunt Augusta, sitting in her fan chair, and Uncle August, lying in the hammock, could see their heads purple against the sunset as they sat in the canoe. When Carmen and I passed her parents on our way to the willow tree, I said to my aunt, 'We're going to watch the lovers, too.' It was bold of

me, but I wanted to know what she'd say.

'Take some punk with you; the mosquitoes are very bad,' was her reply.

'What do you suppose she's thinking?' I asked Carmen when we were out of earshot. 'I've watched her all day, but I can't tell.'

Carmen laughed. 'No one ever knows what she *thinks*, but Rosalyn's going to marry Joe all right. Mother gave me a dozen napkins to hem this afternoon and she spent all morning in the cellar.'

Sunday for dinner we had Raspberry-down-the-cellar. If Aunt Augusta had n't looked so forbidding, we should have circled around Rosalyn and Joe and congratulated them. As it was, nobody but Joe said anything. It was the first time he had tasted the dessert. He ate it slowly, dreamily, and when he had licked his spoon clean of the last morsel he said, 'This — this is perfect, Mrs. Keller.'

'We find it good,' said Aunt Augusta, her eyes controlling the table.

'Ach, it is quite all right,' said Uncle August, nodding to Rosalyn.

Rosalyn flushed a deep red, her eyes blurred, and she left the table.

'Excuse me.' Joe dashed after her. They hid behind the willow tree. It's such a spreading tree, we could only see a bit of Rosalyn's dress.

Uncle August spent the afternoon in his hammock; Aunt Augusta in her lawn chair, hemming a tablecloth. The rest of us clustered on the porch, whispering.

'Mother's given her consent.'

'Not really!'

'It amounts to the same thing. She never makes Raspberry-down-the-cellar except for Papa's birthday — for William's, too, when he was alive — and on very special occasions.'

'I'm so glad!'

'Oh, she knows everything! She even knows when to give in!'

They always spoke of their mother in a curious impersonal way, as if she were their teacher and they were her students being trained for life. They obeyed her and admired her, but they never loved her as they loved each other and their fumbling, inconsequential father.

Rosalyn and Joe were married at the end of the summer, and Rosalyn had as fine a trousseau and as expensive a wedding as the daughters before her.

Of course her sisters-in-law had a great deal to say to Augusta about the match. Aunt Caroline, whose girls were all in their shady twenties, was especially exultant. 'A Brookhart! What next! I'd die before seeing one of my daughters marry into *that* family. Augusta, how can you countenance such a thing?'

'There is such a thing as fate,' answered Augusta, her head high. It was the nearest she ever came to any explanation or apology for her consent.

IV

Though Aunt Augusta had often said that when all her daughters were married she and August were going to move to California, we never took her seriously. My uncle had been born in Milton and was one of its most prominent citizens. It used to take him an hour to walk down High Street because of the many friends he met on the way. And Augusta was only human. With all her children settled in the Middle West, surely she would n't want to be so far away from them.

However, a month after Eloise was married, the cottage at Echo Lake and the house on Longfellow Avenue were posted for sale. August went around town sighing good-bye to his cronies. My mother, who was fond of him, had enough nerve to say to Augusta, 'How can you uproot August like this! He'll

be an old man when he gives up his business and his children.'

'The children will come to visit us,' said Augusta. 'They all have their own lives to live. August is past sixty. He should retire.'

'He can do that and stay here.'

'We have talked it over. There are two to consider.'

'Why, what do you mean?'

'I want to retire too,' was her irritating reply.

The family gave a farewell party for them and presented August with a Gladstone bag, Augusta with a fitted overnight case. We gave them the gifts after a very fine buffet lunch. It was my job to see that Augusta's wine-glass was kept well filled. The scheme concocted by Aunt Caroline and my mother was that maybe after a good meal and plenty to drink and a handsome present Augusta might tell them the ingredients of Raspberry-down-the-cellar.

Aunt Caroline approached the subject very cautiously. 'You deserve a lot of credit, Augusta. You raised a fine family.'

'*Ja*, dat's right.' Her tongue always became a little thick after wine.

'They're all married now.'

'Dat's right. If you listened to me long ago, Caroline, when I told you it was better that your girls should swim than to go to college, maybe they would n't be teaching school yet.'

Aunt Caroline's lips tightened. She was very sensitive about her bespectacled daughters. She wanted to claw Aunt Augusta's arrogant eyes, but instead she flattered her. 'Everyone knows you are smart. We've always admired you. Now that you're going away we should like something to remember you by.'

'Well, and what do you want?'

'Oh, it's just a little thing,' fenced Aunt Caroline.

'So. I know it already. The recipe

for Raspberry-down-the-cellar.' Augusta smiled. 'You have always been a stubborn woman, Caroline. I have given you everything — my piecrust, my mustard pickles, my five-fruit jam. This one I keep.'

That Augusta was generous with her culinary secrets is not strictly true. She would never write down the ingredients, but would say them quickly as if she were impatient to be through with a disagreeable task. One had to copy them or remember them as best she could. It was rather a wasted effort, too. No one's pickles or piecrust tasted like hers. At least they did n't until she left Milton and my aunts checked ingredients and measurements with Rosalyn.

Aunt Caroline was determined to get what she wanted. 'I don't intend to be inquisitive,' she persisted, 'but none of us can understand why —'

'You would n't. I have never told you. Not even to my girls have I given that recipe. I was saving it for William's wife. It was his favorite dessert.'

There was a dead silence in the room. Stella gasped and Carmen plucked at the seam of her dress. William was the only one of her children whom Aunt Augusta had gone 'foolish over.' She had worshiped him. When he died of the flu in a camp in California during the war she had shut herself in her room for three days and would take no nourishment or comfort from the family. August had wanted to go West to bring back his body. 'You can't bring back the dead,' was all she said. At the end of three days, her husband drove her to Echo Lake. She lived there alone for six weeks until the close of school, when the girls came out and joined her. She insisted that the house be filled to capacity as usual. She worked hard that summer, cooking for sometimes as

many as twenty-five people. She would seldom let any of us help her, but would shoo us out of the house as soon as we dressed in the morning. 'No, you are young, have a good time.' At night she used to take long swims alone. It was the only year she ever did that. But not once did she mention William's name.

Now to hear her say it calmly, eighteen years after his death, stunned even Aunt Caroline. The wine had softened Aunt Augusta. Her blue eyes were clouded with memories. 'My boy used to write that he liked California, fine — especially the ocean. When the war was over, he said we two were going there together. He liked the camp training, too, but in his last letter he wrote that he was hungry for Raspberry-down-the-cellar. . . . Do you remember William, Caroline?'

'Oh, surely —'

'He used to laugh a lot. He would laugh at us now — at me for keeping a dessert for him and you thinking that dessert is magic.'

Aunt Caroline slipped her pencil back into her purse.

'You want it so bad, Caroline? I give it to you. . . . You take two quarts of raspberries, the finest you can get, and sugar them overnight.'

'Granulated or powdered?'

'Powdered . . .'

It has been argued back and forth many times. Aunt Minnie insists that Caroline was too eager, her pencil and paper too handy; Aunt Caroline says that Augusta took a swallow of black coffee just before she started to give the ingredients. It cleared her head and she reverted to her normal tricky way of giving recipes. . . . Well, I don't know. All I know is that when Aunt Caroline tried it the next day it was nothing but an ordinary raspberry mousse.

THE GENESIS OF BOSTON

BY S. FOSTER DAMON

I

BOSTON is a perplexingly individualistic city, more revered and more attacked than any other city in America. Its character was predetermined by its founders, whom history caused to be of one spiritual type and of one purpose. The purpose was to establish the perfect community, the 'City of Saints'; and through all the changes that have since come about the place has never lost its idealism, with its accompanying conviction that Boston is really better than any other city in the world, or at least in the New World.

The social system that developed there sprang directly from Calvinistic theology. The discrediting of kings and saints, in the attack on hierarchies, produced a democracy on earth as in heaven. At first, to be sure, the franchise was limited to church members; but after the Reverend John Wheelwright, exiled for antinomianism, founded the first completely democratic church at Exeter, New Hampshire, the other New England settlements insensibly followed suit, until every man had his voice and vote in town meeting. Unmodified democracy, however, tends toward envious leveling; this danger was checked by the doctrine of Providence, which produced the cult of Individualism. In practice, this doctrine meant that God had distributed talents according to a higher plan of His own; to further that divine purpose, these talents should not be hid under a

bushel, but should be developed. Not only were gifts to be cultivated: the mere perception of an evil was the divine command to right it. Who does not do so is opposing God's will; unhappiness follows automatically. But who does so has full right to the authority and place that he earns. However, Individualism also has its danger — pride or selfishness; this in its turn was checked by the doctrine of Predestination, which taught that, as talents were divinely bestowed, one deserved no credit for them. They were given to further God's providence; whoso used them for selfish ends simply brought misery upon himself. Even the attempt to gain Heaven or avoid Hell was useless, as all our fates had been fixed before the Creation; furthermore, as it was self-seeking, it was essentially evil.

Thus the Calvinistic theology strove for the perfect community by developing a democracy which gave the fullest opportunity to the individual, who was to use his powers for the community. Rising from the place in which one was born socially to the place for which one was fitted mentally was considered right and even divinely ordained.

Progress was thus made inevitable, but it was not made easy. The very stubbornness of revolt provoked stubbornness of resistance. The divine command operated on both sides. And when liberalism triumphed at last it soon was defending itself to the end

against newer ideas. The lava from one eruption hardened and became the crater for the next eruption. Therefore, while Boston history reads as a series of advanced ideas, we always find its great figures complaining of the city's bitter conservatism.

II

Like citizen, like city. Historically, Boston proved itself to be revolutionary, though in a curiously conservative way. Its passionate belief in Christian liberty more than once made it stand upon its rights and thus shape the world of the future. The English royalists complained of its influence in bringing about the Puritan Revolution of 1642; in the Glorious Revolution of 1688 it did not await official action, but had a private revolution of its own against Governor Andros; in 1774 it made itself the focus of the conflict which initiated the American Revolution; in the days of Mr. Jefferson's embargo and Mr. Madison's war, it was among those who considered secession; and its part in the Civil War was also a leading one. Not that Boston was ever unanimous in these matters. There was always hard pamphlet fighting before the city could be carried. Even in the earliest days, among the immigrants were those who came for economic, not religious, reasons; in the Revolution, long after the surrounding countryside was Whig to a man, the Boston Tories remained powerful; the quarrels of families inspired by the War of 1812 still sputter faintly in odd corners; and in the next generation there were those who mobbed Abolitionists and hissed Negro regiments.

The Conservatives never lost wholly, however; at least they ensured that Boston liberalism sprang from conservative roots. The original Puritans looked back to Scripture in their claim of reëstablishing ancient liberties; the

revolutionists of the eighteenth century reasserted the principles of 1688; the Abolitionists took their stand upon the Declaration of Independence; and its present liberals look back to the Civil War.

Their spiritual history was like their political history. Their creed proved progressively self-destructive in the direction of further liberalism. Having argued themselves out of Romanism and Anglicanism, they reached the conclusion that truth was still in process of revelation, and thus continued arguing themselves out of Calvinism into Unitarianism and finally Agnosticism.

The influx of university men soon made Boston one of the most intensively educated spots on the face of the globe. Within six years of its founding it had established its school of higher learning, Harvard College, to educate the sons of the Boston gentry and also to prevent 'an illiterate Ministry'; and the famous Massachusetts School Act of 1647 provided for a grammar school to each township of one hundred families or more. Thus the state took the lead in American education which it has held ever since.

Intimately allied to the Puritan passion for education was the Puritan passion for books. Boston was pre-ordained a literary city. The Bible itself was a book, for the possession of which they had fought; and every New England child read in his primer: —

My book and heart
Shall never part.

The seal of Harvard showed three open books inscribed 'Veritas.' Books were the great weapons in the search for truth, for liberty. The Puritan college was named for him who left it his library. In the president's house was set up the first printing press north of Mexico City; that and the Foster press in Boston were for many years the

only ones in the colonies. For nearly a century (1658–1747) a library stood on the site of the present ‘Old Statehouse.’ The King’s Chapel Library — a collection of two hundred theological works sent over by William III in 1698 — was another memorable early library; it is still preserved in the Boston Athenæum. By 1700 Boston was, next to London, the chief literary centre of the British Empire.

The other arts also flourished. The Bostonians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries enjoyed music; the cult culminated in the choral Handel and Haydn Society (which flattered Herr Beethoven once by ordering an original composition) and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Their taste in buildings can be seen in their churches — as fine a display of Georgian architecture as can be found anywhere. The portrait painting of a hundred years came to flower in Copley and Stuart. Theatres were not allowed until after the Revolution; but plays were quite another thing — the Harvard undergraduates wrote and acted plays before the Revolution, possibly before the eighteenth century, without raising the slightest protest; indeed, one of the features of the Commencement came to be comic dialogues performed in costume. And when the Boston Museum stock company demonstrated that actors need not be customarily immoral, the last objection vanished.

III

After the storm clouds of the Civil War had passed, the sun shone golden upon Boston again. A new era had come. Its poets were the glory of America, and in their light the whole city basked, collapsed into a remarkable complacency. It had solved the problems of heaven and earth. All its enemies were conquered — Archbishop Laud, George III, Satan, Simon Legree;

and its crusaders (including the ‘strong-minded women’ supposedly a peculiar product of the city, along with ‘thoughtful girls’), without a common enemy to unite them in one grand moral purpose, diffused their energies in a hundred charities or causes. Religion was no longer an outlet. Soul searching had dwindled to a painful self-consciousness; deity itself manifested only in ‘the New England conscience.’ ‘High thinking and plain living’ were still ideals, though any thinking that led to undue action was somewhat suspect, while the plain living might be very rich indeed if it were not ostentatious. Good morals had simply become good manners; convention was crystalizing; insensibly the clergy were losing their intellectual leadership. Moses and Darwin were set at loggerheads no longer. Unitarianism and Trinitarianism were equally respectable, and the agnostic was indistinguishable from the others when on fine Sundays they all walked down Commonwealth Avenue to King’s Chapel or Trinity Church, the gentlemen gracefully removing their silk hats in the weekly greetings.

But the city was getting to be a real city. Hitherto, it had taken only ten minutes to get anywhere. The sudden dimming of the gas in every parlor had indicated that the chandelier of the Boston Museum was lighted, and that it was time to go to the play. But now the big coves and the space south of the Mill Dam (that extension of Beacon Street across the salt marshes to Brookline) were being filled in rapidly, and the crowded town was overflowing on to the new-made land. Suburbs were being absorbed: Roxbury in 1868, Dorchester in 1870, and Brighton, Charlestown, and West Roxbury in 1874. There were getting to be more carriages than one could recognize.

But the expansion did not mean cosmopolitanism. Boston, no longer on the road to anywhere except the North

Shore, was expanding only from inside pressure; it grew, but remained itself. The Brahmins still lived on the water side of Beacon Street or the sunny side of Commonwealth Avenue; they still dined at two and had 'tea' at six; they read the *Atlantic* and the *Transcript*, held four receptions a year, escaped from the Egyptian heat of summer by moving to the North Shore; sent their sons to Harvard and their dead to Mt. Auburn. Their exclusiveness, as Russell Sturgis noted, was 'as by a law of nature.' Since all the families composing Boston society had reached the city before the War of 1812 at the latest, they had now grown to clans, each privately thinking itself really much better than the others. Perhaps because the Puritans raised no objections to the marriage of first cousins, each family had acquired strong characteristics of its own, which sometimes were summed up in local sayings. One was 'always distinguished and always poor, always rising to resist persecutions they supposed were being aimed at them'; another was 'a tribe living in or about Boston, with customs but no manners'; a third had taste and ran to swells; a fourth was always witty and charming without ever being intellectual; a fifth combined churchiness with worldliness; another had a curse that drove every twentieth child insane.

They addressed each other by their first names, even by nicknames. They valued friendships deeply, but could not be bothered with acquaintances. They repeated family jokes and preserved family feuds; were very independent and yet horribly afraid of each other; were very self-satisfied and self-distrustful at the same time; were given to introspection; were quite unpretentious and purse-proud; were thrifty sometimes to the point of avarice, and yet handsomely generous in behalf of any good cause or any good friend. They were serious about their

pleasures, which had to be 'improving,' even ruthlessly 'good'; balls and theatres actually could not compete with the Lowell Institute. They disapproved of dressiness; but there were many who achieved a striking picturesqueness in their clothes, which was more appropriate to themselves than to the fashions. They were unadaptable: when abroad they dressed and acted as though they were still in Massachusetts. They were much concerned with good form, and accepted eccentricities as wholly natural. They avoided visible emotions and original ideas; they encouraged talent, disliked genius in the making, adored it when it was proved, and boasted of it when it was established.

Everybody was somebody, distinguished if not brilliant. The New England conscience caused Bostonians to disapprove flatly of wasting either time or money on frivolities; the celebrities of the Saturday Club pitched the intellectual level high; consequently every person strove to be notable for something — administering a charity, painting china, collecting books, or even leading the german expertly. Less was expected of the women, but when they broke loose they did so in remarkable ways. They might become noted sportswomen, like Louisa Wells; astonishing hostesses, like Mrs. Gardner; or artists, like Mrs. Whitman; or they might vie with the men as wits, like Rufus Choate's daughters, Mrs. Pratt and Mrs. Bell.

IV

Genealogy was a very popular hobby; and at every social gathering were many who could announce the precise degree of relationship between any two persons there. Yet, curiously, they were all but unanimous in detesting their Puritan ancestors, who they vowed were as dismal and dour-faced

a lot as ever existed. They blamed them for everything they were not, or fought against. The founders of the Bay Colony, they insisted, were narrow-minded, hypocritical, cruel, and superstitious fanatics who combined all the worst traits of the Dark Ages and Victorianism in a general onslaught against innocent pleasures. The Puritan practice of frankness, of the public confession of sins, as a means of improving their status, furnished what seemed like historical justification. Massachusetts had led the world in getting rid of witchcraft; but Judge Sewall's public admission of error gave the Bostonians a reputation of being witch hunters, while other communities, not having repented their executions so openly, pointed the finger of scorn at Boston. Massachusetts had also led the world in abolishing hell-fire; the controversy was so heated that to this day the sulphur fumes seem to hang peculiarly thick over the Puritan past. So the Bostonians after the Civil War felt very humble and broad-minded in condemning their ancestors.

They were also enjoying quite a little fad of Anglophilism. In their first century and a half, they had customarily called England 'home'; then, after having started the war for independence, they had become violently pro-English again during the War of 1812; and now again, after their horror at England's attitude during the Civil War, they had reverted to their original love. They believed, and said repeatedly, that they were of purer English stock than the English themselves. They preserved the broad *a* in their speech and the *u* in their spelling. Only the English were their social equals. They protected their daughters against the nobility from the Continent; and it is told — and believed — that one great lady, on being informed that she was to entertain visiting royalty on a Thursday, replied that she

was sorry: Thursday was the cook's day out. But it is also told that, when a Bostonian was fatuously regretting that he was not a subject of the British Crown, Tom Appleton asked: 'Why do you want to be a subject when you are already such an object?'

But no love of London interfered with their believing in their heart of hearts that Boston was the Hub. They adored their sun-faded city, and kept it a town of rose brick rising gently to the golden bubble of the State House dome. The narrow streets still follow the tortuous wild-deer paths of Shawmut, as trodden out by William Blackstone's bull. Bostonians preserved the little houses on the Hill, with their black ironwork balconies (so pretty after a snowfall), preserved the little panes of glass purpled with age, preserved the local ivy. They moved an old church three feet to one side, to preserve it in an epidemic of street widening. They decapitated a hotel that presumed to rear its head a couple of yards above the official sky line. They dammed the Charles for a boat-race basin and an esplanade, and turned the Fenway into a park, planting Stony Brook with iris and bordering it with bridle paths. They set the first example in America for the systematic preservation of natural beauties; and for many years they had the largest park area of any city in the world. They got the world's greatest artists (chiefly American) to decorate their new Public Library, and fought fiercely the question whether a nude bacchante belonged in the courtyard or in the Art Museum. One could hardly cut down a tree without pros and cons in the *Transcript*. Resenting all criticism from outside, they scolded together constantly because the place was not perfect; and one distinguished citizen concluded a commination with the sad confession: 'I'd move away — but where could one move to?'

THE ROAD TO PEACE

BY JOHN FOSTER DULLES

I

It is bewildering that the world should again be moving toward war. We know that we ourselves want peace and we feel that peoples everywhere at heart desire it. Throughout the world, statesmen proclaim their devotion to the cause of peace. Not only by word but by formal compact they have bound their nations to peace as never before. The League Covenant pledges all members to respect the territory and independence of each other and to unite against any aggressor. The Pact of Paris forever abolishes war as an instrument of national policy. The Locarno Pact, the Washington Naval Treaty, the policy of 'nonrecognition of the fruits of aggression'—these and like diplomatic achievements have been successively proclaimed as assuring us peace for the future. Yet, in the face of all this, we sense that we are inevitably moving on toward war.

Faced by a situation which superficially seems so inexplicable, we adopt the time-honored expedient of postulating a 'personal devil.' Hitler, Mussolini, and Japanese war lords in turn become the object of our suspicion, or we visualize an international ring of munition makers plotting war for their personal profit. We forget that isolated individuals could never prevail against world sentiment for peace, except as they are the instrumentalities of powerful underlying forces. It is these which we must identify and

counteract, otherwise we are striking at shadows, leaving untouched the solid realities that cause them.

The true explanation of the imminence of war lies in the inevitability of change and the fact that peace efforts have been misdirected toward the prevention of change. Thereby forces which are in the long run irresistible are temporarily dammed up. When they finally break through, they do so with violence.

None would dispute the abstract proposition that, as the world has changed in the past, so it will continue to change in the future. We have not attained a state of fixation such that the world is immutably frozen in its present national lines. Inflexibility is, indeed, not only impracticable but undesirable. This is not necessarily because of abnormal inequities in relation to present facts. It would be true even though the world to-day were ideally constituted. For the underlying conditions which justify present alignments are themselves bound to alter. Nations' populations constantly change, not only numerically, but in their characteristics. As quality and quantity vary, so must there be the possibility of corresponding change in the different national domains. I do not necessarily refer to change of boundaries. I refer rather to the whole network of treaties and laws which define and confine the different na-

tional spheres of activity. Unless we admit elasticity as to such matters, we deny the possibility of healthy life and growth.

As is the case with many a proposition which we accept as a true generalization, there is a failure to apply it to the current business of everyday living. No one expects that a hundred years from now the world will be as it is to-day, but we see no reason why it should not be to-morrow as it is to-day. There is a general disposition to ignore the occasion for change in each particular year. We forget that the changes which we recognize to be inevitable over a hundred years must occur sometime. They may occur gradually, year by year, or else, if they are allowed to occur only infrequently, when they come they will be so momentous as to cause great shock.

II

As we must accept the inevitability of change, so also we must recognize that force, actual or potential, has historically proved to be the only mechanism which can be relied upon to effect international changes. Within the state, a solution has measurably been found. A superior force — government — has been set up which assures internal peace by repressing force on the one hand, and on the other hand establishing conditions under which change readily occurs. The latter is as essential as the former. No community has eliminated internal strife without at the same time providing mechanisms whereby the material and social status of its members alters in some relation to their deserts. Wealth, power, and position constantly change. Fortunes made by economy, foresight, and industry are lost by profligacy, stupidity, and idleness. Prestige and influence are lost by incompetence and unworthy discharge of responsibility.

In a society where the occurrence of such changes was blocked, which decreed the perpetual dominance of a particular group irrespective of its merit, internal violence could not be avoided. The French and Russian revolutions illustrate how denial of opportunity inevitably provokes forcible revolt.

When we turn, however, to the community of nations, we find no super-state qualified to repress war and to order a state of affairs such that international changes can occur without the pressure of force by one member upon another. In international law, each state is 'sovereign.' Its status is fixed by treaties which generally run in perpetuity. No changes can lawfully be made without the consent of all parties. Such unanimous consent is rare, since nations, like individuals, are not prone to recognize their own decline, or the increased merits or needs of others, and voluntarily make abatements accordingly. The most deep-rooted instinct is the instinct to relinquish only when compelled to do so. Thus, in the field of international affairs, change and force are largely synonymous. History clearly shows that it is force, or the threat of force, which principally accounts for the evolution of the world to its present state.

III

Peace plans, if they are to be effective, must be constructed so as to take into account these two fundamental facts — namely, the inevitability of change, and the present lack of any adequate substitute for force as an inducement to change. Every peace project should be tested by this inquiry: if its pledges are scrupulously and honorably observed, will there exist any adequate means to assure for the future changes comparable to those which history has shown to be both

inevitable and desirable in the past? Unless this inquiry can be answered in the affirmative, the project will fail. It will, indeed, be actually provocative of war.

If we apply this test to the post-war peace structure, it is easy to see wherein it fails. France, at the conclusion of the war, sought a superstate with an international police force. But she did not seek this for the purpose of enforcing upon the nations a régime under which changes would freely occur. She proposed it as a guaranty against changes which might deprive her of the fruits of victory. Failing to attain her original objective, she accepted the League of Nations with its implied guaranty of the status quo of all members and their agreement to unite against any aggressor. If Articles X and XVI of the Covenant of the League were actually to be observed, existing frontiers would be perpetuated for all time save as one state freely ceded its territory to another. So static a situation is both impracticable and undesirable. We instinctively distrust the means by which it is sought to achieve such an end. No nation feels protected by the League Covenant or has altered its conduct in reliance thereon.

The Locarno Pact is another instrument which seeks peace by perpetuating existing boundaries. It consecrates the existing status quo. The scope of the Pact, however, is limited. It relates only to boundaries between France, Belgium, and Germany. Many changes can occur consistently with its terms, and the fact that the parties were willing to make so limited a compact was interpreted as implying the possibility of changes in other quarters. Thus, by indirection, the Locarno Pact may have served the cause of peace. Certainly it inspired greater confidence than did the more embracing and scarcely less categorical provisions of the League Covenant.

By the Washington Naval Agreement, England voluntarily renounced her position of naval supremacy and accepted parity with the United States. This was a momentous change. By voluntarily accepting it, England made a great contribution to the cause of peace. On the other hand, the treaty imposed upon Japan and France naval ratios which those nations both resented. They were accepted because the treaty engagement was of brief duration, not purporting to create any unchangeable status. There are present indications of an effort, in the name of peace, to project these naval ratios as a permanent strait-jacket. If so, the treaty will be turned into a continuing instrument for the prevention of change.

The Pact of Paris is perhaps the most futile of all peace efforts. Force is thereby forever renounced as an instrument of national policy. No changes are permissible except such as may be achieved by 'peaceful means.' It is obvious that 'peaceful means' as they now exist are wholly inadequate to effect changes which are inevitable and desirable. The Pact would, thus, perpetuate the world as it is. Such a result is so obviously unattainable that no reliance whatever is placed on this instrument which purports, by a stroke of the pen, to abolish war. The Pact can serve no good purpose unless its purely negative provisions can hereafter be supplemented by other measures of a constructive character.

The policy of 'nonrecognition of the fruits of aggression' was enunciated by the United States and the League of Nations with reference to the situation brought about by Japan in Manchuria. This, again, is designed to perpetuate the status quo. I do not know whether such changes as have been occurring in the Far East are warranted by the facts. It is at least conceivable that they reflect a logical and inevitable tendency. If this were the case, such

changes could not be held in suspense until that hypothetical date when China was prepared freely to acquiesce therein so that the change could no longer be treated as 'aggression.' Nor is the cause of peace advanced by closing one's eyes to actual changes merely because they result from the only mechanism for change which is available.

IV

In contrast to the foregoing efforts to 'stabilize the peace,' there have been events, not so labeled, which have perhaps been a more genuine contribution to peace. We have already referred to England's renunciation of naval supremacy. Another outstanding event was the return to Germany of the Saar. Here was a change of status permitted by the Treaty of Versailles. Most of the treaty provisions were rigid and inflexible, but the eventual return of the Saar to Germany was recognized as so logical that, even in that period of blindness, provision was made for this change. When the time came, France could have blocked — temporarily — the retransfer of sovereignty to Germany. Technical legal ground could have been found. That France did not do so, but permitted the change to occur, immeasurably increased the possibility of continuing peace between France and Germany.

The resulting benefit has, however, largely been offset by the fact that the late Allies — principally France — insisted that the disarmament provisions of the Versailles Treaty continue binding upon Germany. By the treaty, Germany had been reduced to virtual impotence as to defense as well as offense. It was recognized, even at Versailles, that a nation such as Germany could not be placed in perpetuity in a position of inequality and inferiority. It was therefore stated in the treaty that German disarmament was

required as a prelude to reduction of armament by other nations. Over a period of years, efforts were made to convert this moral pledge into reality. Conferences on limitation of land armaments have been in frequent session. But no positive results were achieved and it had become abundantly apparent by the last (1933) session of the conference that the situation contemplated by the treaty could not be brought about. Germany had become increasingly restless and had begun, in fact, to rearm. The time had come to release her from the treaty limitations. This was not done, with the result that Germany, by unilateral action, has now taken back her freedom of action. Thus the cause of peace has again been retarded by a fresh demonstration that changes in international status are seldom accorded by the voluntary action of nations which are adversely affected. Unilateral action is resorted to, and, as France said in her note of April 14, 1935, to the League of Nations, under this system there is 'no room for any policy but one — force.'

The most instructive lesson in how peace is maintained is furnished by the development of the British Empire. Once England fought to maintain her authority over colonies geographically distant and independent in spirit. Since then the inevitability of change has been accepted and there has occurred a peaceful evolution of the British colonies and Ireland into virtually separate and independent nations. This was greatly facilitated by the avoidance of a written constitution or formal compact attempting to crystallize any given relationship between the different portions of the British Empire. No contractual obstacle was thus created to permitting change to occur in the ideal way — namely, so gradually and naturally as to be scarcely perceptible except in retrospect.

In contrast, the post-war peace efforts have, as we have seen, been uniformly based upon the projection of the present into the future. It is always an existing status which is sought to be preserved. It almost seems as though force were sought to be abolished *because* of its being the historic mechanism for change and in the hope that, if it could be abolished, changes would no longer occur.

V

It is easy to explain the confounding of peace with stability. Those whose lives fall in pleasant places contemplate with equanimity an indefinite continuation of their present state. 'Peace' means to them that they should be left undisturbed. It is those who seek change that are the disturbers of the peace. 'Aggression' becomes the capital international crime and 'security' the watchword. The popular demand for peace is thus capitalized by those who selfishly seek to have the world continue as it is. Knowing that change is inevitable, they nevertheless seek to postpone it by identifying 'peace' with the existing status and rallying to its perpetuation the forces that are opposed to war.

It is not mere coincidence that it is the presently favored nations — France, Great Britain, and the United States — whose governments have been most active in devising plans for perpetual peace. If other countries like Germany, Japan, and Italy, adhere only reluctantly if at all to such projects, it is not because these nations are inherently warlike or bloodthirsty. They too want peace, but they undoubtedly feel within themselves potentialities which are repressed and they desire to keep open the avenues of change. They appraise the 'peace' plans presented to them as schemes to eliminate the only effective mechanism of change.

Since it is the powerful, self-satisfied nations which exercise the initiative in international affairs, it is not surprising that there has not been put forward any major programme which seeks peace through the framework of change. The nearest approach is Article XIX of the Covenant of the League of Nations.

This provision at least recognizes the problem of change. It suggests a peaceful mechanism for change — namely, an international tribunal empowered to propose the revision of the treaties (boundary, and so forth) which now establish the relative position of nations in the world. President Wilson, at Paris, gave frequent indications that he accepted certain territorial and financial settlements which were pressed on him by the Allies because, in return, he was getting from them a mechanism for the peaceful revision of these and other settlements which might prove inequitable. This was, perhaps, visionary, but it was a splendid vision. However, this article of the League Covenant was never wanted by those nations which now dominate the League; it has never been implemented, and has by now been virtually forgotten. Perhaps no other result was to have been anticipated. What nation would put vitality into the concept of Article XIX and agree that some international body could, without its consent, propose changes in its domain comparable to changes which have occurred during the preceding centuries? Who could assure that the verdict of such a tribunal would be peacefully accepted and complied with? This would involve an abdication of sovereignty which no nation would tolerate and a grant of powers so vast as to tax human wisdom to the utmost. So long as the world is organized along national lines, it is, I think, impracticable to attain peace through the establishment

of an international tribunal empowered to dictate momentous changes. There is certainly a useful rôle for mediation. But it is a natural instinct to resent third-party interference. Important changes can usually be best effected through the direct interplay of opposing tendencies.

In order, however, that such interplay should not provoke war, it is necessary that those nations which now have what they want should recognize that in the interest of peace they may have to submit to change. If present treaties of which they are the beneficiaries become in fact unduly repressive of others, this must be recognized and peaceful ways found to effect legitimate changes. 'Revision of treaties' should not, as now, be denounced as a concept subversive of peace. Such revisions must be looked upon as both natural and inevitable, the only question being when and how. Nations must by their acts show appreciation of the fact that to continue repression serves to postpone, but not prevent, change and to exaggerate its violence when it occurs.

On the other hand, those nations which are dissatisfied with their international status must recognize that there must be a large measure of stability. We cannot, of course, invite chaos or encourage the idea that any dissatisfied nation may take for the asking from those who have. It must be recognized that changes, if they are to come peacefully, will come slowly and only after justification therefor is abundantly apparent. Indeed, changes may often be delayed beyond the time when their desirability and inevitability may seem self-evident. Patience is indispensable to peace.

The present danger of war arises primarily from the fact that right ideas are promulgated in wrong places. In those nations which are contented with their international status, the emphasis

is placed upon stability. The effect is to create a public opinion unduly condemnatory of those who seek change. In the dissatisfied nations the emphasis is placed upon the necessity of change and the historic rôle of force in world evolution. Thus crises are precipitated through intensification of the opposing forces for change and stability. This should be reversed. It is in the satisfied countries that we must seek greater toleration of change. It is in the dissatisfied countries that we must seek a greater restraint and respect for stability. Thus the opposing tendencies are moderated and we gradually approach a condition conducive to evolution through peace, not war.

VI

What practical steps can be taken to replace the war system by a system of peace within the framework of change? There is no quick and easy formula other than of the quack variety. We can, with wisdom, move toward a system which excludes war, but we cannot instantly achieve it. There should, in the first place, be a radical change in the popular presentation of the problem. At the present time, peace is sought to be attained by expatiation on the horrors of war. This is done on the theory that, as the most recent war recedes into the past, the world forgets how unpleasant a thing war is. This explains, so it is commonly believed, the recurrence of war as a new generation that has not known war comes into power. It is suggested that, if only the horrors of war could be kept vividly in mind, peace would be preserved.

It is well that young manhood should be made to realize the true nature of war. This doubtless serves as some deterrent. But the efficacy of such measures appears to be greatly exaggerated. There has seldom, if ever,

been a time when war was looked upon as good in itself. The literature of all ages reflects the view that peace is golden and war a scourge. Such a point of view has, however, never prevented war. It is much more likely that the cyclical recurrence of war is due to the fact that the need for change builds up cumulatively greater pressure. Every so often this pressure can no longer be contained and breaks through the artificial restraints which nations have erected against change.

It is this aspect of war that must be popularly understood to the end that there be a sound body of public opinion ready to throw its influence in favor of appropriate periodical changes in national domains. Only in such a way is it possible to end the unnatural alliance which now exists between liberals and reactionaries, both of whom seek to maintain the status quo, the liberals because they mistakenly think this means peace, and the reactionaries because it perpetuates their exploitation of that which they already have.

There must also be a different type of leadership for peace. To-day in each nation peace is held to be synonymous with the attainment of national ambitions. In Germany, Hitler repeatedly proclaims his peaceful intentions. But for him peace implies a Germany resurrected from the subordination imposed by the Treaty of Versailles. In France, peace implies a maintenance of the status quo and the retention of war gains. So it is throughout the world. Everywhere peace is advocated, but with different interpretations conforming to national exigencies. It must be recognized by statesmen that a policy which is truly conducive to peace is seldom a popular policy. In countries where the popular demand is for change, it means restraining that demand until the change is voluntarily accorded. In countries where the popular demand is to maintain the status

quo, it means the making of concessions.

The present tension between France and Germany is due primarily to bad timing, ascribable to faulty leadership. France has made great concessions to Germany. She abandoned reparation, she evacuated the Rhineland before the treaty required, she was tolerant of secret rearming by Germany, and she facilitated the restoration of the Saar. However, the timing has in general been such that France's concessions have not served the cause of peace because they appeared in Germany to have been forced rather than voluntary concessions. Germany, on the other hand, has pressed too rapidly for change. If, for example, Germany had withheld her abrupt resignation from the League of Nations and her subsequent denunciation of the disarmament clauses of the treaty, important concessions would doubtless have been made to her voluntarily under circumstances which would have greatly promoted international amity. The difficulty has been that the political leaders in France have not wished to appear before their people as making concessions before events forced them, and the political leaders in Germany have wished to get credit with their people for obtaining concessions through their own efforts rather than as a result of the sympathetic consideration by foreign nations of Germany's problems.

It is a commonplace that international controversy affords the easiest and cheapest way to domestic popularity. If success is achieved, it is a glorious victory over foreign opposition. If failure occurs, it is an occasion to rally support against foreign intrigue and oppression. If the world is to move toward peace the nations must have leaders courageous enough to reject such temptations. They must be willing to present international develop-

ments in their true light. This usually means that their own nation must share the responsibility when failure occurs and some other nation will be seen as entitled to credit when there is satisfactory accomplishment.

It is difficult to imagine political leaders forgoing opportunities to take all the credit and shift all the blame. This concept may be as visionary as is Article XIX of the League. But only in this way can international relations be put on a basis conducive to mutual respect and regard.

When we come to treaty making we must bear in mind that treaties are *not necessarily conducive to peace*, but oftentimes to war. A multiplicity of treaties and alliances defining and buttressing a given status may postpone the inevitable day of change. This is, however, accomplished by increasing the likelihood that the change, when it occurs, will be accompanied by violence. Bilateral treaties are to be preferred above multilateral treaties. It is hard enough for two nations to agree on changes, but this can sometimes be done. Where, however, treaty changes can be effected only by securing the assent of several states, then the possibilities of timely and peaceful change are reduced to a minimum. One of the great vices of the post-war structure is that so many states are parties to each item of settlement that it is almost impossible to see how, as a practical matter, changes can be evolved through peaceful processes.

There are many treaties which could be wholly obliterated with great advantage to the cause of peace, and many others should be supplemented by provisions calling for their periodic reconsideration. We should, in the realm of international affairs, seek to approach more closely to a régime of unwritten law as against statutory (treaty) law. The former is conducive to gradual and peaceful evolution; the

latter creates a position of rigidity, changes from which can occur only by treaty violation or by processes so cumbersome as to be almost unworkable.

We cannot, of course, avoid a large measure of rigidity, particularly in relation to the establishment of international boundaries. We can, however, somewhat attenuate the undesirable consequences of territorial rigidity by encouraging economic fluidity. National boundaries lose much of their significance if there exist national policies which permit a diffusion of economic advantages. Exports and imports, emigration and immigration, and the *international flow of capital*, even though these must necessarily be regulated, can bring about a large measure of international flux without shock to national boundaries. Economic isolation, on the other hand, greatly exaggerates the importance of national boundaries and means that evolutionary forces can find satisfaction only through changes of boundaries, the form of change most difficult of peaceful accomplishment.

It would be easy to prolong consideration of practical ways to promote peace. Enough has been said to indicate that these ways are neither direct nor quick nor pleasant. Many years must elapse before the hearts and minds of men are so changed that self-restraint and self-sacrifice can be relied upon to assure orderly evolution within the society of nations. Until then, national policies must take into account the possibility of war. However, those who seek peace are many. Their number, it is true, would be reduced were there a general realization of what the attainment of peace entails. But there would remain a powerful residuum able at least to reverse the trend of present national policies which, in the name of peace, are hurrying us along the road to war.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE GUSSIES

ORIGINALLY a Gussie was any schoolmate of my mother's. Later the term was extended to include anyone of the same general type who might have gone to school with her. They were named one summer when we were taken to Europe by our parents on an educational tour. It was then that we first realized what a hardy and ubiquitous band these schoolmates made. There was a thin sprinkling of them on the steamer. Then they appeared here and there all over Europe. We met them in the streets, in galleries and in hotels. Always our procession was halted while Mother clutched these dear friends and exchanged vital statistics about all their acquaintances. The climax was reached in the Wallace Collection. Mother suddenly forgot the English voice she always acquires in London, and uttering a shrill cry, 'Oh, my dear Gussie!' hurried joyfully across the gallery. After that they were all called Gussies.

Once you acquire a knowledge of their traits you can recognize a Gussie anywhere. The majority are inclined to be stout, all are erect. They have poise, discrimination, they know exactly what they want and usually get it. Policemen, bank clerks, and head waiters are as clay in their hands. A Gussie's hat is a thing apart. It has a tendency to be a bit too high and to perch on her head. At its worst it resembles a fern dish, complete with ferns. Better examples are the hats affected by Queen Mary before she shook the world by adding a feather. These hats worry the Gussie's daughters.

A genuine Gussie has respect for style. She is seldom dowdy. (Her chief weakness is her back hair, which is apt to be streamlined.) She permits a change each year in the shape of her headgear, but, though she nods to fashion, she never bows. She has a strong feeling for what she considers suitable. What is unsuitable she avoids with

grim determination. Knox used to build her hats, sturdy erections of felt in winter, straw in summer, trimmed with blobs of cocks' feathers. Now there is a new haven, and once a Gussie has found it, her daughter may shed anxiety. Standing close by, and firm against the influence of Radio City, is a Gussie hat shop. It is run by a man who makes the perfect Gussie hat. His mother assists and, I suspect, inspires him. The only trouble is that, since most of the Gussies go there, and since the milliner is not Shakespeare, the same models often meet. I like to walk down the street near this shop and watch the Gussies converging upon it.

A genuine, vintage Gussie has lived in New York for at least two generations. A few have moved to Philadelphia, Washington, and Boston, though the Boston Gussie wears her hat with a difference. Farther west or south they acquire other traits and cease to be Gussies. Though they are ubiquitous, they have certain favorite haunts: Maillard's Restaurant, the Philharmonic concerts on Friday afternoons, and a few selected shops such as McCutcheon's for linens, Martin and Martin's for shoes (they never wear high heels), and the more venerable department stores where they buy hair nets, hairpins, and those undergarments for which the newer shops insist 'they have no call.' The Atlantic Transport Line was once another favorite haunt. In fact it was when the Gussies reached the age when elevators were essential to them that these nice old ships had to be scrapped.

I have known the Gussies to be completely thwarted only once. A small group of them was invited to lunch at the River Club soon after its opening. They anticipated the occasion with excitement and returned elated, but — there was evidently a but. It seems that as they entered the dining room the Gussies saw everyone making for the bar. This was during prohibition, before their band took up sherry

in a big way. They were, however, determined to share whatever privileges the club offered, so they ordered tomato juice and advanced upon the bar to drink it. It was here that defeat met them. In spite of brave attempts, they could not climb up on the stools. After repeated efforts they retired baffled to their table in the corner.

It is my privilege to belong to a so-called Literary Society which boasts a high percentage of Gussies in its membership. It is over fifty years old and has been called the Metropolitan Cranford. The business of this society is conducted in a unique manner of its own. Once the treasurer put the account in a savings bank because its architecture pleased her. It was not until she tried to draw checks that she realized the inconvenience of her choice.

Parliamentary law is unknown. Someone says, 'I am sure we would all like to do' so and so. Polite murmurs of assent follow and that is all. We seldom move or second, rarely say aye, and are never contrary-minded. It is when the Gussies open discussion that we interlopers from another generation reap our reward. All roads lead backward. We sit enthralled while visions of another New York rise before us: horse-cars, cabs, Edwin Booth, Maurice Barrymore, — the handsomest man that ever lived, apparently, — cows in the back yard (there was one in particular, led into a brownstone front through the area as a calf, and never able to emerge again because it grew inconveniently large), evening receptions, evening calls, balls at Delmonico's, concerts at the Academy of Music. A strange New York, perhaps acquiring charm through the passage of time, but charming at all events.

Though the favorite topics are personal reminiscences and family history, the Literary Society occasionally indulges in a literary afternoon. The Gussies were nourished in their youth on the best Victorian fare: Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Tennyson, and Browning, eagerly read, form the background of their thought. Recently a younger member read a paper which she called 'A Decade of Forgotten Books.' She found her title inaccurate. The Gussies were as familiar with the novels of Kingsley, Beaconsfield, Miss Sedgwick, and with the tear-drenched pages of

Elizabeth Wetherell as were the other members with the works of Sinclair Lewis and Galsworthy. As a result of their early training the Gussies have acquired, besides faith in romance, a standard of measurement by which all literature is judged. This is no tape measure, but an unbending rod. Novelty, vigor, and reality do not compensate them for the qualities which they deem essential. It is, I think, lack of reticence that troubles them most in modern books and in the modern world. For them certain topics are, and always will be, unmentionable. Because their sensibilities have been shocked so often, they approach current literature fearfully and with some hostility. It is but thinly represented in the books sent them each week by the Society Library. Their lists are chiefly made up of memoirs and biographies, preferably of nineteenth-century personages, with a sprinkling of favorite novels to be reread. I must add that they are conscientious daily readers of the obituary notices in the *Times* or *Herald Tribune*. They have been accused of showing disappointment when they fail to find at least one name that they know.

Respect for reticence does not deprive the Gussies' company of spice. They have, I believe, no opinions, only convictions, and these they state and defend with vigor. I remember one occasion when an unfortunate member expressed contempt for Shelley as a poet. The poor soul was almost annihilated. One Gussie became so angry she had to take a heart pill.

'No,' said another, 'I am not angry, only sorry for you. I shall pray for you every night.'

When the meetings adjourn to the tea table and the Gussies indulge in confidential reminiscences, the real fun begins. Every Gussie still sees contemporaries as they were in the seventies. Mrs. Thomas Rogers may be a grandmother, but she is still Sally White to them. And Sally White, I sometimes think, is more real to them than the woman she has become. I have seen a venerable dowager sail into a room like a victorious flagship, her prow festooned with jewels. The younger generations may bow before her, but the Gussies stand unmoved, aloof. 'My dear,' one confides, 'she was the most unattractive girl you ever saw, a perfect wallflower. No

one would dance with her.' And then a faded wreck will make an unobtrusive entrance and be greeted with acclaim. 'She was a great belle,' I hear, 'a great beauty. Everyone was in love with her.'

It is, perhaps, their tendency to reminiscence that lends the Gussies their greatest charm, but there is more to it than that. They have acquired the rare quality of all things seasoned by time. They have distinction and value. In the march of progress the Gussies will never lead the van. They have no flair for the untried. But they will not be in the rear. Somewhere in the middle of the procession their sturdy figures, topped by their incredible hats, will appear, carrying banners of their own.

FLIGHT FROM REALITY

It all began one night when I could n't sleep. I was visiting at that time, so I turned over, switched on the light, and picked up the only book on the bedside table — a little blue volume left there, no doubt, because its binding matched the bedspread. It proved to be a treatise on popular psychology, and if I had known what that volume was to do to me during the next six months I would have hurled it through the window, turned out the light, and chewed the pillows until daybreak.

As it was, however, I found the work quite entertaining, for a book on popular psychology is like a book on popular medicine. You recognize yourself in all the case histories — which makes you feel important. You see that most of the symptoms are your symptoms, but this does not upset you particularly because, all through these books, there is an air of promise, a strong note of approaching revelation. You feel that presently you will turn a page and suddenly find out what has always been the matter with you. To correct it will be but the work of a minute and henceforth you will face the world strong and vigorous, a new man or woman.

In this pleasant spirit I fell asleep, and when I took my train the next morning the book was under my arm, a gift from my hostess, who apparently had not known that she had it in the house. A long train journey is an ideal setting for meditative

philosophy and when I reached home the author and I had exactly agreed on the diagnosis of my particular case. I was, I realized, a fugitive from reality. I was one of those pathological misfits who secretly feel themselves unable to cope with the problems of modern existence and so build up a dream world of their own. Everything in my life pointed directly toward this conclusion. From boyhood I had been an omnivorous reader and about half my waking hours were spent among books. I had always disliked crowds, avoided large cities, was bored by politics, and was somewhat cynical about organized activities of any sort. I was not particularly interested in the movies and, unlike most of my friends and relations, found it difficult to chat in the evening with the radio going full blast.

I had, perhaps, regarded some of these traits as unsocial, but not as major crimes. Now I saw that I was nothing more or less than one of life's deserters and resolved to cut to the very roots of my mental ill. My first evening at home I went to my study and surveyed it with contempt. From behind their glass doors Charles Lamb, Gibbon, Hazlitt, and Lord Frederick Hamilton looked at me expectantly, but I turned the key in their faces and stalked from the room. 'Come on,' I said to my wife, 'let's go see Myrna Loy.'

The following day I joined the Rotary Club and subscribed to *Time*. For several weeks I read three daily papers and left the radio on all the while. I learned to play auction, ran for town councilor, and bought a fifth interest in a local garage. But curiously I did n't get any better. In fact, even my family observed that I was distinctly worse, for whereas before I had been merely a sort of harmless recluse, now I had become an active grouch.

But talk about flying from reality! The deeper I went into modern psychology the more clear it became that there had never been any reality anyway, from which I *could* fly. Everything about me, I discovered, was only a mask or a foil, a disguise or a compensation for something else. If I spanked the children for being impudent to their mother, I learned that I had not really done it because of their impudence, but because I was, secretly, too big a

sissy to beat up anyone else. If, in remorse, I got out the car and took the whole family to the circus, it was not because I cared anything for the children, but because spreading largesse in public compensated me for not being master in my own house. When I won the Class B tournament on the golf links it was not, apparently, a proof that I was a good golfer, but that I was a *poor* golfer and had had to win in order to fool myself.

Just what would have happened in the end I cannot imagine if there had not occurred a most curious incident. One late afternoon I was walking down a woodland path when I rounded a bend and saw a funny little man who was trying to light a big brier pipe. I stopped and laughed, for I suddenly realized that here was a human being who was worse off than I was. I was now so soaked in psychological lore that I could recognize all the indications at sight and the man before me had every known symptom of a distorted personality.

To begin with, he was a tiny little fellow with skinny legs and a big Adam's apple, but he was dressed like a bargain basement's idea of the great outdoor man — khaki riding breeches, puttees with low shoes, a blue polo shirt, and a huge checked golf cap. It was an obvious case of thwarted masculinity.

'Do you happen to have a match?' asked the stranger, as I approached. 'I seem to have used up all mine.'

He had indeed, for the simple reason that his pipe was a new one and he had packed it so tightly that he could n't have lighted it with a blowtorch. I held out a box of safety matches, but as he reached for it his unbuttoned shirt gaped almost to his waist, disclosing a concave chest as white as a snow bank. The little man saw my expression and blushed.

'You must excuse my dishabille,' he explained, 'but to tell the truth I am a great believer in the potency of sunlight.'

Again I grinned inwardly — a covert nudist, unadmitted sex urge, also gullible follower of every new fad.

Nevertheless I could n't help liking the little fellow. He was really so helpless and so gentle. I suggested that he run a knife blade down the bowl of his pipe. He did so and it lighted perfectly. He looked at me

with eyes of admiration and a strange thing began to happen. As in the climax of a fever I suddenly felt my humility complex leaving me and a superiority complex taking its place. I suggested that we walk on together and the little man agreed, trotting along by my side.

'You are,' he suggested, 'a native here?'

'Oh yes,' I replied, with the grandeur of a regular resident toward all trippers and transients. 'Lived here all my life.'

'It must be wonderful,' sighed the stranger. 'A life like this is so *real*!'

Forthwith he began to question me wistfully and I told him everything that he wanted to know. I told him the difference between birches and poplars and between pheasants and grouse. I told him where to get tobacco that would n't become soggy in the summertime and that if he would wear high shoes with his puttees the latter would n't make his ankles sore. I told him that all real woodsmen wore woolen underwear and lived to be ninety and that only tenderfeet went in for this fresh-air fudge. I think that eventually I would have told him that I was Jack Dempsey or Tarzan if we had not presently reached my own gate. Here we paused and I gave my name, but as I waited for the return of the courtesy the stranger became suddenly shy.

'So *that's* it,' I said to myself. 'Trying to hide something. I'll bet he's a parson.'

But no. The little fellow gulped and came out with it. 'I'm afraid,' he explained, 'that when I tell you who I am it will seem pretty piffing to a man of your sort. To tell the truth, I'm a psychologist.'

I don't know yet just how I ended that interview or whether I ended it at all. All that I remember is that suddenly I found myself in my own study. In my hand was a little blue book. Out behind the barn I knew that a slow, steady fire was burning in the incinerator. And yet —?

Then all at once I had a big idea. I saw the real diagnosis of my special ailment. Chuckling happily, I unlocked my book-cases and placed the little blue volume on one of my choicest shelves — between Gibbon and Hazlitt and just below Lord Frederick Hamilton. There it remains to this day, and from time to time I still take it down — when I am tired of the plain facts of life and wish to escape from reality.

The Atlantic

INDUSTRIAL PORTFOLIO

A STUDY OF 12 BASIC INDUSTRIES IN COOPERATION WITH

GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRY

GOODYEAR TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
RUBBER INDUSTRY

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (NEW JERSEY)
OIL INDUSTRY

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION
BUILDING MATERIALS

UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION
STEEL INDUSTRY

LIBBEY-OWENS-FORD GLASS COMPANY
GLASS INDUSTRY

CONTINENTAL CAN COMPANY, INC.
CONTAINER INDUSTRY

GENERAL MILLS, INC.
CEREAL PRODUCTS

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ABRASIVE INDUSTRY

NATIONAL DAIRY PRODUCTS CORPORATION
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MODERNIZING THE BUILDING INDUSTRY

Johns-Manville Thinks Its Way through the Tangle of Construction

BY ARTHUR POUND*

I

THE constructive point of view that corporate profits flow from consumer satisfaction and public goodwill can fairly be said to dominate in many important fields of American business. This is common in industries which place their products in the consumer's hands as complete units ready for use, to be tested in performance under conditions where the purchaser is a proper judge of quality, as in the case of automobiles. It is less frequently found among producers of goods which are merged with other goods and thereafter cannot be easily identified by the layman — structural materials, for example, which are of many sorts, come from scattered sources and are frequently hidden in the completed structure. Yet in this very field one finds in the Johns-Manville Corporation an acceptance and application of a concept of business which lifts this company well above the horizon of an industry decisively in need of a constructive example of this sort as it struggles to raise shelter to a new dignity and significance in the social order.

Even a casual glance reveals the building industry as lagging in the march toward consumer satisfaction and at its worst in the single family home, precisely where efficient produc-

tion would most benefit society. In larger structures — notably office buildings, apartment buildings, and factories — there have been marked advances in assembling materials and speeding construction by machine aids. New materials, undreamed of in earlier days and applicable alike to large structures and small, have effected advances in durability, cleanliness, economy, quiet, and safety. For many of the latter Johns-Manville is responsible. It began by introducing asbestos to the American building industry and has gone on to develop a host of other dependable innovations, providing fire-proof roofing and walls, insulations against heat and cold, control of sound, and low maintenance costs. Despite these new factors, the building of a home, usually a family man's largest undertaking financially and certainly his most important contribution to social stability and the future of his country, remains unnecessarily difficult, expensive, and soul-racking.

Home building has changed little in essentials since the beginning of America. Its chief materials and the craftsmanship which joins these materials together are fundamentally those the Pilgrims used three hundred years ago. Details have altered, but the basic conception holds. In housing there has been no revolutionary leap com-

*Tenth in a series of advertisements on Industrial America: Its Way of Work and Thought.

parable to the shift from horse-drawn vehicles to automotive transport, or that in food habits which followed large-scale canning, packaging, and automatic refrigeration. To this day no customer can tell in advance what the cost of his completed house will be, if one considers everything in the housing equation from raw land to grading and planting after the dwelling is finished. The odds are that it will cost more than the estimates and that from first to last there will be enough delays and disputes to dishearten the budding proprietor. What he owns, after the worst is over, is not a guaranteed house, but one on which he must assume considerable risk in directions beyond his knowledge during construction.

These difficulties inhere in the stubborn fact that most houses are tailor-made jobs. Not only are the plans different (standardization is yet an American ideal in housing), but they are executed under widely varying conditions by personnel changing from job to job and sometimes from day to day. The average building craftsman is employed no more than five months a year. Seasonal nature of the work and inefficiency of coöperation during the relatively short periods of joint effort tend to lift costs. As a result some who crave houses cannot afford the great adventure of building, and others who can afford it refuse to enter upon the expensive uncertainties necessary to realize their dreams.

Because the materials involved are so many and the interests behind them so highly competitive, few consistent efforts have been made to vitalize into active demand the widespread desire for better housing. The 400 or 500 manufacturers of building materials, operating 49,000 factories in the United States, do not work together to sell the public the idea of better shelter. The industry thinks less in terms of ulti-

mate consumers than in terms of middlemen — chiefly contractors and supply men — who place the orders. Missionary work in favor of homemaking is left largely to realtors and speculative builders who must charge high rates for their services because of the heavy risks they assume between purchase and sale. As a result the construction chain breaks at its weakest point; when housing demand falls off, the decline can be dismal indeed. In the recent depression the building industry registered the rock-bottom low of all business, total construction falling from \$10,000,000,000 in 1928 to \$2,500,000,000 in 1934, and residential building from \$2,800,000,000 to \$250,000,000 — the latter more than 90 per cent off.

Obviously many causes contribute to this weakness, an important one being the fact that nearly every housebuilding operation involves a loan. More will be said upon this subject later. However, I think that lack of stability and cohesion within itself is the chief difficulty of the building industry and that this flows directly from its relative inability to think in terms of the ultimate consumer.

II

So important is this point of view as an approach to an understanding of modern business that examples at either end of the scale may be illuminating. At the lowest rung of the ladder leading to popular favor stands the gray-goods division of the cotton textile industry, which with one or two signal exceptions has turned its customer contacts over to the processors. As a result the general public turns a deaf ear when the gray-goods people recount their sorrows. Textiles, as an industry, suffer under what the diplomats call a bad press, and gray goods has no press at all, because its leaders have never cultivated their public.

On the other hand, consider the auto-

mobile industry, with which Johns-Manville is intimately associated as a leading manufacturer of brake linings. Not only do automobile manufacturers cohere on broad objectives of wide human interest, such as good roads and safety campaigns; they also acutely cultivate consumer satisfaction. To prospects they offer, under effective guarantees, standardized products at stipulated prices with nothing left to vagaries of estimate. If the buyer does not pay on the nail, he is accommodated with credit for a definite period at fixed rates, on a schedule of payments calculated to discharge his debt while the security is still good. The local credit situation means everything to a home buyer, nothing to an automobile buyer. Consumer preference in automobile styling is carefully studied; even luxury appointments may be included in the amount on the price tag. Behind all this, and properly dramatized for public interest, lies a stirring history of technical advance, good reading for a mechanically-minded people. From raw material to finished product, industrial control in automobiledom aims primarily at consumer goodwill.

Contrast this picture with the situation which begins to unfold the moment a consumer goes into the market to buy, not a unit of transportation, but a unit of shelter. When Mr. Citizen purchased his automobile, he did so in a single transaction. This is impossible in house buying unless one deals with a developer or speculative builder, in which case the buyer accepts something which is not always precisely what he wants.

A house is an assembly of from thirty to fifty different sorts of structural materials, fixtures, and equipment, each fabricated and marketed by an independent concern and purchased more or less over the counter at retail. These materials are brought to the site and put together by two to a dozen

subcontractors. Each subcontractor naturally holds out for his legal rights and insists on favorable working conditions not always obtainable in the hurly-burly of present building, and his prior agreements with his labor may interfere with most efficient coöperation with other workers on the job. Inherent in this loose-jointed, catch-as-catch-can handling of materials, processes, labor, and executive responsibilities, are possibilities of disappointment which materialize all too often — failure to complete and deliver the house on time, according to specifications, and at a price corresponding to the original estimate. In the end the house buyer is almost sure to find that he has paid for his unit of shelter a price badly out of line with the value he is accustomed to receive at the hands of many industries whose processes, all the way from raw material to ultimate form, have been subject to rationalized industrial control, and whose products and prices represent more or less a consumer's dividend on large-scale fabrication and efficient management. In a word, when we set out to buy food, clothing, fuel, transportation, or amusement, we buy in a 1935 market under 1935 conditions, prices, guarantees, and trade customs; but when we set out to buy shelter in its commonest form, there is a throw-back to values, prices, conditions of purchase, and buyer's risks not essentially unlike those which obtained in Colonial America more than a century and a half ago.

Of course there are valid reasons for this continued backwardness. Housing is ultimately connected with ways of life in which tradition runs exceptionally strong. The house has become an ideal as well as a reality, and radical changes arouse disfavor as challenging something almost sacred. Consequently, there has been little consumer encouragement to fundamental improvement. The home owner has seldom

been sure of what he wanted, partly because he was not aware of what he could get.

III

It is idle to stress the home's superiority over the motor car as a character-building agency and a stabilizing force in society, until convenience in acquiring the two is comparable. Obviously, correction is difficult, since no quick revolution can be expected in an old trade. The best that can be looked for is a fairly rapid evolution which will gain headway as other elements in the industry follow the lead of Johns-Manville across the threshold of continuous thought on the consumer's end of the housebuilding equation. No one can say precisely how the vast but now slumbrous building industry will be revived and revitalized. To-day frank discussion can go on amid general approval, for all the lively minds in the industry are aware that a crisis has been reached out of which the industry cannot pull itself by its bootstraps. The competition is no longer between this material and that, this builder and that, but between home-owning life and other ways of life, with the home-owning life at a disadvantage.

To overcome this disadvantage will require a sturdy bridge of thought between old ways and new objectives. It is a long crossing; and before it can even be attempted someone must discern the promised land on the distant shore, question the long-accepted limitations on length of span, make a survey to locate firm bases for the carry-over, and sound the rallying cry for all concerned to assist. This Johns-Manville has done and is doing. For years it has been financing significant studies and fact-finding surveys on the history and economics of building, the needs and desires of consumers, and the complex trade factors which create the sad lag between the potential desire

for home creation and the shrunken materialization of that desire. This corporation has carried through statistical labors which contribute to promising developments in housing, revival of the building industry, satisfaction of consumers, and the welfare of future generations. Johns-Manville can tell you what it cost your great-great-grandfather to build the old family homestead in 1786, or what his ancestors paid for labor and materials in England back to 1601; how building costs rose and fell decade by decade, with due allowance for the changing value of money; and how the sectional variations inevitable in a vast country like America affect prices. Another large-scale study examined the house-financing system of Germany, France, and England to determine what features of their experience should be incorporated into American practice. This statistical spadework, so necessary for building a case for basic change in an industry inclined to let well enough alone, called not only for vision but for a determined pursuit of truth.

If you ask what Johns-Manville stands to recover from this research, the answer is clear. Being one of the greatest fabricators of building materials of wide range and adaptability, whatever tends to revive building and place that industry in a strong, go-ahead position must inevitably react to Johns-Manville's advantage. This is the more certain to be the case because Johns-Manville, from 1858 on, has been introducing to the trade products which were essentially novelties to the building craftsmen and house buyers. It began with asbestos, that cheap mineral notable for its fire-resistant qualities and which is now a component of many products in a wide variety of forms. To-day one finds asbestos mixed with cement in transite and other J-M wall-boards, strong and fireproof; in shingles of many varieties and prices; in trans-

ite pipe, which is proof against ordinary corrosive conditions and electrolysis; in sound-absorbing and quiet-producing interiors, and many other products which, hidden from sight, give quality to a structure. Asbestos is a material with unique chemical and physical properties peculiarly valuable in building; the task was to adapt it to construction. Success with asbestos stimulated laboratory research looking toward the effective use of other low-priced raw materials whose properties recommended their use in shelters. Among these was rock-wool home insulation, to name only one of the many substances which J-M laboratories have brought into new, merchantable form. Experience in developing and marketing new products has given this corporation the courage to strike out in new paths; its whole history has been of discovery and pioneering. But along with the risk of innovation went corresponding benefits. J-M products were novelties easily identified and not easily copied. Consistent advertising established them before copying could become effective; alert manufacturing and fair merchandising policies have since solidified its position so that any building revival must bring it substantial benefits. Consequently whatever Johns-Manville has spent in its investigations of building conditions beneficial to the entire industry may be considered a long-term investment on which, in the very nature of things, it can hardly fail to recover adequate return. Beyond that, the strengthening of its leadership in a forward movement is one of those potent intangibles which stimulate a business group from top to bottom and at the same time interest a wide audience of intelligent and influential persons.

IV

Even a slight reading of history offers proof that the masses of men are better

found than of old, and the chief reason for this material betterment must lie in the fact that labor's purchasing power has increased. In other words, goods have cheapened in terms of toil. Productivity has multiplied through invention and discovery, research, machine technics, mass production, industrial control. Of all the major industries, not excluding agriculture, building felt this quickening impulse the least. Consequently it is not surprising that at last the building industry is attempting to stabilize itself by following precedents effective in other lines. As an indication of the progress being made, the cost of new dwellings has declined almost 25 per cent since 1926, and the home of to-day contains more labor-saving and comfort-giving devices than that of 1926. This is due not only to lower wages and material costs, but also to increased efficiency in construction.

'Prefabrication' is the term which the industry has adopted to describe this trend, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that this rather loose term has been tacked to the new movement by amateurs and publicists without the whole-hearted consent of the professionals. At any rate, Johns-Manville does not believe that prefabricated housing is a complete, ready-made answer to the complicated problems we are examining. Notable steps are being taken in that direction, but if anyone expects the housing problem to be solved at all soon by mass-production methods, let him take counsel of patience and listen to some of the reservations which require to be made in the interests of conservatism.

In the first place a house can never be shipped as a package. Difficulties of transport, bulk of materials, and variety of local conditions force assembly at the site. No house can be bought as a thing apart from the land

it is destined to occupy, as an automobile can be bought after it comes off the line in a factory where every step in the assembly has been under one management in a controlled environment. The utmost tenable hope of the most ardent champion of complete prefabrication is that house parts will be made in their factories of origin with more regard to ultimate economical use, transported with less delay, put together with greater efficiency by men better trained in coöperation under management capable of doing an expeditious job according to plan, all the way from excavation to landscaping, to the end that the buyer will receive a completely built, serviced, insulated, sanitated, decorated, electrified, and perhaps also furnished dwelling at an agreed price. This fascinating prospect has stimulated the public mind to new interest in housing, but like most of the happy and hearty ideals of mankind it will be a long time maturing. Nothing like the Utopian programme described above could be realized at once if the whole building industry should suddenly see a great light and move with one accord toward that great objective. Neither the means nor the materials are available; the organization necessary would require years of training; and, most important of all, the customers are not yet ready to buy ready-made houses in quantity.

Tradition works directly for variety in housing. The human spirit craves a dwelling place which reflects individuality. Of course this preference will not stand up forever, if and when prefabrication offers amazingly better values; but a desire so deep-seated may be long a-dying, and in the meantime the building industry must live. What it will do, and is now beginning to do, is to proceed step by step toward prefabrication, expecting that in the future a balance will be struck between factors and forces now in collision. Buyers

may come to accept greater uniformity to acquire enhanced values, or fabricators and their architects may find ways of satisfying personal desires to a considerable degree without breaking the chain of orderly, efficient construction.

First steps in this progression are clear. One is prefabrication of materials in such wise that their use at the site makes construction more efficient. At this point Johns-Manville concentrates its immediate energies while looking ahead to more comprehensive developments. Other manufacturers are striving in the same direction; present heavy wastage of materials is sure to be greatly reduced.

Another advance is the relatively complete prefabrication of portions of homes. Even the most ardent individualist in housing will hardly object to a standardized kitchen, because the kitchen is essentially a workroom where labor saving is more important than expression of personality or support of a mood. Consequently assemblies of kitchen equipment are 'breaking the ice' for prefabrication. By such acquaintanceships the public will gradually adjust itself to a new order in housing. In some parts of the country and in some lines of building, acceptance may come more quickly than in others. Nevertheless, tradition against uniformity and novel designs will pass slowly enough to render the change evolutionary rather than revolutionary.

V

So far I have touched only obliquely upon the grave question of housing finance. Nearly every construction job requires a loan; nevertheless America developed no safe and satisfactory system of finance for this basic and, in the mass, tremendously large fiscal operation. There is outstanding \$50,000,-000,000 in real-estate mortgage loans, almost half of which cover urban home

mortgages. This is the largest single category in the whole debt structure of America, exceeding by almost twice the national debt and being four times the industrial debt, yet this gigantic sum is not subject to rational control and progressive liquidation. In the recent readjustment of real-estate values nearly all interests involved suffered loss, but conservatively managed institutions of the savings and loan type, like most of those in England and a number in this country, lost comparatively little. Their relative immunity may be traced directly to two factors. Through prior saving their debtors gained thrift habits and in the main escaped carrying second mortgages; also their contracts called for steady amortization of principal. These interim payments kept the margin of value well above the principal due, in precisely the same way that deferred payments on an automobile are calculated to offset depreciation.

The drawback of the American house mortgage has been its static position. Negotiated for a relatively short period, either three or five years, it contained usually no written provision for renewal. No amortization was required, and because of this lenience the lending bank customarily made only a 50 or 60 per cent loan. As a result the borrower was forced into the market with an already impaired security and had to pay through the nose for the remainder on second mortgages, thereby incurring a double set of legal fees and mortgage taxes. In the recent pinch this system came under well-deserved fire. With the passage of years mortgage security had become impaired through depreciation; borrowers had difficulty in saving their properties when mortgages matured and could not be renewed; homes that might easily have been cleared of debt, or at least put in sound condition for amortization payments in good times, either went

under the red flag or were saved by desperate expedients, perhaps with government assistance.

This melancholy situation called loudly for a new procedure on home mortgages. The first step taken in the way of cure was the creation of the Home Loan Bank system in 1932; the next was the National Housing Act in 1934. Mr. Lewis H. Brown, president of Johns-Manville Corporation, was an important factor in drawing this act, which is having a profound influence on all private mortgage relationships. The chief features of this measure are the elimination of the unduly burdensome second mortgage and the establishment of a single insured loan on the basis of 80 per cent of value, with a standard clause providing for amortization from the first month of occupancy. This plan benefits both borrowers and lenders, giving the latter conservative investments always safely margined, and is likely to attract enough capital to exercise a sound and natural influence toward lower interest rates. Johns-Manville strongly upholds the principle behind the National Housing Act, for it holds that funds for a true revival of home building must come from private sources. All that government can do is lead off in the direction of fair and enduring standards, and this has been done.

Fundamental recovery in building awaits the general acceptance of these two lessons from recent experience. The first is that a debt is made to be repaid. This is old doctrine; your grandfather probably told it to you, but in the meantime the habit of steady repayment declined in the mortgage field. The second lesson is new to us but commonplace in Europe; this is the advantage of opening the national money market to home owners and the national mortgage market to investors by listing broadly based and easily negotiable mortgage securities on the

security exchanges. Where this has been done under adequate regulation, mortgage securities have sold at highly favorable figures even in bad times.

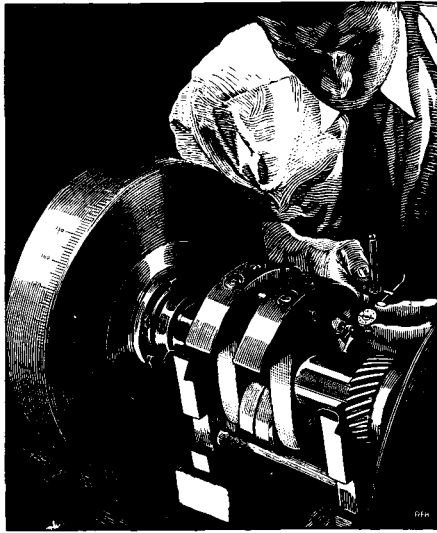
On the question of slum clearance and the substitution of modern multiple housing, Johns-Manville takes an equally realistic and cautious view. Giant apartment houses use enormous quantities of the Corporation's products, *because these meet effectively the need for low maintenance cost, low upkeep, and safety from fire, but such structures are held unlikely to drive the single family dwelling from the American heart and scene.* Where such projects are the result of slum clearance, it is felt that the latter is essentially a social rather than an economic problem. Close observation of population shifts in many cities gives evidence that slums are made by slum dwellers quite as much as by neglectful landlords, corroding taxes, and scant public services. Slums can be cured by main strength at great expense, but can the slum makers be as quickly reformed? When a slum is cleared, new tenants of higher type usually invade the reconstructed area while former inhabitants move on to assist in creating another slum somewhere else. A long and necessarily slow education in better living and the proper care of modern, sanitary housing is one of the essentials of slum eradication, — which is the correct long-range objective, — whereas slum clearance as properly understood is only a temporary betterment usually missed by the very persons it is designed to help. Still, Johns-Manville is not cynical on the subject of slum clear-

ance. It has done its share to rouse landlords toward improving their outmoded properties. Even if slum dwellers on the move create new slums, the latter may not be as foul slums as the ones left behind, and in the process some of the befoulers of decent property may have learned better ways of domestic life. The point is that Johns-Manville does not expect the impossible from any combination of government money and large-scale housing.

VI

This article leaves untouched, through sheer lack of space, a broad range of subjects which have received the attention of Johns-Manville's investigators over many years. Among these are effective land utilization, sound community planning, influences of real-estate taxation, questions arising from the relationships of labor, contractors, supply dealers, realtors, architects, and manufacturers, and the vital problems of distribution, transporting, and warehousing. All that is possible within these narrow limits is to present the point of view of an enterprising corporation as it attempts to cleave through the jungle of custom and commerce which hinders the average American on his way to getting the best possible shelter for his money. To clear away the tangle is perhaps beyond the power of any single corporation; but to see the goal clearly and point the way is an act of leadership for which the entire building industry and a nation drastically in need of more and better housing may well be thankful.

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HE IS WORKING TO IMPROVE YOUR 1940 MODEL!

THIS photograph shows you a General Motors research man working on a machine which doesn't yet exist.

Under his hands is the beginning of a device to take *5000 pictures a second* of what goes on inside an automobile engine.

He will take those pictures, if and when his machine is perfected, through quartz windows inset in the engine's cylinder walls.

And then he will unravel new facts about engine operation — compression, fuels, ignition — which will set General Motors engineering off on another spurt for others to follow.

There are more than four hundred General

Motors men like this who live and work in the laboratory *five to ten years ahead* of current engineering thought.

They feed new and priceless knowledge — of metals, designs, devices, aerodynamics — to the *six independent engineering corps* responsible for the development of the six General Motors cars.

On that advanced scientific foundation is based the progress of General Motors each year as builder of the world's foremost cars.

As our final guidance, by replies to more than a million letters sent to car owners every year, the public itself counsels what it wants those cars to be.

Facts like these do more than confirm progressive leadership; they tell you why your choice should be a General Motors car — product of the foremost engineering, scientific and technical ability in the industry, and of a policy which solicits THE PUBLIC INTEREST as its inspiration and its guide

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

THAT the British secret service acted with extraordinary vigilance during the American Revolution, as indeed throughout the Great War, is well known. But it comes with something of a shock to realize that in the person of a Yankee, Edward Bancroft by name, the Colonies harbored a traitor infinitely worse than Benedict Arnold. Queerer still, the man most betrayed by the spy was that shrewd and famous citizen, Benjamin Franklin. Not until the British archives were opened more than a hundred years after the treachery were the facts brought to light. **Burton J. Hendrick** assembled this astonishing proof in the research for his new volume, *The Lees of Virginia*, which comes from the press on October 4. Δ Walter Hines Page employed much of his editorial acumen in an effort to improve the education within his beloved South. We wonder what he would have to say about the predicament of **Wendell Brooks Phillips**, who was born in West Virginia of purely New England ancestry. With an A. B. and an A. M. from Harvard, Mr. Phillips taught at Middlebury College in Vermont and at Emory University in Atlanta, Georgia, before beginning a ten-year service in the Hick College which had brought him up. Now he's fired.

✓ ✓ ✓

Born in Georgia and a graduate of the University of Virginia, **Erskine Caldwell** is known here and abroad for his short stories, his books, *God's Little Acre* and *We Are the Living*, and his play, *Tobacco Road*. Δ The credit of every American in business is directly dependent upon the credit of the United States, and the credit of the United States can only be maintained if its books balance. In the second of his five articles on fiscal reform the **Honorable Lewis W. Douglas** drives home a barbed argument which he hopes will stick in the mind of every conscientious American. Briefly it is this: the average unemployed worker must realize that his chance of getting a job through the present policy of Government spending is *something less than one out of ten*. Δ The French, surely one of the most self-contained peoples in history, are always something of a puzzle to the outsider. **Leon Trotsky**, the born rebel, had taken refuge in France at a time when another exile, Stavisky, had gone into

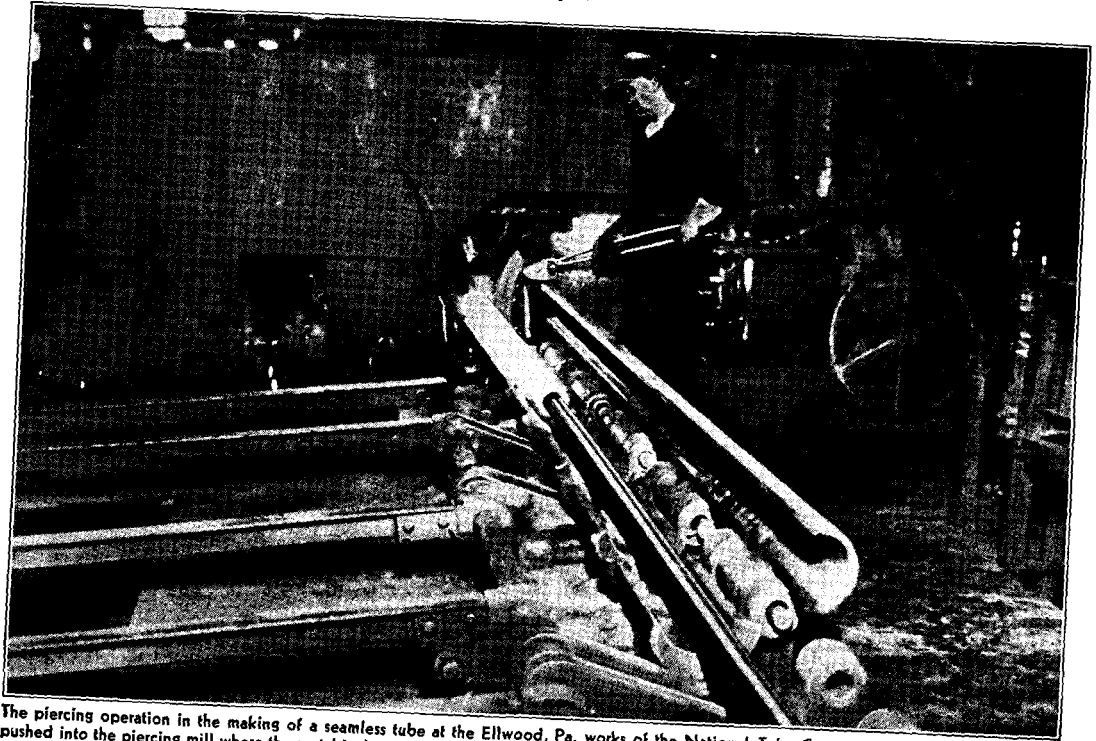
hiding. Now from his retreat in Scandinavia he seeks to evaluate France in terms of two of its personalities. Δ Simultaneously, in his calm voice of authority, **Havelock Ellis**, the English psychologist, appraises the genius of another Frenchman, Marcel Proust. His essay will appear in a new volume, *From Rousseau to Proust*, which is to be published on October 29. Δ Educated at Brenau College, Georgia, and at Columbia University, **Sara Henderson Hay** is a poet whose voice is being listened to with increasing pleasure. Δ An American Negress, resourceful, spirited, and as honest as the day is long, **Juanita Harrison** has worked her way through twenty-two countries, being variously employed as a cook, housekeeper, and ladies' maid. The *Atlantic* has examined her much-visaed passports and has relished the snapshots of her 'in native dress.' From the admirable letters of reference we reproduce one from George W. Dickinson, 112 West 9th Street, Los Angeles, California, explaining, as it does, the source of Juanita's tiny income: —

Juanita worked for us for four years prior to 1928, which were prosperous years prior to the crash of 1929. Domestic wages were very high and we paid her \$75 a month, including room and board; and, as you know, Juanita never spent a cent unless she absolutely had to and saved every cent that she could get hold of. She always made friends with whomever she worked for and a great many gifts were given to her in the way of dresses and clothes. From time to time we purchased for her a \$900 trust deed (mortgage) that bore 8 per cent interest, a \$450 trust deed at 8 per cent, a \$650 trust deed at 8 per cent, and a \$550 trust deed at 8 per cent. That made \$51 interest quarterly, or \$204 a year.

After the crash in 1929 the trouble commenced; we reduced the interest rates. Two of the trust deeds fell down entirely. Now, instead of having her money invested in what we supposed were good mortgages, drawing good interest, she has but little interest, with vacant lots that at the present time are an expense to her.

✓ ✓ ✓

On his return from war, **Henry Williamson** withdrew to a tiny stone hut on the Devon moors, and from that hermitage began his exploration of Nature and his study of lives hidden to most men.



The piercing operation in the making of a seamless tube at the Ellwood, Pa. works of the National Tube Company. The cylindrical billet is pushed into the piercing mill where the metal is drawn away from the center of the billet through the action of the rolls and the hole formed is enlarged by a mandrel. The resulting tube is afterwards rolled to an exact diameter and wall thickness.

THE United States Steel Corporation and its subsidiaries, with a series of mines and plants so distributed and linked as to provide a complete national service of steel products and ferrous alloys anywhere, at any time, in any quantity, of unvarying quality and at the lowest prices, have been a basic tool in the making of the nation, in peace and in war, during a third of a century. Today, mature in experience but young in outlook, the Corporation is giving, with the aid of profound research, even larger service to the America it has helped so greatly to build.

During the past twenty-three years, the Corporation has spent nearly \$25,000,000 for the prevention of accidents. In that same period, the rate of accidents has been reduced by more than 86%, and it is estimated that, as a result, more than 570,000 accidents were prevented and the same number of men saved from any injury involving a loss of time.

United States Steel Corporation

Esme Howard (Lord Howard of Penrith) has indulged in that English propensity of living all over the map, and, wherever he was, converting the natives to a lifelong friendliness. **Edward Weeks** is an editor and reviewer who lives on manuscripts and milk. His book, *This Trade of Writing*, will be published in mid-October. Δ Poet and novelist, **Robert Nathan** deserves our thanks for his tender and provocative volumes, *One More Spring* and *Road of Ages*. **Paul Hoffman** edits by day in order that he may write by night. Δ The *Atlantic* prints the first story of **Maxine Finsterwald** with the understanding that there will be others as delightful to come. For three years in succession, 1928–1930, plays of hers were prize winners. Δ It has taken **S. Foster Damon** several years to complete his definitive biography of Amy Lowell. Readers are anticipating its arrival this fall. Δ A New York lawyer, **John Foster Dulles** prevails on us to think these things through quietly. It is one of the cursed contradictions of human nature that people who live the most peaceful lives at home are so irreconcilable, so hard to calm in times of national excitement.

✓ ✓ ✓

S O S.

Miss Margaret G. Emerson, 325 East 72nd Street, New York City, has information from Hilda Rose that she will be pleased to communicate to those who plan to send Mrs. Rose letters for the approaching Christmas.

Mr. Flexner stands corrected.

Dear Atlantic, —

My attention has been called to a slip in my paper in the August *Atlantic*. The sum of \$5,000,000 dollars was raised for the University of Iowa, one half contributed by the State, one half by the General Education Board. It was the University of Rochester Medical School for which \$10,000,000 was raised, one half contributed by George Eastman, the other half by the General Education Board. The effect, in the case of the University of Iowa, was, however, precisely what the article states.

ABRAHAM FLEXNER
Ontario, Canada

Rebuttal from the left of the hall.

Dear Atlantic, —

I am wondering if you would be inclined to print a letter of criticism from a reader who sees things rather differently from Abraham Flexner.

First, Mr. Flexner cites a number of institutions which, he claims, would never have come into being except under the aegis of private philanthropy. I could point out the inavailability and lack of utility of these institutions to the majority of the people of the country (unless possessed of considerable cash or connections). Compared to this I could point out

the marvelous institutions of education and research erected in Moscow under the aegis of the people through their government, and the complete availability and utility of these institutions so far as is humanly possible to *all* the people regardless of their position in life or their connections.

Secondly, may I inquire as to the desirability of a system which through monopoly control of an industry is able to pile up huge surpluses of the people's money and then gives back a portion of this surplus and thus arouses great approbation for these 'great benefactors of mankind' (not to mention a nice magazine article or two). I am reminded of a Ford worker who says that his fellow workers were literally forced to accept little gardens from the largesse of Mr. Ford no matter how inconvenient or costly it might be to operate said gardens. No doubt Mr. Ford will have a nice article written about him, too.

How kind and generous of Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., for example, whose net income from the work of several millions of workers who buy gas, oil, and so forth, amounts to so much that he is able not only to live luxuriously and increase his net worth, but also, through the Rockefeller Foundation and General Education Board, and so forth, to give back some of the millions to the same people from whom he took them — the meanwhile receiving the thanks of the populace for his generosity. I have in mind a local bigwig, giving with his right hand a negligible portion of what he takes with the left and claiming the plaudits of the multitude.

Mr. Flexner is right in one respect: time will eventually determine the matter when the masses, educated in spite of the suppression of rights of free speech and press by the privileged, will assert their right to a decent standard of living. The shame is not that people are hungry, naked, cold, and sick in this country, but that, with plenty all around, it is so unnecessary.

DICKEY L. MITCHELL, JR.
East Chicago, Indiana

In praise of 'Bugle Ann.'

Dear Atlantic, —

I marked 'The Voice of Bugle Ann' as one of the best dog stories known to me.

As a follower of coon hounds in the older Missouri, and later a lover of the foxhounds, — more as a listener in the hills to the solos, quartettes, and sextettes, and the whole canine choir, — to me 'Bugle Ann' is a dog classic.

In Clay and Platte counties, years and years ago, I followed a pack. The scent was poor on account of dry weather. As I stood with a bunch of men, an occasional sound carried to our ears.

'That's one o' the Grooms' pups, or from the Price litter. Wait for the old dawgs, then we can git a-goin'.' Listen for Limpy Belle.'

Presently: 'Come on, boys, that's Limpy. She knows! Bound for Springs Hollow.'

Afterward I learned that Limpy Belle was from a famous Kentucky farm of fox hunters, originally named as Belle of Limestone. Hurt as a puppy, she



One of the simplest ways to **SAVE YOUR LIFE!**

**Now! — put LIFE GUARD★ Tubes
in the tires on your family car**

IT'S all over in a moment. When a tire bursts, the first few seconds tell the whole story of whether you crash or not.

If you can win your desperate fight to control that swerving car with a writhing, flabby, shapeless thing on one wheel, the danger is over.

For the greatest peril of blowouts is *that sudden loss of control* when all the air in a tire escapes in a flash.

You can't buy a blowout-proof tire—there isn't any such thing.

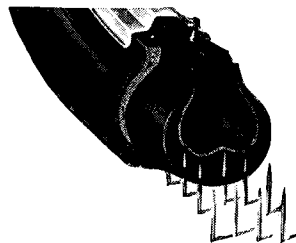
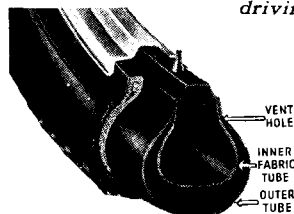
But you can buy an inner tube—the Goodyear **LIFE GUARD★** inner tube — which will *prevent* that sudden loss of control by preventing the complete escape of air, even when a tire bursts wide open.

As the illustration shows, **LIFE GUARD★** is a tube within a tube. It gives you time to bring your car to a safe stop by retaining in that inner chamber a quantity of air under slow release, so the "let-down" after a blowout is like a slow leak.

Some 1300 different constructions were tried before this safety tube was perfected, and in thousands of tests on speeding cars, with tires spiked, slashed and exploded, it did not fail to function in a single instance.

You ought to have **LIFE GUARD★** Tubes in *your* car for safety's sake. They are neither cheap to build nor cheap to buy, for their mission is not to save money but to save life.

*How **LIFE GUARD** Tube
looks inside tire during normal
driving*



*Casing and outer tube spiked to
cause made-to-order blowout.
Note that two-ply fabric-rein-
forced inner chamber remains
intact. Car rides on this reserve
air until it can stop in safety*

LIFE GUARD TUBE

For Passenger Cars—Trucks—Buses

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER
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MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

★**LIFE GUARD** is a trade-mark of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Inc., and is protected by patents applied for

was brought to Missouri and later, on her recovery, became familiarly known by the shortened name.

A lot of Clay County foxhounds in that section trace back to Limpy.

'Bugle Ann' brings it all back, and I want once more to follow the hounds.

PURD B. WRIGHT
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Atlantic, —

Last night, before going to bed, I read 'The Voice of Bugle Ann.' I was so deeply impressed by it that I lay awake for at least two hours, afterward, thinking about it. It does my heart good to know that such tales can be written in these days when most story writers have forgotten, if they ever knew, what health and sanity of outlook mean. It must have warned your heart when you came upon Kantor's manuscript.

JAMES N. HALL
Tahiti

Dear Atlantic, —

How you all up in Boston could know that MacKinlay Kantor's 'The Voice of Bugle Ann' was the great story it is is unguessable to me. It seemed to me as I read that I became more and more the only man upon the earth qualified to know how indisputably the story attained to the greatness of immortality.

No mere literary man could fathom or appreciate the fox-hunting mind, the hound credo that holds in horror and contempt the farmer who could value a farm or fence or wife or worldly goods except as they served to promote the chase. No, it would take a fox-and-hound man to appreciate and recognize the beautiful delicacy with which the story was shaded to the hunter's outlook.

But no mere fox hunter could recognize or appreciate the genius that invented the clear-noted title, and the marvelously suggestive names such as Bugle Ann, Heaven Creek, Chilly Branch, Panther River, and others, including Springfield Davis.

Not the least of the niceties that characterized the author's thoroughness was his mention of the *Hunter's Horn* and *Red Ranger* and omission of the *Chase*. A greenhorn would have mentioned the bigger and swankier hound magazine and failed to mention the two smaller journals so dearly beloved by the true hunting hillman.

HENRY T. CHAMBERS
Bristow, Oklahoma

From another asylum.

Dear Atlantic, —

I am pleased to see that the *Atlantic Monthly* is taking an interest in the mentally ill, as evidenced by your publication of the fine study of dipsomania in 'Asylum,' by William Seabrook, in the July and August issues.

I feel, however, that while his article, in two installments, gives the general reader, without previous knowledge of sanitarium life, a very clear conception of routine in a sanitarium, it does not give the reader

any real conception of the great variety of interesting types that may be found there. Mr. Seabrook missed a grand opportunity when he dismissed the paranoiacs, the schizophrenics, and manic-depressives in one curt paragraph which merely acknowledged their presence, because they form the group of most interesting and exciting cases.

I have just come out of a sanitarium for treatment of a schizoid form of the manic-depressive psychosis. The first diagnosis was 'Schizophrenia — probably incurable,' but then I fooled the doctors by effecting a cure in record time — three months. I believe the rapidity of my cure may be ascribed largely to my saving grace — a sense of humor.

Mr. Seabrook made one misstatement which annoyed me exceedingly because of its ignorance. He said that pleasant people are pleasant even when insane, and that it is only the naturally disagreeable people who are disagreeable when insane. What about the schizophrenic, the split or dual personality familiar to the general public as Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde? I was a schizoid personality myself, and behaved like a Mrs. Hyde (if ever there was a Mrs. Hyde) for a good part of my stay at the sanitarium; yet I flatter myself that I'm a rather pleasant person when well.

Mr. Seabrook also mentions the difficulty of making an escape from a sanitarium. He is correct on that point, yet I did succeed in making an escape; I had most of the sanitarium staff and a bloodhound on my trail for four hours before I was brought back to the sanitarium. Eliza crossing the ice!

Incidentally, a week after my escape Hamlet, the bloodhound (it's a very appropriate name for a dog who always looks as if he were trying to answer the question 'To be or not to be?'), decided to follow my example; he escaped from his kennel during feeding time. At the dinner table that evening I heard the doctors and head nurses discussing Hamlet's escape; they were very much worried, because a good bloodhound is a very expensive animal. I piped up from my chair at a near-by table, 'Why don't you send me after Hamlet? It's only fair, because you sent Hamlet after me!' Needless to say, they did not accept my suggestion.

MRS. J. L. B.

In search of a national retreat.

Dear Atlantic, —

I read Dr. Bowman's article, 'A Singer to Pioneers,' in the July *Atlantic* with that immediate and complete concentration known as shock, a sensation sometimes induced by the best horror stories of Edgar Allan Poe.

It is hard to believe that the ghost of that cherished American, Stephen Collins Foster, who sang so lovingly of youth in a humble home, will be happy in a Gothic cathedral. Let us be thankful that George Washington was lucky enough to leave Mount Vernon intact. Otherwise some painfully misguided university might, perhaps, be constructing a memorial to him in the form of a Spanish cloister.

R. A. B.
Andover, Massachusetts

A Church Door scooped the press by thirty days in News of the Reformation



THE WORLD WAS RESTLESS! John Huss had been burned at the stake — groups of fanatical Hollanders had been outlawed — Wycliffe's translation of the Bible was being bootlegged — when on the night of Nov. 1, 1517, Martin Luther nailed his 95 Theses to the door of All Saints Church in Wittenberg and gave form to the Reformation. Everyone wanted to read the Theses. The university press worked day and night; foreign presses took up the burden of their publication. Still — because there was no modern printing — a month passed before many people had a chance to see them.

Today, such a lag between a world-shaking event and the published account of it is inconceivable. Yet only within the last few decades has speed in publishing been made possible by such inventions as multiple cylinder presses, mechanical type setting, and

most recent of all — Kleerfect, The Perfect Printing Paper.

For Kleerfect's strength, opacity, and ink affinity hold the modern answer to using the speed of today's presses most effectively. Lacking apparent two-sidedness of surface and color — it insures printing of equal quality on both surfaces. Neutral in color, it provides a more effective background for all hues of printing inks.

To appreciate just what economies Kleerfect makes possible in printing, see samples of work done on it. A request to our advertising office in Chicago will bring them to you.

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THE PERFECT PRINTING PAPER
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These 'intimations of immortality' will, we believe, go home to many a reader.

Dear Atlantic, —

Your discussions of the future life have perhaps interested more people than the editors realize. With many, it is much more than an academic question. Some up-to-date 'intimations of immortality' may be worth noting.

Former President Little of the University of Michigan, a biologist of note, makes this statement: 'The death of my own parents within a day or two of one another completely wiped out preëxisting logical bases for immortality and replaced them with an utterly indescribable but completely convincing and satisfying realization that personal immortality exists. Such experiences are not transferable, but are probably the most comforting and sacred relations that come to any of us.'

Arthur Compton, University of Chicago professor and Nobel prize winner, finds reasons for believing that in spite of his physical insignificance man as an intelligent person is of extraordinary importance in the cosmic scheme. He thinks of the exercise and discipline of youth, the struggles and failures and successes, the pains and pleasures of maturity, the loneliness and tranquillity of age, as the fires through which a man must pass to bring out the pure gold of his soul. And — annihilate him? What infinite waste, exclaims this scientist.

William Allen White wrote after the funeral of his daughter, a high-school girl: 'A rift in the clouds on a gray day threw a shaft of sunlight upon her coffin, as her energetic little body sank to its last sleep. But the soul of her, the glowing, gorgeous soul of her, surely was flaming in eager joy upon some other dawn.'

Samuel Palmer Brooks, after twenty-nine years as president of Baylor University in Texas, faced death as the graduating class of 1931 were about to receive their diplomas. He had barely enough strength to dictate a last message to them. 'I stand on the border of mortal life,' he told the students, 'but I face eternal life. I look backward to the years of the past to see all pettiness, all triviality, shrink into nothing, and disappear. The faith I have had in life is projected into this vast future toward which I travel now.'

Speaking of the death of Will Rogers, the comment is made by Columnist McIntyre: 'Consciousness after death is not a mere something to be hoped for with me, but a conviction — as certain and fixed as the scatter of stars at night.'

Said Paul to Agrippa: 'Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?'

OLIVER M. KEVE
Sioux City, Iowa

A friend sends us this interesting letter from a college graduate to a former teacher.

Dear Mr. —

I have made a great discovery. Of course it has been made hundreds of times before, but that seems personally unimportant.

I have discovered that women in business are a mistake! They don't belong — not because they lack sufficient brains or education or ambition, but because their very temperament and emotional psychology unfit them. Even a fledgling like myself has observed enough examples to prove the point.

The best examples are attractive ones, hovering between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five. They have been working from five to ten years and have gone sour. They snap and sputter and gossip, resenting each other, resenting themselves. Presumably they lead normal lives, but obviously they are incomplete. Friendships among them are few, twosomes flaring up here and there only to end abruptly through trivial misunderstandings. Everything about them seems bitter and thwarted. They work either because they have to or because there is nothing better to do. A job has no intrinsic value for them, unless perhaps it serves to keep them sane. It means a salary, extra clothes, a bit of pride which comes from independence.

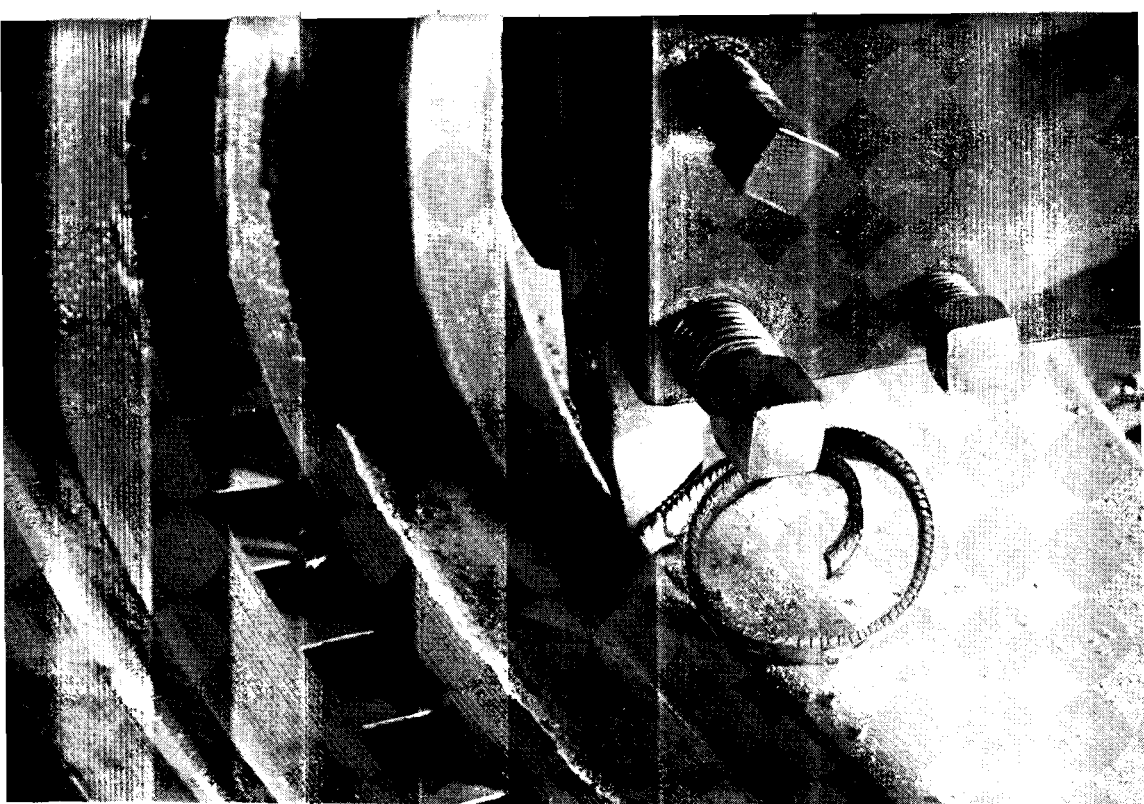
The newcomer into a business organization is a pitiable object, particularly if she is a college graduate and steps into a fairly respectable position. Unknown to herself, she is watched and suspected and damned without a chance. She, poor idealistic trusting child that she is, goes blithely along, liking her work, liking everyone and everything and smiling at the world and its occupants. One day her false world collapses. She learns in amazement that her clothes are too much so, her smiles condescending, her attitude superior. Instead of being liked, she finds that she is bitterly resented — herself, her job, her education, her background. In fact, anything she possesses which her associates do not is held against her. She is dumfounded. She actually likes them all, but they can never believe her. Nothing in college prepared her for this reception. Her degree suddenly becomes a positive burden, a definite handicap. She is hopelessly confused.

Women in professions are a different matter. Their interests and at least a part of their love are woven into their work. They can derive a certain real pleasure in the very doing of it!

Even so, the rule is comparatively general. Women in business are a mistake. At best, it is only a temporary arrangement of theirs, a filler-in. The moment it begins to take on the aspects of permanency, the world curdles for them. Everything they had hoped and dreamed begins to slip forever away, and no woman can possibly hide the bitterness such a realization plants in her heart. What is there for her to look forward to? Some day these so-called business women are going to repeal their emancipation and walk back into the kitchen of their own free will.

Men are totally different. They always expect to work. An important half of their lives is entirely devoted to their work. All women prefer to work for and with them. So do all men. The point is obvious!

You know all this. I am quite aware of that, but I wonder how many of the girls in your classes do. They are so wonderfully wise and ambitious. Work spells glamour and self-expression to most of them. Perhaps it would be useless to enlighten them. No one believes wholly what an older generation has to



FROM STONE TO STEEL

THOUSANDS of years ago, a skin-clad workman pounded away with a cobblestone on a slab of hard rock. In a few years, that slab might be passably square and smooth.

Today, busy machines, supervised by trained workmen, pare off crisp, curling ribbons from whirling blocks of steel, as one would unwind ribbon from a spool, shaping the metal to a thousand purposes—to an accuracy within a few ten-thousandths of an inch.

CARBOLOY—a modern tool material developed by General Electric research—has made possible this speed, this precision. It cuts materials hitherto unworkable—cuts faster and holds its edge longer than steel tools—can be run at red heat without losing its temper.

CARBOLOY is only one of the contributions made to improved industrial processes by G-E research—research that has saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar earned for General Electric.

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say. It seems too bad, though. College does such wonderful things to their minds, only to throw them into a world which ignores minds and demands hands. Stimulated minds — and no outlets! It's a painful predicament that gets solved eventually, but all too often by letting the mind stagnate into a less painful state. I was carefully warned by a well-meaning father. I did n't believe it. I still don't believe it — but I know it's true.

I have no bright suggestions or solutions. This is just so much undigested matter which would n't swallow easily. Lest you misunderstand! I myself am still a rather happy person. I like my work, my associates, my boss, my life outside the office. I do not yet belong to the class described above. But I sometimes wonder if I should n't at the end of, say, ten years. I do not propose to wait and find out, but in the meantime I feel an uncontrollable urge to get all this out of my system at the expense of some really sane person. I hope you do not object to the choice.

Sincerely,

ONE OF YOUR FORMER STUDENTS

Good food and good friends.

Dear Atlantic, —

The recent gastronomical reminiscences in the Contributors' Column have put me in mind of a dish of my childhood days, more delicious than hominy or switchel, or the headcheese, friedcakes, *et al.*, of flavorful memories.

We lived on a farm in Wisconsin three miles from the small village where the whole family without fail drove in the democrat wagon to church every Sunday morning. On hot days, before we started, Mother would take a six-quart pan of morning's milk with the yellow cream rising over the top and break into it large chunks of rich, fragrant, sweet brown bread, crusty from its long baking Saturday afternoon. She left this in the cool pantry; no ice box was there. When we came back into the cool house from the heat and dust of the ride home from church, Mother would ladle out bountifully into the waiting bowls the delicious food and each would betake himself with it to his favored spot, on the stone kitchen step, or under the apple tree, in the swing, or possibly in the sedate 'other room.'

Afterward some willing wight washed the bowls and spoons. Not Mother. This was Mother's time to enjoy her Sunday leisure in an easy-chair or on the couch, luxuriating in the pages of the *Atlantic*, for by some means, in those pioneer days of scarcity, she nearly always managed to keep that coming monthly. One of my earliest recollections is of its tan cover with the firm little wreath in black on the front, and the date is 1865.

(MRS.) ANNA B. WHITING
Detroit, Michigan

In defense of missions.

Dear Atlantic, —

I was interested in Louis Wright's and Mary Isabel Fry's article in July, 'Puritanism in the South Seas.' From their researches the writers will know that there is another side to the story of

Protestant Missions in the South Seas which needs stating to make the picture true. The movement began with the great English Evangelical Revival which stirred a conscience for social reform in England as well as evangelization abroad. And it was the news of Carey's work in India which started off the *Duff* and her missionaries to Tahiti.

Of course these early men in the South Seas were quickly disillusioned about converting the natives easily, and it is not surprising that some of them, in the enervating climate and circumstances, 'went native.' Far from getting early reinforcements, they had no mail for four years, went about in rags, and thought they had been deserted by the Society in England. The remarkable thing is that men like Henry Nott, John Jefferson, and John Eyre held on, even when the original company had been reduced to five!

The house they lived in on Tahiti had been built for Bligh of the *Bounty*, and there is no evidence that in 'leasing land' and 'pursuing the arts' they enriched themselves. These missionaries were the first men to go to the South Seas for the sake of the people themselves, and they, and the long list of their successors of the London Missionary Society, reduced the language to writing, started a literature, made roads, promulgated laws, and laid the foundation of ordered government.

The Professor and Miss Fry may not have seen the carefully drawn-up British Colonial Report on the South Sea Gilbert Islands Colony for 1929-1930, where successors to the Tahitian missionaries are now at work. 'Long before the government took an interest in these peoples missionaries were here preparing the way for peaceful administration. Under their guidance . . . personal industry (the foundation of any sound economic state) successfully ensued. Schools were established wherein were taught to read and write those men who, afterwards, were used to build the first Government Service. Above all, the example of a few noble and self-sacrificing characters did eventually triumph over the savage sectarianism of the many. . . .'

May I add that I cannot discover that these early missionaries brought disease into the Islands or used firearms in their work. Disease germs spread with the 'kidnapping traders,' and the whalers of Boston and Nantucket of later years.

I think you will infer from the above that you have an appreciative reader in this 'Metropolis of the Midlands' who has not forfeited his right to offer criticism!

H. F. KEEP
Edgbaston, England

The Boston accent.

Dear Atlantic, —

A man and a woman came to our door the other evening and asked if they might come into our yard and sleep under the trees. They had a blanket, they said.

As my niece hesitated, the woman quickly added, 'We're all right — we're from Boston.'

M. E. P.
Strongsville, Ohio